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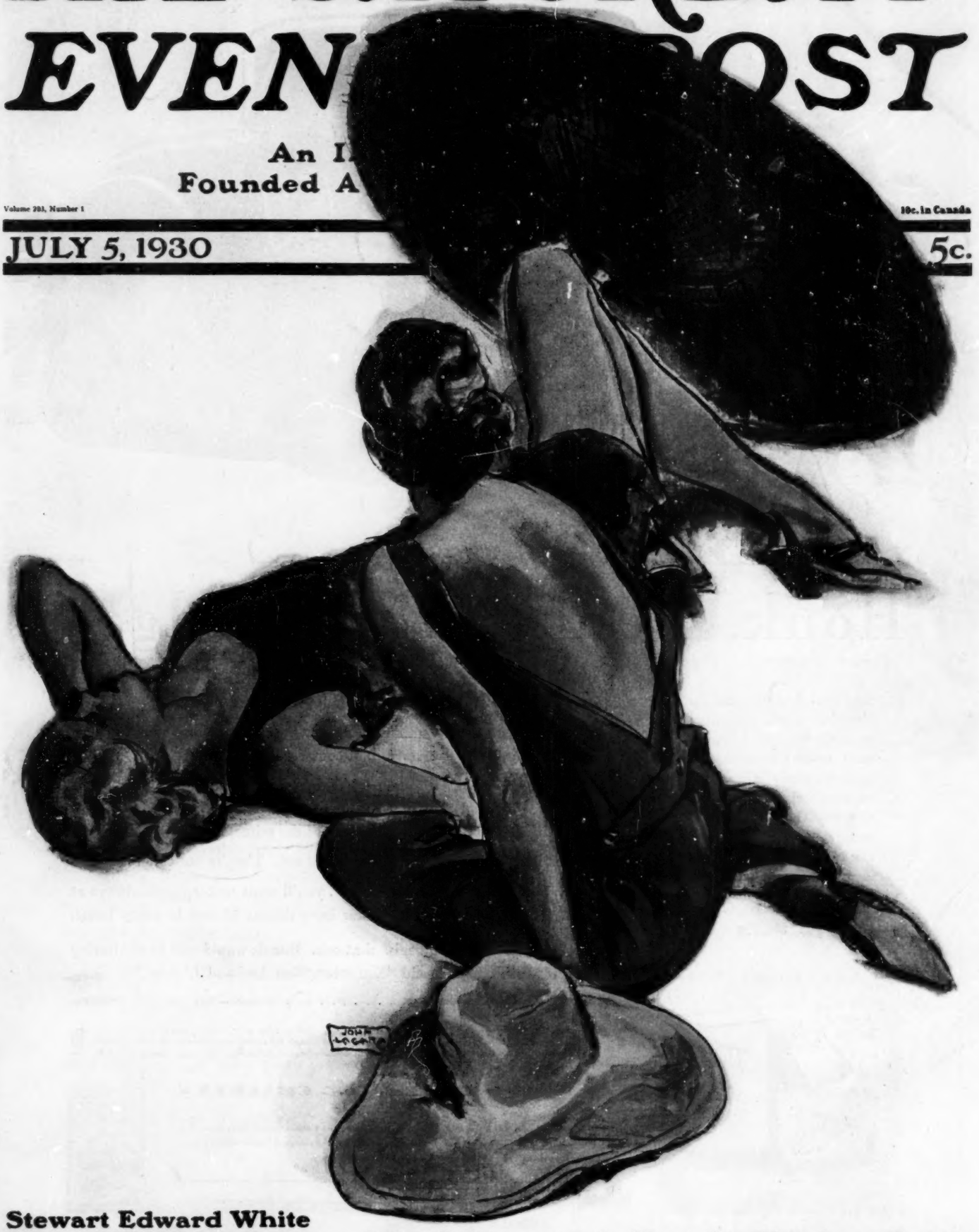

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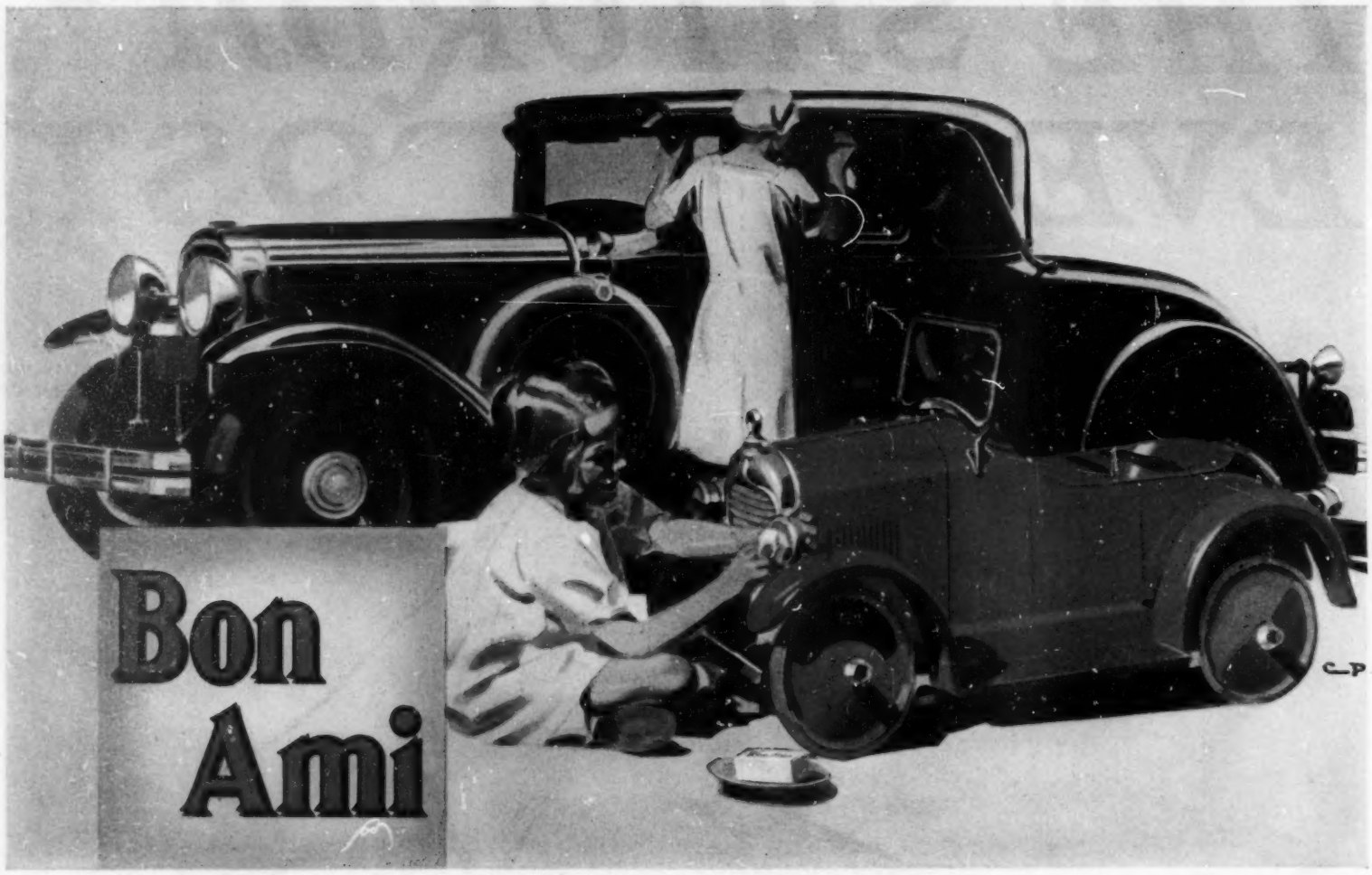

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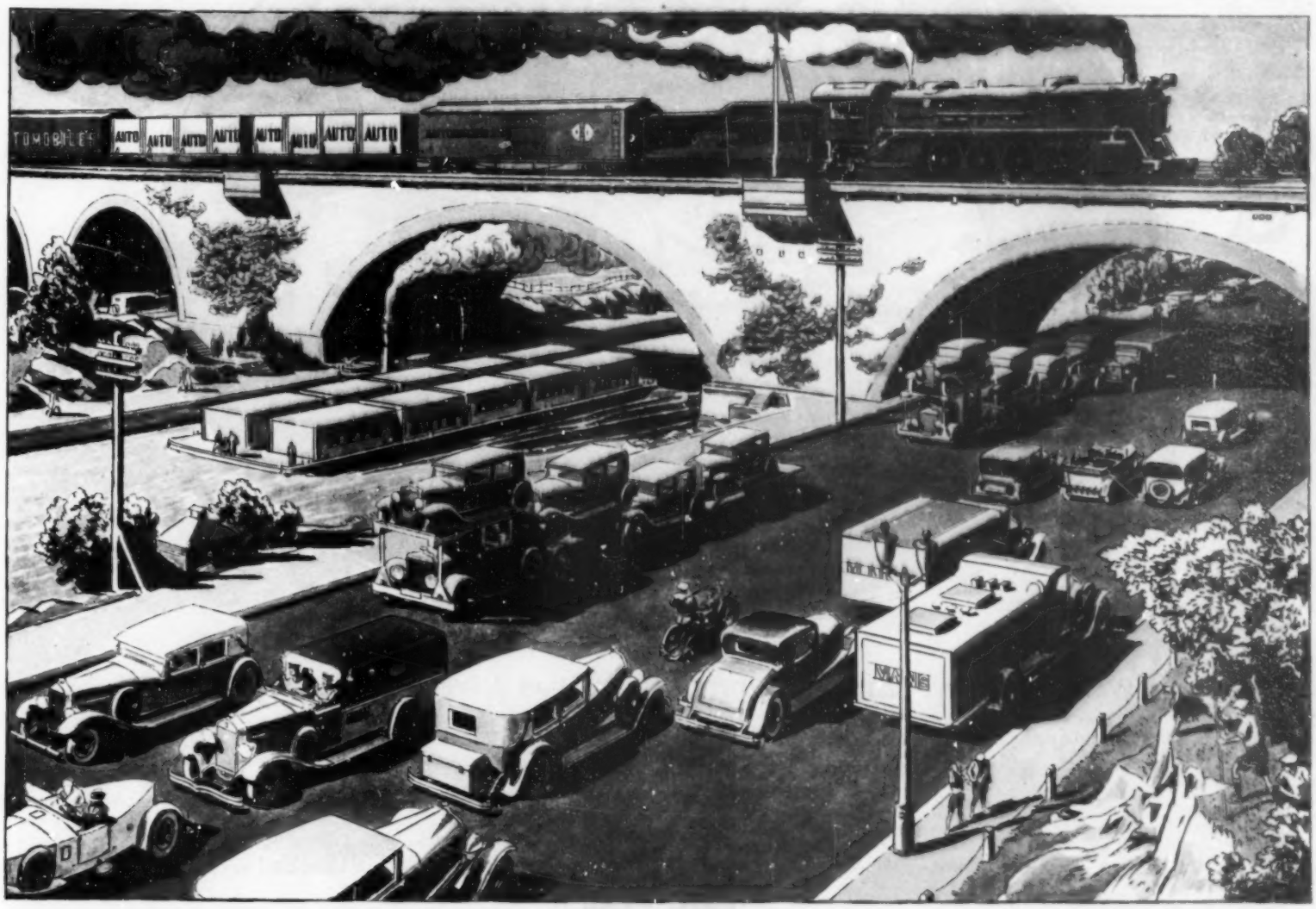

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at LOW COST

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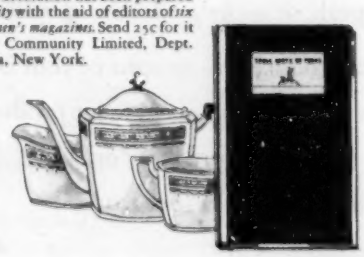

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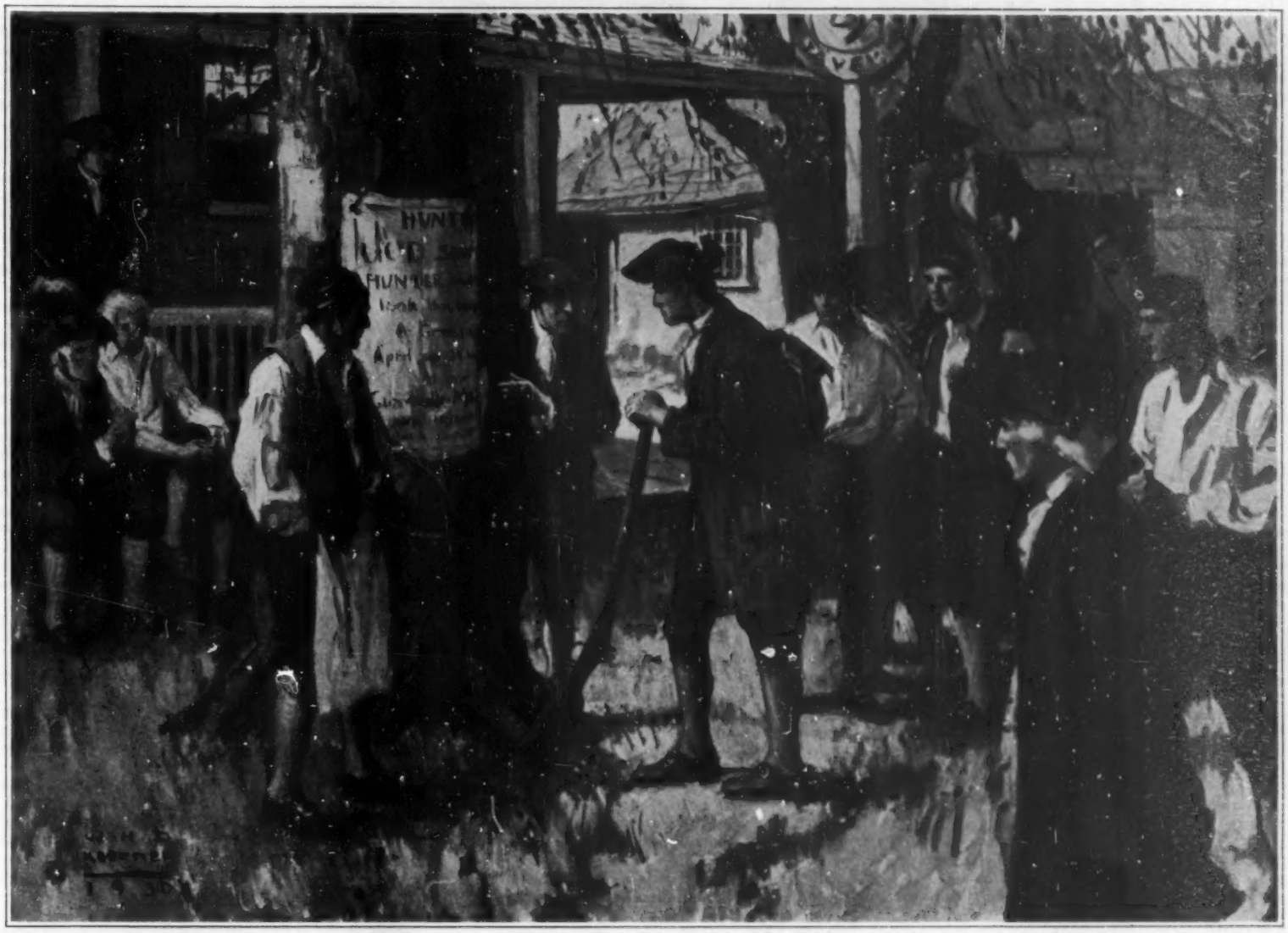
THE LONG RIFLE



The Stranger Turned His Eyes From the Printed Words to Contemplate His Interlocutor. For Perhaps Ten Seconds He Held Silence

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IN OUR country, two hundred years ago, shooting was the national pastime and people shot guns as today they shoot golf. Popping at an Indian or a turkey or deer was part of the daily occupation of those who lived on the frontier and in the backwoods, but these men had no monopoly on either the interest or the skill. They might be considered as the pros, but the cities and civilized seaboards were full of amateurs who would never have occasion either to save their scalps or to fend off starvation. And they were just as zealous afield, and just as partisan in the matter of equipment, and just as jealous of their marksmanship, and just as studious of technic, and just as persistent in practice as any modern divot digger you ever saw. No village was so small that it had not its measured range, and no crossroads tavern could be successful unless it offered facilities for tests of marksmanship. For rarely did any gathering of men—convivial, business, political, even religious—disperse without a shooting match. And at stated intervals, and at stated places, were what might be called the big open tournaments where men collected for the express purpose. It was here that reputations were made, so that the time had its Bobby Jones or its Walter Hagen, with a host of skilled aspirants only a stroke or so behind. Or, perhaps, the parallel of state or district champions would be more exact. Travel in those days was so difficult that it was impossible to hold a National Open. But each locality had one or more local champions, the names of whom would be mentioned wherever, in the colonies, men talked of marksmanship.

FOOTNOTE: I desire to express my indebtedness to Capt. John Dillin, who will recognize herein material derived from his admirable book, The Kentucky Rifle, and who, I hope, will forgive a slight wrench in chronology.

II

IT WAS first blackbird time, when the snow water is not all drained away, but when the grass beneath the surface of its little pools waves green. A young man was journeying steadily afoot alongside the deep wheel ruts of a crude country road. It was a mere track, winding across the country's face, turning to avoid high stark stumps, twisting away from bog hole or too great steepness of hills, innocent of flanking fence or ditch. For a

"The Lock is as Swift in Action as a Flash of Light. See How Smoothly the Flint Meets the Frizzen!"

mile, sometimes, it ran in the dim coolness of the old forest, where red tanagers flamed in green shadows and the wild pigeons beat like distant surf. For another mile, perhaps, it threaded a marsh where poles had been laid in corduroy and soft-winged bitterns slanted aloft in erratic flight and trim, small peoples swayed on limber reed ends with chucklings. But soon it shook free from these petty wildnesses, again to emerge into cleared stumpy uplands and wide fields fenced in rail and past Pennsylvania farmhouses of a civilization by now more than a hundred years old.

The youth was a tall young man, standing well over six feet, lean with the slenderness of whalebone, his face golden brown with sun, his somewhat aquiline features cast in that brooding yet watchful repose characteristic of the backwoodsman and the Indian. His blue-gray eyes, too, would, to the competent observer, have identified him with the wilderness, for though their quality was mild, peaceable and serene, they were never still, turning from right to left and from left to right again, ceaselessly, in a tireless vigilance so habitual that it had become subliminal. The traveler knew he had nothing to apprehend in this peaceful countryside—indeed, his thoughts were busied far from the actual scene—nevertheless, no smallest stir of leaf or feather escaped the mechanics of his attention, which held its report of those matters only just below the surface of his consciousness. His basic sense of security was further evidenced by the fact that he bore his rifle carelessly across his shoulder, and had attached to it, for convenience of carriage against his back, a leather portmanteau. He was dressed in plain garments of homespun and wore on his head the stiff felt hat of the period.

Though the sun was already past midafternoon, and he had been afoot since its rising, he swung unweariedly along in the bent-knee woodsman's slouch, which is apparently so deliberate, but in reality is so swift that one unaccustomed can with difficulty keep pace, and that for a short distance only. No inequality of footing or steepness of hill broke the rhythm; nor did he pause for breath or contemplation until the road broke over a crest to disclose below him a scattering settlement among noble trees in the bend of a great river. Here he stopped for a moment, surveying the scene gravely, then plunged down the slope to the village street.

The place was of the ordinary type and kind—many frame and a few brick homes, wide scattered at first, clustering more thickly as one approached the main street where stood the hotel, or tavern, two or three shops, and a court or meeting house. Old forest trees and planted elms new-spangled with spring overspread the roadways and later would almost completely submerge the roofs of the town. To one side swept the bend in the river, and here, along a canal, were stone and frame buildings with sputtering mill wheels. At the time of week and the time of day, one would expect to find such a place moving in only a feeble current of external life: perhaps a horse or so dozing along the hitching rails; possibly a loafer or two chair-tilted before the tavern; mayhap a housewife picking her way on wooden clogs through the soft earth toward the one sidewalk of the shops. Such a normal condition of somnolence was evidently anticipated by our young traveler; for he paused in grave and puzzled observation of what he saw.

The street was aswarm with men of all ages and conditions in life. They sauntered back and forth; they stood in talkative groups beneath the elms; they sat in rows on the edge of the high sidewalk. But principally they milled in and out of the wide, hospitable doors of the tavern, whence arose such a clatter, mingled of talk, argument, song, shouts, laughter, and the clinking undertone of mugs, glasses and dishes slammed about, that the combined noise seemed to burst forth like a palpable flood gone aleak. No women were to be seen, but numerous small boys and dogs were engaged in attaching themselves to the situation with as convincing an air as they could manage.

Our traveler was obviously puzzled and interested. His long, free stride slowed to a saunter; his eyes, heretofore roving in the mechanics of an automatic vigilance, now brimmed with the keenest of intelligent observation. He moved forward with every sense awake to catch the smallest indications that would synthesize into an estimate of the situation, precisely as it might be imagined he would move in the shadows of an unknown forest. Indeed, he made a slight, instinctive shrug, as though to bring forward his rifle to his hand. It was with him an integral part of alertness, but he caught back the movement with a flicker of a smile at the corners of his grave lips. It would have been a simple matter to resolve his curiosity by an appeal for information to the nearest group, but this would have written him down as no woodsman; for those who live by observation rarely ask.

Moving thus, the young man gradually drew nearer the focus of the tavern. There men jostled in a throng, and the opened doors crowded and eddied as those who went in made their way with difficulty against those who came out. Everybody talked or shouted or sang, for, obviously, the spirit was of a holiday. Many were more or less drunk. Across the bobbing heads one might glimpse in the dim interior the red, round faces of waiters moving here and there, clusters of tankards held aloft. A swirl of many emotions caught at the poise of stabilities, swept men loose from grave accustomedness into the exhilaration of temporary irresponsibilities. A certain recklessness was in the air, a loosening inconstancy into which men plunged gratefully from the aridities of their daily lives. Though his outward appearance differed in no marked degree from the many who composed the throng, the gravity of the stranger's unbroken aloofness seemed to set him apart, an individual from the herd, and this very separateness drew to him men's notice as though he had carried some blazon of distinction. Heads turned; men exchanged inquiries; some few of the drunker or more reckless even threw in his direction good-naturedly jeering remarks. He seemed quite unaware.

Before the tavern veranda he came to a halt, his attention at last seizing upon a definite point of considered examination. This was a long poster of coarse paper that had been tacked into the bark of an elm by means of sharpened wooden pegs. Before it the young man took his stand, unslinging his rifle from his back, resting its butt against the ground before him, clasping his palms across its muzzle, settling himself easily and gracefully to the interpretation of the message. To the task he gave all his serene concentration, his lips moving slowly, spelling out the words. So evidently unaccustomed and difficult was this task that the men nearest hushed their noise to watch him in amusement. One young chap in the broadcloth of the cities, a youth with a weak, reckless face, who had evidently been drinking heavily, lurched alongside.

"Want me to read it for you?" he asked, his derision thinly veiled by a mock politeness.

The stranger turned his eyes from the printed words to contemplate his interlocutor. For perhaps ten seconds he held silence.

"No, suh," he then replied, and returned tranquilly to his perusal. That was all, but the other stuttered and fell back, and a low chuckle of appreciation rippled among the bystanders. The proclamation announced:

Don

God save the King! Hunters and others look this way. A great shooting match will take place on April 30 at the place by the Big Bend. The first prize will be a great fat ox and the second a snap-haunce gun with a long barl. To the maker of the winning piece, the Gunsmith's Medal. Distance 20 rods. A charge of four shillings for each man. Only one shot for each four shillings. There will be more prizes for lesser amounts. Lead, powder and flints to be sold. Plenty to eat and drink for all that come. Bear and wolf traps to be sold. Tell any man to come to the match. God save the King!

Having finished his painful deciphering of this document, the young man swung his rifle into the crook of his arm, and had turned to enter the tavern, when his steps were again arrested. A little girl of eight or nine years was threading her way gravely among the lounging groups on the sidewalk. She was a personable little girl, but her mere prettiness of feature would probably not have sufficed to rivet the stranger's attention. It was her get-up, which was in the latest and daintiest style of the cities. It is to

be conceived that our young backwoodsman, if such he was, had never seen anything quite like it before. His eye lighted with an intense interest, and the contained gravity of his face was broken.

The child was accompanied by a medium-sized woolly dog of a species also strange to our young man's knowledge. She was quite composed, a dainty, incongruous, unbelievable creature from a storybook. So wholly did this apparition lie outside his experience that for the first time he abandoned his self-containment, turning to the man next him for enlightenment.

"Some rich man's darter, must be," he surmised.

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?" said the other, with a short laugh. "Well, she ain't. She's the granddaughter of old man Farrell, the gunsmith. But he's crazy anyhow."

"He must be right fond of that little gal," surmised the stranger, surveying her keenly. "Granddarter, you say? Just her and the old man, I reckon."

"How'd you guess that?" asked the other.

"He must be right lonesome," pursued the younger man, following his train of thought unheeding. Then, having come to his conclusion as to this unfamiliar phenomenon, he almost visibly abandoned it. "I am obleeged to you, suh," said he, and again lifted his rifle and portmanteau. But the other man did not so readily relinquish this opening for his own curiosity.

"You in town for the shootin' match?" he inquired as a preliminary to an inquisition.

"No, suh," replied the young man politely, but with finality. "Just travelin' through."

III

FROM across the earth street a large mongrel launched itself like a thunderbolt straight for the woolly dog. The latter, bowled over by the suddenness and weight of the onslaught, shrieked aloud in terror, writhing and snapping in the grip of its more powerful antagonist. The air was vociferous with growls, yelps and snarls.

"Dog fight! Dog fight!" yelled those nearest. The idlers surged forward joyously, forming a compact, eager group around the center of disturbance, those on the outside crowding and shoving for a better view. The little girl, jostled unceremoniously aside, beat and pulled at the braced legs, frantic but quite unnoticed. She was beside herself, all her pretty poise shattered by the urgency of the crisis. The world had become a world of inhuman and indifferent backs. Casting about her distractedly, she ran in appeal to the one face turned in her direction.

"He'll be killed!" she cried. "It's that old Tiger! He's always tried to kill him! Oh! Oh!"

The young man contemplated her gravely for a moment; then, with an air of having come to a deliberate decision, began to shove his way to the center of the close-packed ring. So sudden and so determined was his movement that he met no serious opposition. Some of those he thrust aside flared angrily and would have laid hands upon him, but so quickly had he moved that he was beyond their reach. Before anybody had grasped clearly what he was about, he had snatched the woolly dog aloft and had delivered a convincing kick into the ribs of its assailant.

"You, Tiger! Down!" he further admonished that canine. His low, soft voice snapped like a whip. In its tone was that entire expectation of obedience which alone penetrates effectively to a dog's consciousness. Tiger hesitated, licked his lips, but he obeyed.

At once the air was rent by cries of angry expostulation:

"Hey, you! What you think you're doin'?"

"Who you think you are?"

Men, red-faced, crowded belligerently forward. Fists were clenched, hands were raised. Had the young man stirred by a palm's breadth, it is probable that the mob would have fallen upon him bodily. He did not move. Holding the cowed and whimpering woolly dog in his arms, he waited. His blue eyes were calm and a little remote, as though, pending the moment, he had withdrawn to secret, inner and distant preoccupations of his own.

"Folks," said he pleasantly at last. He did not raise his voice, and instinctively the mob hushed to quiet that it might hear, "I like a good dawg fight same as anybody. But this here ain't no dawg fight; it's a killin'. Besides, this here thing ain't rightly a dog, according to my raisin'; and besides that, it belongs to the lady yander."

He tossed his head ever so slightly from the abject woolly dog toward the gulping, small girl. Several responded, with a faint laugh, to the grave and sardonic gleam in his eye. But one burly and red-faced man was unreconciled and belligerent.

"Who are you, to come pushin' yourself in where you ain't wanted?" cried this one. "For a ha'penny I'd ——"

The young man turned his head deliberately.

"Dawg fights most gen'lly turns into man fights," he remarked. "Don't seem no sense to it, but that's the way it is. I ain't aimin' for no trouble. I'm just a-travelin' through."

"Afraid, be ye?" sneered the red-faced man. "Well, I'll ——"

"No, I'm not afeered," interrupted the stranger placidly. "I'll fight ye if so be ye're set upon it. But yere ain't no time nor place. For one thing, I'm aimin' to take this young un and her"—he glanced down, a gleam of humor crossing the bleak gravity of his face—"and her dawg," he drawled, "back home where she ought to be."

"Runnin' away," sneered the red-faced man.

"I ain't leavin'," stated the young man. He surveyed slowly, one by one, the faces of the crowd. "I reckon that's all," said he. "I'll be back yere afore sundown, and then you can suit yoreself." He turned away with a decision that parted the ring before him, picked up his rifle and leather portmanteau, which he slung again across his shoulder.

"Come on, sister," said he. She raised her tear-stained face to his confidingly and took his hand. They moved away, the woolly dog snuggled in the hollow of his left arm, he shortening his long woodsman strides, she skipping valiantly to keep pace.

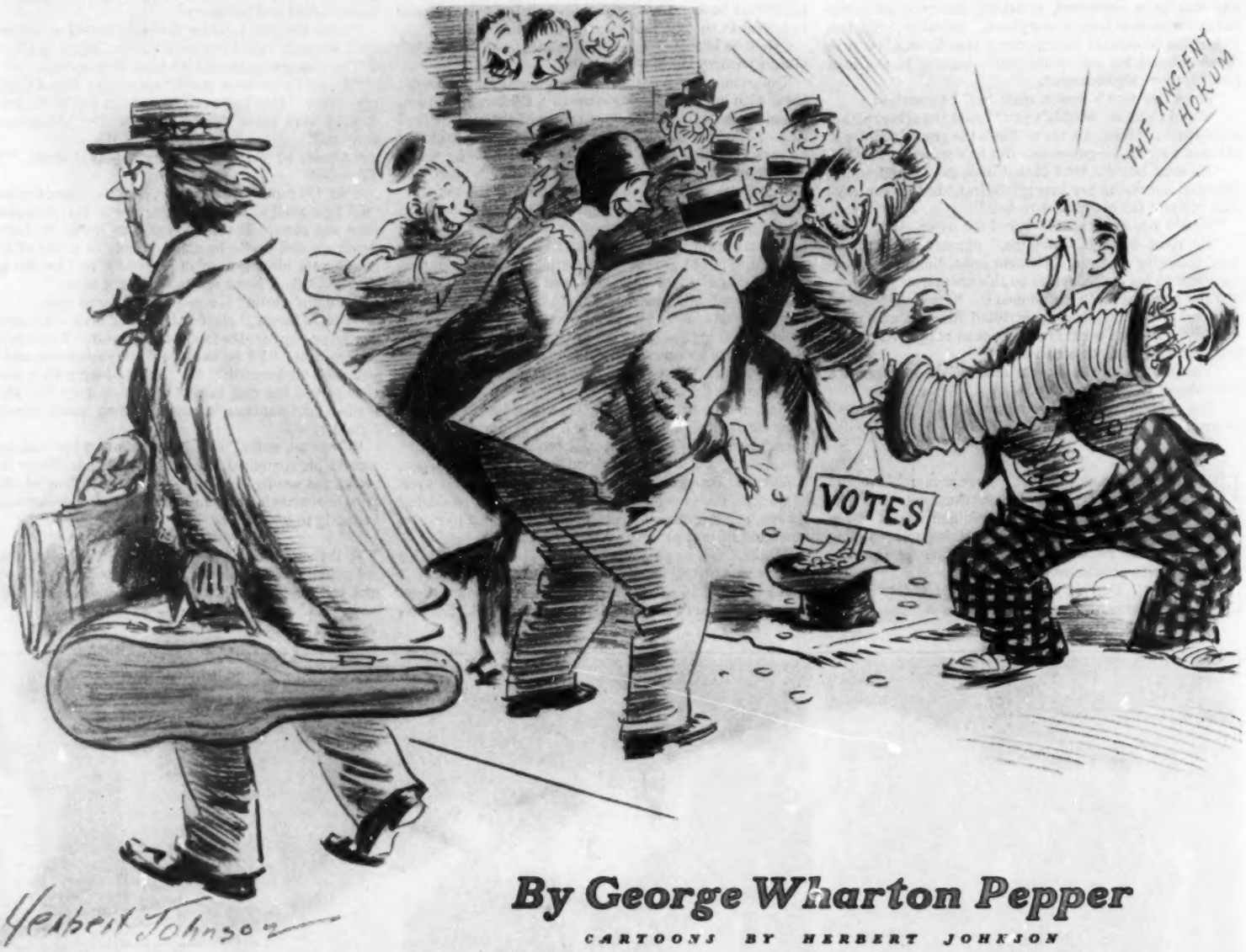
IV

BUT they had not proceeded far in the direction the young lady rather vaguely indicated before they were met by her grandfather, out in anxious search for her.

(Continued on Page 62)

His Basic Sense of Security Was Further Evidenced by the Fact That He Bore His Rifle Carelessly Across His Shoulder

PRINCIPLE AND POLITICS



By George Wharton Pepper

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

"THERE are times in the life of a public man when it is his duty to rise above principle."

This contribution to political philosophy was made by an able senator to whom I had suggested that principle required a certain course of conduct in a matter which he and I were discussing. He put his hand on my shoulder as he said it, and there was a humorous twinkle in his eye. But he meant what he said and his long political experience entitled him to speak with authority. He was merely restating in epigrammatic form the maxim that one who seeks public office or desires to retain it cannot afford to act in strict accordance with his convictions unless the result is likely to be a net gain in his vote.

The author of a recent book entitled Political Behavior has this to say:

> It is, however, true that despite the occasional shining exceptions, the great bulk of successes in politics are scored by the candidates who evade controversial questions, avoid constructive proposals, devote themselves to a solemn advocacy of the obvious, practice conciliation and say nothing calculated to arouse the prejudiced voter.

This is said in the course of a chapter entitled What Happened to the Candidate Who Would be Courageous and Candid. The experience of Senator Underwood, of Alabama, is there used to indicate the futility of intellectual honesty in public life.

Looking back over my own brief political experience, I can see a number of situations, particularly during the pre-primary campaign of 1926, in which I might have "risen above principle," and in every such case the question is, what would have happened had I done so. I here review these situations, not because my failure to win a senate renomination was a matter of great importance but because that campaign was a chapter in American political history and is for that reason worth analyzing.

There was, for example, the situation which arose when the opportunity came to state my position on the prohibition issue. When my candidacy began to attract public attention I was asked to declare my position upon this vexed question. I had, and still have, perfectly definite opinions upon it. I accordingly, without the least hesitation, replied to the inquiry as follows:

> I agree that the attitude of many of our citizens toward prohibition is disappointing and that the resulting lawlessness and discontent should be a matter of grave concern to all of us.
>
> It seems to me, however, that the right view to hold with respect to the Eighteenth Amendment and the enforcement law is that by regular constitutional and legislative processes we have committed ourselves to a nation-wide social experiment. The nature of the experiment is such that, in my judgment, it must be continued for many many years before its success or failure can be determined. If ultimately there is something like a consensus that the nonalcoholic life is best for an individual and a nation, the experiment will have succeeded. If, on the other hand, there is something like a consensus that the use of alcohol for beverage purposes is a desirable one, both physiologically and socially, then the experiment will have failed. At the present time there is no agreement on this subject, although my estimate is that a very large majority of the people of this country believe that the experiment is well worth making.
>
> In the meantime, I regard it as the duty of a public man to do all that he can by precept, example and vote, to accomplish the purpose of the amendment by framing effective enforcement laws and by insisting upon the faithful execution of them. Consistently with this conviction, I cut out the use of alcohol when I went into the Senate, and I do not expect to vote in any way inconsistent with the views above expressed. As I am in the legislative department of the Government, I have no opportunity to take part in the enforcement of the law, for that is an executive duty. To the extent that I can influence the course of events, however, I am doing and expect to do all that I can to see that enforcement is effective and strict.
>
> I venture to suggest to you and your associates that if, while retaining your opinion that the experiment will fail, you will, nevertheless, do all that you can to make it succeed, you certainly will have lost nothing substantial if, ultimately, the experiment fails in spite of your support, but you will have gained a very great deal if through your coöperation the success of the experiment is finally demonstrated.
>
> I am sorry that our minds do not meet on this matter, but I am sure that you will recognize it as a great public question, respecting which there is room for honest and intelligent difference of opinion.

All my life I had been accustomed to the use of alcohol. I had been brought up to believe that the moral significance of conduct depends upon whether it is the result of compulsion or of an exercise of free will. I, however, realized that we as a nation had, in the matter of drink, used our freedom foolishly and that the Eighteenth Amendment was a reaction against abuse. I felt bound to accept it as such.

I saw nothing in the contention that my rights had thereby been violated. A legal right is merely a legally protected interest. If, by constitutional processes, protection of any interest of mine is denied or withdrawn, that is the end of my right. If I am displeased, I may agitate for constitutional change, or start a revolution, or leave the country, or obey the law. I regarded agitation for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment as at least premature, because the prohibition experiment had not been tried to a conclusion. Neither revolution nor exile appealed to me. I had, accordingly, accepted law observance as an ordinary civic duty and had lived up to it. Such a position had, of course, no political value. Indeed, it had no other merit than common sense. It, therefore, pleased neither the fanatical drys nor the angry wets. But it represented my honest opinion, and I declared it.

The results were interesting. An important political leader in Philadelphia called to tell me that my letter was bad politics. An influential county boss gave notice that his promise of support was withdrawn. A prominent physician, a member of one of my committees, wrote me an angry letter of resignation. Organization hostile to me was begun among those who were socially my friends. On the dry side Pinchot and his kind spoke of my stand in characteristic fashion. Vare, counting on Pinchot's candidacy to cut down my vote, announced his own candidacy for the Senate on a light-wine-and-beer platform. Frantic friends begged me to make an utterance that would satisfy those wets who, for other reasons, wanted to vote for me. My refusal to modify what I had said was ascribed in many quarters to a lack of political acumen. "Too bad," said a citizen of average political knowledge to a friend of mine, "that Pepper hasn't sense enough to take a different position."

"But the position he takes is an honest expression of his views," observed my friend. "Would you have him be dishonest about it?"

"I never thought of it that way," said the citizen.

Vare won. I was second. Pinchot trailed.

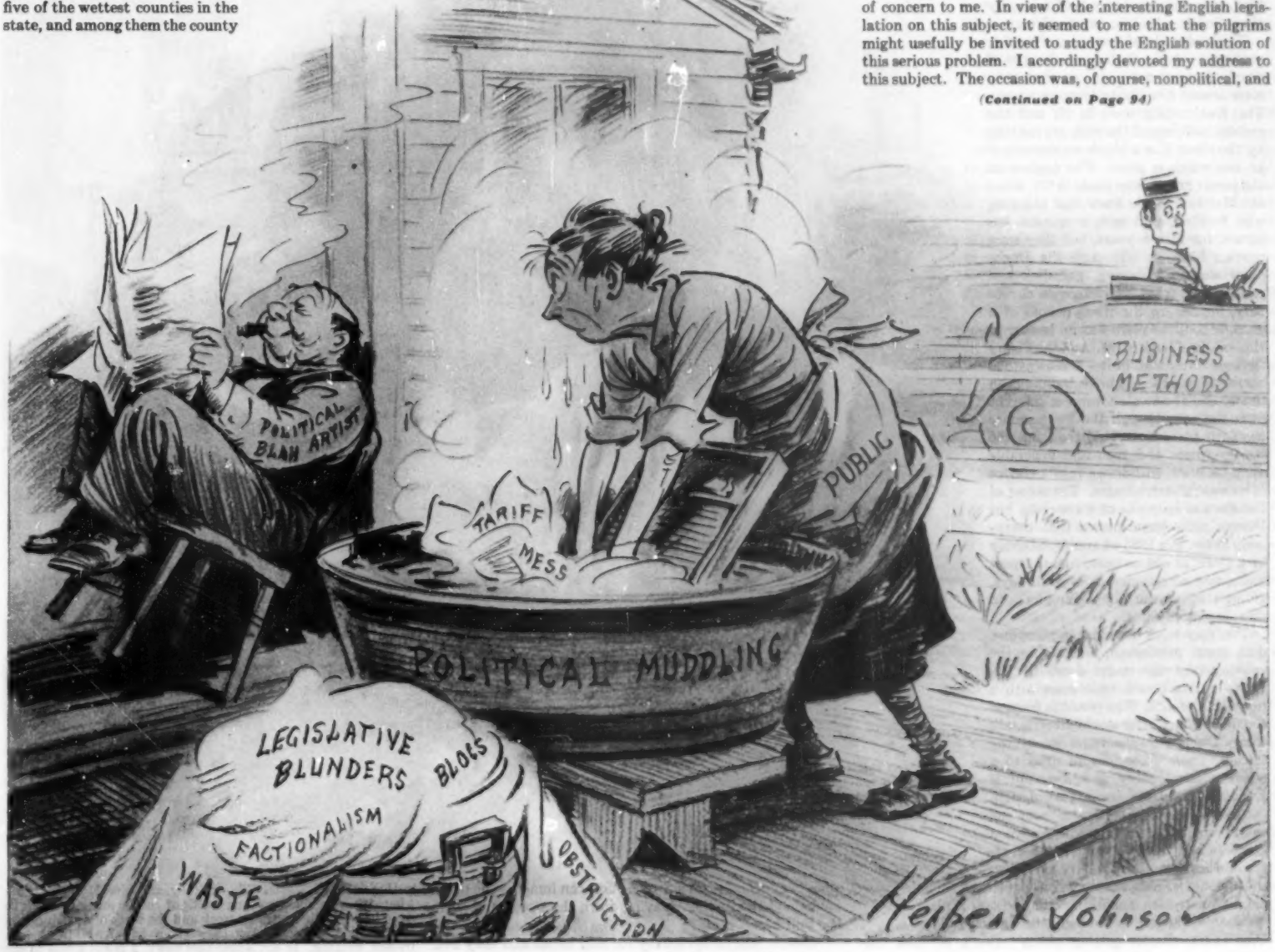
What is the political analysis? Would the result have been different if I had "risen above principle"? "Certainly," says the cynic. "By side-stepping, you could have kept the issue out of the campaign. As it was, you have handed one popular extreme to Vare and the other to Pinchot." Such reasoning seems to me to leave basic facts out of consideration. Vare was enabled to defeat me only by the organization vote in Philadelphia. If I had been wet and Vare dry, the vote in South Philadelphia would not have been materially affected. The vote against me was produced by the ward leaders, not by my declaration. Upstate, on the other hand, my declaration made me friends. I carried against Vare sixty-two out of sixty-six counties outside of Philadelphia and came to Philadelphia with the enormous plurality of 140,000. The counties thus carried included five of the wettest counties in the state, and among them the county of the boss referred to above. Nor did Vare enter the race for any other reason than that he saw a chance to slip into office in the situation which Pinchot's candidacy created. If Pinchot ran, Vare was determined to run, irrespective of issues, declarations or any other factors. Pinchot's decision to run was determined by no other consideration than that which had actuated him in his earlier campaigns. If I had been an extreme dry, I know him well enough to believe that he would have found other causes to champion and would have championed them valiantly, and with the same result. Naturally enough, in casting about for arguments, the antiprohibitionists are now recording my defeat as their achievement. But the situation was far more complex than they realize, and the issue which presents itself to them as the only issue was, in fact, negligible so far as the result is concerned. On the other hand, a perfect illustration of a result directly due to the "wet" vote is the recent nomination of Pinchot for the governorship of Pennsylvania. Pinchot, an extreme dry, was opposed by Francis Shunk Brown, who declared merely for a referendum. The wets put their own candidate into the fight and every vote for him was of course subtracted from Brown. The larger the wet vote, under such circumstances, the larger was Pinchot's margin. The definiteness of his stand was the thing that brought him victory.

The soldiers' bonus question created another issue which had to be faced or evaded. It seemed clear to me that the proposal to make cash payments to men who had served in the World War and had emerged unhurt was from every point of view an unsound proposal. In the individual case the payment was not large enough to have business value. In the aggregate the amount involved was sufficient to impair our ability to do justice to the disabled man. Sentimentally, the payment of money to those who had earned the country's lasting gratitude seemed to me like offering a tip to the man who had saved your life at the risk of his own. Newspapermen asked me to express my views, and I did so. I thus incurred the organized opposition of the American Legion, and some of this opposition was incredibly bitter. It took various forms. Some Legion posts passed fiery resolutions. Individuals wrote threatening letters. A soldier who had lost a leg was employed in the interest of one of my adversaries to appear at political meetings and declare that he had sought an interview with me in Washington and that I had told him "to get the hell out of here." This was, of course, untrue. Altogether the attempt to act on principle had lively consequences. Vare was for the bonus, and he won. Does this prove that my declaration was a factor in my defeat? In my opinion, it does not.

The fact is that the opponents of the bonus became just as fanatical in their opposition as were the proponents in their advocacy. Speaking generally, the business and financial interests of the country were arrayed on the negative side. The intensity of their opposition was illustrated in a social club in another state, where the portrait of an otherwise popular senator was hung with face to the wall because he favored the bonus. These interests were, on the whole, more effective politically than was the Legion. My declaration had been made without considering its political consequences, but as things turned out, I believe that throughout the state the net result of my stand was helpful to my candidacy. Vare was wise in his generation in coming out as he did, for upstate his soldier vote reduced my plurality and to that extent made the task of his city organization less formidable. Viewing the whole incident in retrospect, I believe that here again honesty proved to be the best policy.

When, in July of 1924, the American Bar Association made an English pilgrimage, I was invited to address them before they sailed. The increased use by Federal judges of the injunction in labor disputes had long been a matter of concern to me. In view of the interesting English legislation on this subject, it seemed to me that the pilgrims might usefully be invited to study the English solution of this serious problem. I accordingly devoted my address to this subject. The occasion was, of course, nonpolitical, and

(Continued on Page 94)



ANYWAY, MAYBE SHE'S THINKING

Obligations

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Dennis Swale

NEARLY everyone can tell you in our town still how Dennis Swale grew poor, but Dennis Swale himself would be the one to tell it best, you'd think, until you tried to ask him. Dennis had that tight mouth of all the portraits in the old Swale house. Nothing—not the thumbscrew or the boot—could shake a word from Dennis Swale on such an affair as that. A mention of it was enough to tauten the lines about his lips, and his face would become flat like water swept by a shifting wind, filled with new wrinkles and forbidding further speech, because the Swales were proud.

Yet he must have known that everybody knew, because the story was too like our town easily to be forgotten. It had the harshness and the narrowness of a port which had lost its shipping. Though Haven's End was growing very small and bare by then, the old currents still were running. The Swales had hated the Scarlets since the First Plantation, and though the town was changing, personalities were the same. It was not strange that Dennis Swale should have clashed with John Scarlet in 1893, when gentlemen were growing scarce in Haven's End. Even Dennis must have known that a mill town was no place for gentlemen, and our town was nothing but a mill town, by then, beside a leaden, empty river.

The landmarks of that story still exist, strangely vivid, though it happened nearly forty years ago; so that they seem almost like illustrations on a page. The Swale mills were in it, and the granite buildings of the mills are nothing by the river, like a blank monument of an era which is gone. The engines in the power house were made in '72, when old Matthew Swale knew that shipping was finished, and not a spindle has turned for fifteen years, but they were moving back in '93. And the Deene place was in it, rising, paintless and gaping now, from its overgrown shrubbery, farther up the river, devoid of a graceful line, for there was no beauty in Haven's End back in '93. And the Penny Savings Bank was in it—a brownstone horror among the old brick buildings on the street. The Swale house was different from the rest, though the Swale house was in it too. You could see it up the street, square and trim and venerable upon its lawn, withdrawn into a silence of its own, a secret house. The secret of Dennis was only one of its secrets, but Dennis must have known that everybody knew. For 1893 was only yesterday in a town as old as ours, but the past had a way of creeping into yesterdays, giving them a continuity going back to dim, forgotten facts.

You may have seen him, a pompous, dull, stout gentleman, walking in the evening past the stores down by the river—a long-nosed little man with a tight-shut mouth. The crowd in front of the Shoeshine Parlor would stop its talk when Dennis Swale came down the street. Their voices would drop to a murmur involuntary and low, but if Dennis noticed, he never gave a sign.

"Good evening, Mr. Swale," someone would say, and Dennis would give a gracious nod, while everyone stared after him as he walked quickly by. Then there would be a silence, half constrained, as though everyone had met with something odd and out of place.

"Say," someone would say, "he's getting older. . . . Yes, that's Swale—getting older. Don't he look old-fashioned, though? Say, do you remember ——"

That was it. "Old-fashioned" was the way they put it. Something preposterous in his manner, which took for granted an unheard-of superiority, gave him an archaic air. Dennis was something of an older time, projected into the present by the force of his own will. It never occurred to him that he was nothing, because one could not change a Swale.

Yet there was silence, and everyone would turn to look when he walked down the street, and everyone remembered. There are things one can't forget. Nor did Dennis Swale ever forget what John Scarlet said. John Scarlet had thrust his pride too deeply, and Dennis was very proud.

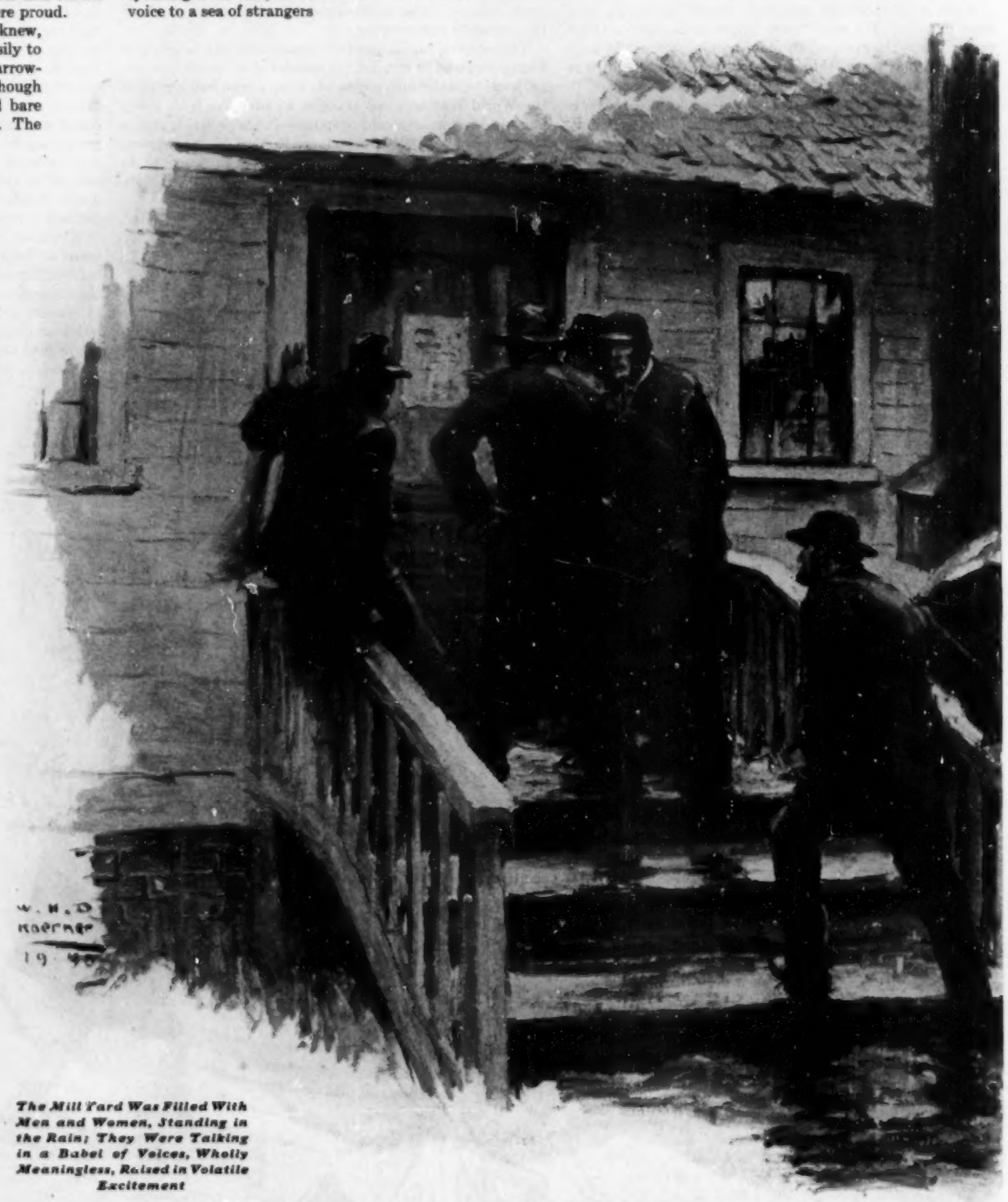
When Dennis ran for mayor against John Scarlet in the fall of '92, you have the beginning of it, as much as anything in our town can begin, where the Colonial era kept rising from its grave. You can imagine Dennis Swale speaking in his thin, harsh voice to a sea of strangers who had never known a Swale. You can imagine the brass bands and the torches weaving down the street, and what the mill hands said.

Dennis had no sympathy for mill hands and they had none for him.

But it was Scarlet who threw the stone. You can imagine what John Scarlet said, waving out his arms, shouting through the autumn night. Dennis Swale could never gain that common touch, which the Scarlets could not lose. John Scarlet ran a shoe shop after he sold the tavern, and he could handle men. You could imagine him mopping his red, perspiring face and shaking his heavy fist, lost upon the sea of his own eloquence. His speech is still in the files of the old Gazette, ringing with a bitterness rising from the solid type:

Friends—I call you friends, because you know me and I know you. I know what you think and I know what you want. Does Mr. Swale know that? No, friends, he don't know anything, and what's more, he don't care.

"But he's Mr. Swale," you say. "Of course, Mr. Swale would never think of us." Now, who are the Swales? Don't be frightened; I can tell you. There's been a Scarlet in this town as long as there's been a Swale. Who are they, and what? I can't think what—they've lived so long on dead men's money. They've lived here on other people's work and the work of folks like you and me. And what have they given back? Nothing—no, friends, nothing. Is Mr. Swale here now? I'm not afraid to say it to his face. He's nothing but a name.



The Mill Yard Was Filled With Men and Women, Standing in the Rain; They Were Talking in a Babel of Voices, Wholly Meaningless, Raised in Volatile Excitement

Nothing but a name was what John Scarlet said, and what he said was true. The Swales had given nothing to our town but a fading glamour. The echoes of old names were going down the wind, fainter, always fainter, in a changing, restless time. Yet you can imagine Dennis when he read that page. The Swales could never understand reality, and it hurt him like a blow.

Dennis was in the directors' room in the Penny Bank when the last returns came. The gaslights flickered against the black-walnut woodwork, and in the street outside a band was playing very badly, filling the room with raucous sound. You can imagine how it happened, because the story is often told. Mr. Deene was there, of course, being president of the bank in those days. He kept looking out the window at the torchlights, trying not to smile; he kept tapping on the sill and whistling through his teeth with the bland, grave expression he knew how to wear.

"Dennis," said Mr. Deene, "you can't compete with Scarlet. You can't swim against the tide."

They say that Dennis sat in his chair, motionless and stony-faced. He did not seem aware of people coming near him and saying they were sorry. There was nothing else to say. And they say he did not lose that strange conceit; he took it all for granted, even then.

"It's Scarlet's fault," he said; "that blackleg's made them vote me down." Then he rose from his chair with sharp, deep lines about his mouth. It was like him not to think that it might have been his own fault too. "Do you hear them yell?" he said. "That's Scarlet. Scarlet's made them hate me. I'm not finished with Scarlet yet."

They say that Mr. Deene turned from the window with that same bland look; the story goes that Alfred Deene was a handsome man, heavy and broad-shouldered, with dark, deep eyes and a high white forehead. Alfred Deene had the golden touch and he knew men as well as he knew money.

"Dennis," he said, "Scarlet is too big for you. You can't swim against the tide."

Outside in the street there was a burst of cheering; the noise made Dennis start.

"There," said someone, "there goes Scarlet now." There was no doubt that Dennis Swale was thinking that they should have cheered for him.

"Yes," he said, "he's turned the town against me. I'm not through with Scarlet yet."

The gaslight flickered against the dark woodwork and flickered against the face of Alfred Deene, and one can imagine how he spoke when Dennis Swale was gone—with half-concealed amusement and half-concealed contempt.

"Can you believe it?" said Alfred Deene. "He thinks he's living in the eighteenth century. He thinks he can hurt Scarlet. Can you imagine that?"

John Scarlet

Then Adam Munn spoke up. He always said he never liked the smartness of Alfred Deene. He seemed to be speaking for a lost cause, for politeness or for something that was leaving Haven's End.

"I don't know," he said. "No, I don't know. There's something in them Swales."

Though Alfred Deene did not answer, one could imagine what he was thinking behind his deep, still eyes. Alfred Deene could juggle figures and he could juggle men; he must have been thinking, even then, how he could juggle Dennis Swale.

"Yes," he said, "Scarlet's made him mad, and when a man's mad he's a fool. I don't get mad ever."

There is silence now in the Penny Bank, except for the money talking; the sound of the money rings behind the counters, hollow and secure, above the pains of life and death. The adding machines click with a sharp staccato note, like machine guns in a front-line trench, followed by the rustling of treasury paper and the rippling of the silver, but all the rest is silence, like the story of Dennis Swale. The secrets of the Penny Bank are wrapped in that financial peace, deeper, stronger than the whisperings on the street outside. Nevertheless, until a little while ago, Adam Munn used to sit behind the counter, working at the ledgers, and Mr. Munn could tell about it because he had been there for a long time. He had grown thin and light and noiseless, like a genius of the place, and his voice would echo from the black-walnut carvings of the directors' room, so that it sounded like the rustling of a sheaf of bonds. Mr. Munn would twist his eyeshade back and straighten his alpaca coat and stare at the photographs of the presidents on the wall—all hard-faced, whiskered men of an older generation, but all with a common stamp, like the members of a family. Adam Munn could pick their voices from his memory as one picked music on a banjo's strings. He could imitate their footsteps and their gestures with a mimicry more like an actor's than a clerk's, if the directors' room was silent and the bank's front door was closed.

"Yes," he would say, "there's the old man—there's Denny Swale. It don't seem so long that he was younger. Matters don't move much hereabouts. The slower the place, the quicker the time, is how it seems to me."

And perhaps he was right. Haven's End was very slow. The weight of years was on Haven's End, until it was sluggish like our river where it twisted to the sea.

"Yes," Adam Munn would say, "you can tell him from his nose. The Swales have always had long noses, as I've heard tell—comical, like this—but he wasn't president then; only a director serving without pay. Alfred Deene was president back in '93. No, his picture isn't on the wall. The slower the place, the quicker the time. It don't seem so long ago that Mr. Deene left town."

And Adam Munn's voice would go, quavering and keen, turning the old secrets up which were a part of other secrets which one could feel, but never know. But the street outside was in it—our old Main Street and the First Church and the empty river and the Federalist houses and the elms—and all the secrets were curiously our own, grim and spare like Haven's End.

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THE MISSING LINK

By Guy Gilpatric

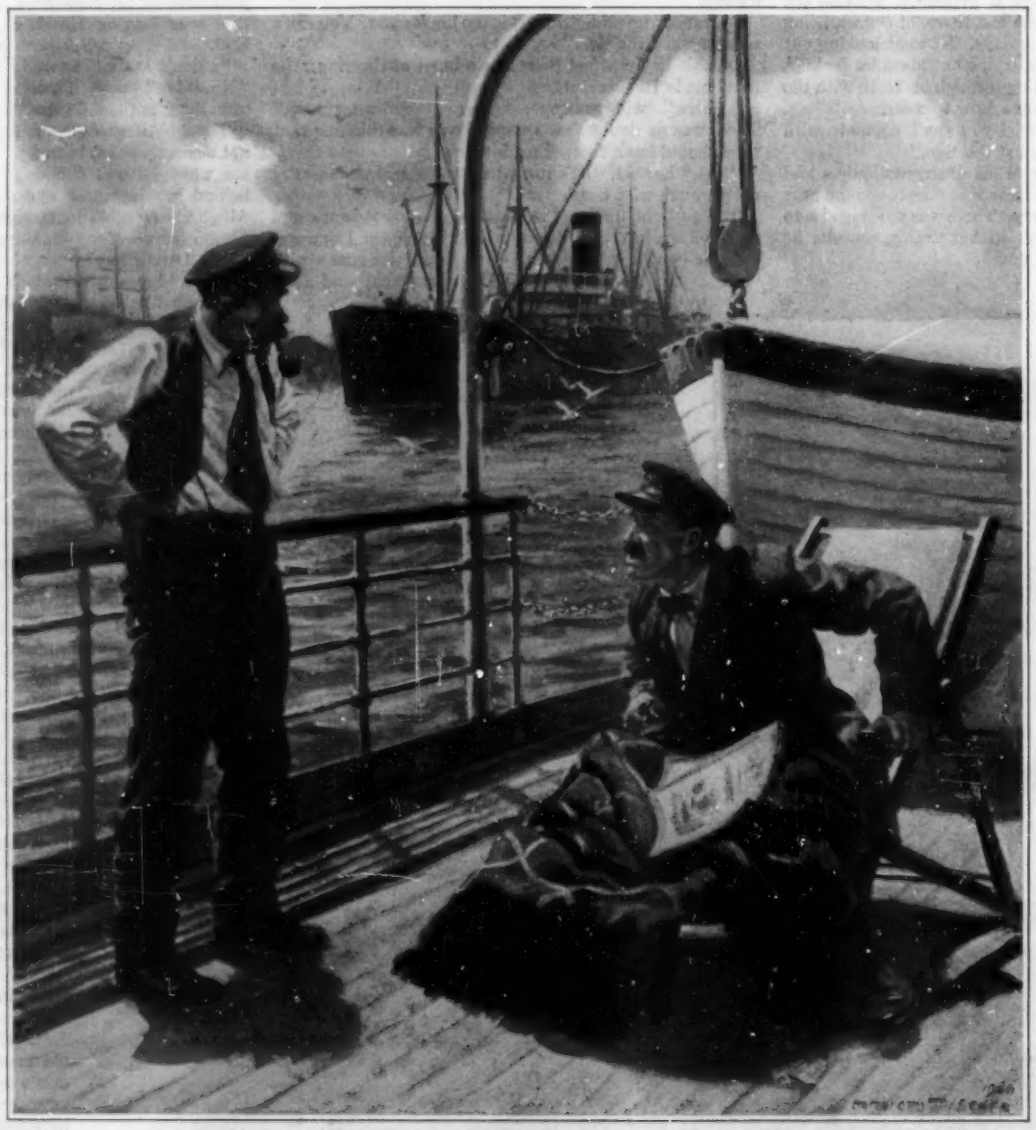
ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THIRTY degrees south, fifteen degrees west is in the middle of the South Atlantic, and is, therefore, the loneliest spot in the loneliest of the seven seas. The nearest land, if you wish to call it land, is Tristan da Cunha, and the continent of South America lies as far astern as that of Africa lies ahead—which is to say, some two thousand empty, wet and wind-swept miles.

S. S. Inchcliffe Castle, Rio to Cape Town, was doing her best to dispel the loneliness by shining her feeble lights out into the night and disturbing the silences with sundry squeaks and creaks and groans as she wallowed in the swell.

At eight bells, Sparks had spoken a refrigerator ship somewhere up northwestward, but so faint were her signals that he switched off his set and composed himself for slumber. In his room farther aft, Mr. Glencannon, the chief engineer, laid aside the Presbyterian Churchman, drank a three-finger jolt of Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch, tossed the empty bottle through the porthole, and wrapped the tail of his nightshirt cozily around his feet. Then he listened for a moment to the throb of the engines, yawned, and clicked out the light.

"Foorty-three reevolutions per minute," he announced to the darkness. "Seven and a quarter knots. Why, she's seemply tearing along!" He lowered his head to the pillow and closed his eyes. "Noo I lay me doon to sleep——" he murmured; and sleep came to him as swiftly as the words.



"I've 'Arf a Mind to Report Ye to the Board of Tryde, I 'Ave," Mr. Montgomery Threatened Him

Now, in the natural course of events, which, on shipboard, is not a natural course at all but a strictly formal man-made routine, Mr. Glencannon should have slumbered undisturbed until called for his morning watch. But sometime in the thin anæmic hours before the dawn there came a rapping at his door. He sat erect, switched on the light, listened to his engines, and reached for his trousers, even as he called "Come in!"

The door opened and framed the ample form of Captain Ball, cap on the back of his head, bare legs showing beneath his overcoat, and black trouble shadowing his round and ruddy face.

"It's about the mate," he said abruptly, sinking into a chair. "Poor chap's in a narsty way, Mr. Glencannon—very narsty. Er—oh, thanks, I will—that is, if you're having one."

"I am," said Mr. Glencannon, twisting the corkscrew. "But tell me, sir; what's amuss wi' Muster Montgomery?"

"A raging fever and hell's own torment in his innards. I prodded him, like, where it says to in the book, and he fair cursed me blue, he did. It's appendixitis, Mr. Glencannon, as plain as paint."

"Ah, how vurra onfoortunate," declared Mr. Glencannon, wiping his mouth and reaching once more for the bottle. "O' course"—and he rolled his eyes piously—"o' course, captain, it's no secret to anybody that Muster Montgomery and I ha' never been one in speerit, but, nevertheless, I'm sorra for him. Ye see, captain, his domned teetotalism has brought him to his present plight. I've warned him a meellion times, no less, that the constant breathing o' salt air turns the interior workings of a mon into a species o' corned beef—that is, onless he takes the proper alcoholic preecautions. But Muster Montgomery is headstrong—vurra headstrong—and he wad no' lusten to my well-meant advice. Noo, a mon's like an engine. He——"

"Ah, yes," interrupted Captain Ball, who had heard Mr. Glencannon's salt-air theory expounded *ad nauseam*, "I fancy you're right. The only thing now is, how're we going to save the poor chap's life?"

"Weel," mused the engineer, "canna we pick up some vessel that has got a doctor on board, and have an operation?"

Captain Ball shook his head. "Sparks reports there's not a ship's doctor within a thousand miles of us. Of course, as master of this vessel, I spose it's really up to me to do the job myself. In my time I've popped out many's the tooth with a mallet and a tenpenny nail, only—well, you see, Mr. Glencannon, I'm not as young as I was, nor my hand's not so steady. So I was wondering if you—er—well, will you do it for me?"

"Ho, will I!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon joyfully. "Why, bless your soul, Captain Ball, if ye'll gi' me the keys to the surgical chest I'll ha' Muster Montgomery's appendix oot in three shakes o' a whustle!" And swinging his feet to the carpet, he went hastily about pulling on his clothes.

"There!" sighed Captain Ball. "I knew you'd help me. After all, it's really a job for a man with a mechanical turn, and you are the best engineer I know of."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said Mr. Glencannon. "I only wish that Muster Montgomery appreciated me as do yersel'. And noo, let's take one more wee nip, captain, and go ha' a look at the patient."

They found Mr. Montgomery, face pinched with pain, lying on his bunk.

"Hoot!" Mr. Glencannon greeted him in his cheeriest bedside manner. "What ha' ye been up to noo, Muster Mate—swallowing anvils?"

"Get out of my room!" snarled Mr. Montgomery. "'Oo arsked you to stick your walrus fyce in 'ere, you drunken Scotch tinker, you?"

Mr. Glencannon regarded him pityingly. "Deary me," he said to the captain, "the puir mon's fair daft wi' fever. Noo then, do ye lie still a minute, Muster Mate, while I diagnose your case. . . . Does it hurt doon here?"

With a howl Mr. Montgomery leaped from his bed of pain and launched a mighty swing at his tormentor. Mr. Glencannon ducked, and the patient, having thrown himself off balance, pitched sideways to his bunk, where he lay cursing.

"There, there; 'Flow gently, sweet Afton,'" murmured Mr. Glencannon soothingly. "Ye've got a mutinous appondix wi'oot a doot, but ye ha' no cause for wurra. . . . Captain Ball, I'll thank ye for a look at yon medical book so's I can get my bearings."

In the front of the book was a chart in full color and many layers, depicting a gentleman standing naked and unashamed in the interests of anatomical science. Lifting a tab on the margin of the chart, Mr. Glencannon removed this gentleman's skin, and transformed him into something resembling the victim of a boiler explosion. The layer of muscles came next, and after it the intricate internal mechanism of the human body.

"Ah, how lovely!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon. "How ingenious and how pairfickly seemple! Here's the appondix, richt here, charted as plain as day. It's drawn to a scale of one to six, so if ye'll just send my compliments to Muster MacQuayle in the engine room, and ask him to stup here wi' my slide rule and dividers, we can figure where to cut to the fraction o' a meelimeter."

"Cut?" repeated Mr. Montgomery, sitting half upright. "Cut, did you s'y? Well, listen 'ere, my Scotch bucko, if you think you're going to cut me, you've got another think coming! Wot in blyzes do you know about surgery anyw'y?"

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon, "I once stuffed a crocodile, and a braw neat job I did of it too. So noo, captain, let's carry the patient in to the saloon dining table; and you, steward, kindly bring aft the medicine chest."

Too weak to resist, Mr. Montgomery was lashed to the table, but he glowered savagely as the engineer and his assistant, Mr. MacQuayle, stood measuring him with calipers, calculating with slide rules, and sketching plans on his abdomen with the stumps of pencils. Then the pair took to examining the surgical instruments.

"Ah, and here's a neat gadget!" Mr. MacQuayle was saying. "It must be to hold him open, like. Oh, and that reminds me, sir, I brought my flash light, so if ye'll be carin' to browse around within him, so to say, I'll make it as bricht as Broadway Road, New York."

"Strike me pink!" groaned the sufferer. "Won't you two ghouls ever stop jawing? I'm bleddy well fed up with bein' butchered to myke a 'Ighland 'oliday! 'Urry u,p; give me the ether and let's 'ave done with it!"

"Ether?" exclaimed Captain Ball. "I used the last of it cleaning spots off my bowler hat to go ashore at Rio."

"Then we'll do wi'oot it," said Mr. Glencannon, undismayed. "Steward, go to my room and bring back foor o' the bottles o' whusky ye'll find beneath my bunk. And noo, let's see aboot some laudanum. . . . Ah, here it is. Just quaff yersel' a swig o' this, Muster Mate, and in a moment we'll gi' ye some prime Scots whusky to wash it doon."

"My eye you will!" declared Mr. Montgomery. "I'll drink the laudanum, yes, but it's agynst my principles to touch your filthy liquor." However, Mr. Glencannon, the captain and the second engineer suddenly fell upon him, pried open his mouth and poured a full quart of the Dew of Kirkintilloch down his throat. He coughed, sputtered and struggled feebly within his bonds. "Me a teetotaler, and you tyking advantage o' me like this! If only I—if only ——" He closed his eyes and mumbled to himself. He seemed to be dozing. Then he smiled, chuckled, laughed, and burst into maudlin song:

"Sitting in the 'Ouse of Commons
Myking laws to put down crime,
While the wictim of his pash-uns
Walks the streets without a nyme."

The song faded away, and in its place came lusty snores.

"Do ye look at him, gentlemen," beamed Mr. Glencannon, shedding his collar, unfastening his cuffs and rolling up his sleeves. "It worked like a charm! And noo"—he poured and drank a tumbler of whisky—"and noo, if ye'll be so kind as to hand me that medium-size carving knife, Muster MacQuayle, we'll proceed to proceed."

Bracing himself against the roll of the ship, he went to work swiftly, deftly, with that unerring instinct which has made the Scots such great surgeons, as well as such great marine engineers. The little group watched him in awed silence, and through the ports deck hands and firemen peered tensely at that grimmest of spectacles, an operation at sea. In something under forty minutes the appendix was out, Mr. Montgomery was neatly stitched together, and surgeon, assistants and onlookers were broaching another bottle in admiration of the job.

"It's been a vurra entertaining evening," declared Mr. Glencannon, when the mate had been carried to his room. "I'm grateful to ye, Captain Ball, for this opportunity. Any time ye've a seemilar job, pray free! fee—er—feel free to call upon me at any hour o' the day or nicht. I can, o' course, assume that the whusky is chargeable to the ship?"

"By all means," agreed Captain Ball a trifle thickly; whereupon they finished the remaining quart and went their several devious ways to bed.

II

BY THE time the Inchcliffe Castle had plowed into the friendly shelter of Table Mountain and begun discharging her cargo for Cape Town, Mr. Montgomery was well enough to take the sun in a deck chair. Much to Mr. Glencannon's surprise, however, the mate seemed anything but grateful. Though dutifully the engineer visited his patient thrice each day, he received not thanks but bitterest abuse.

"I've 'arf a mind to report ye to the Board of Tryde, I 'ave," Mr. Montgomery threatened him. "Why, a man's no longer syfe beneath the British flag on the 'igh seas, if Scotch murderers can go to whittling on 'im every time 'e 'as a bit of a stomach ayche."

"Ah, tut, Muster Montgomery, tut. Aren't ye just a wee bit ungrateful?" protested Mr. Glencannon. "Not only did I save yere life but I saved ye money. Just suppose, noo, I was to send ye a bill for surgical seervices rendered?"

"Then you could go to 'ell and collect it," snapped the mate.

Mr. Glencannon took this reply in solemn silence. He wrinkled his brow in preoccupation, walked to the rail and spat thoughtfully into Cape Town harbor.

"Weel," he said slowly, "I dinna like yere speerit, Muster Mate, which, since I saved yere life, has become more antagoneestic than ever. And so I shall no longer let my sense o' beneevolence interfere wi' my plain legal rights."

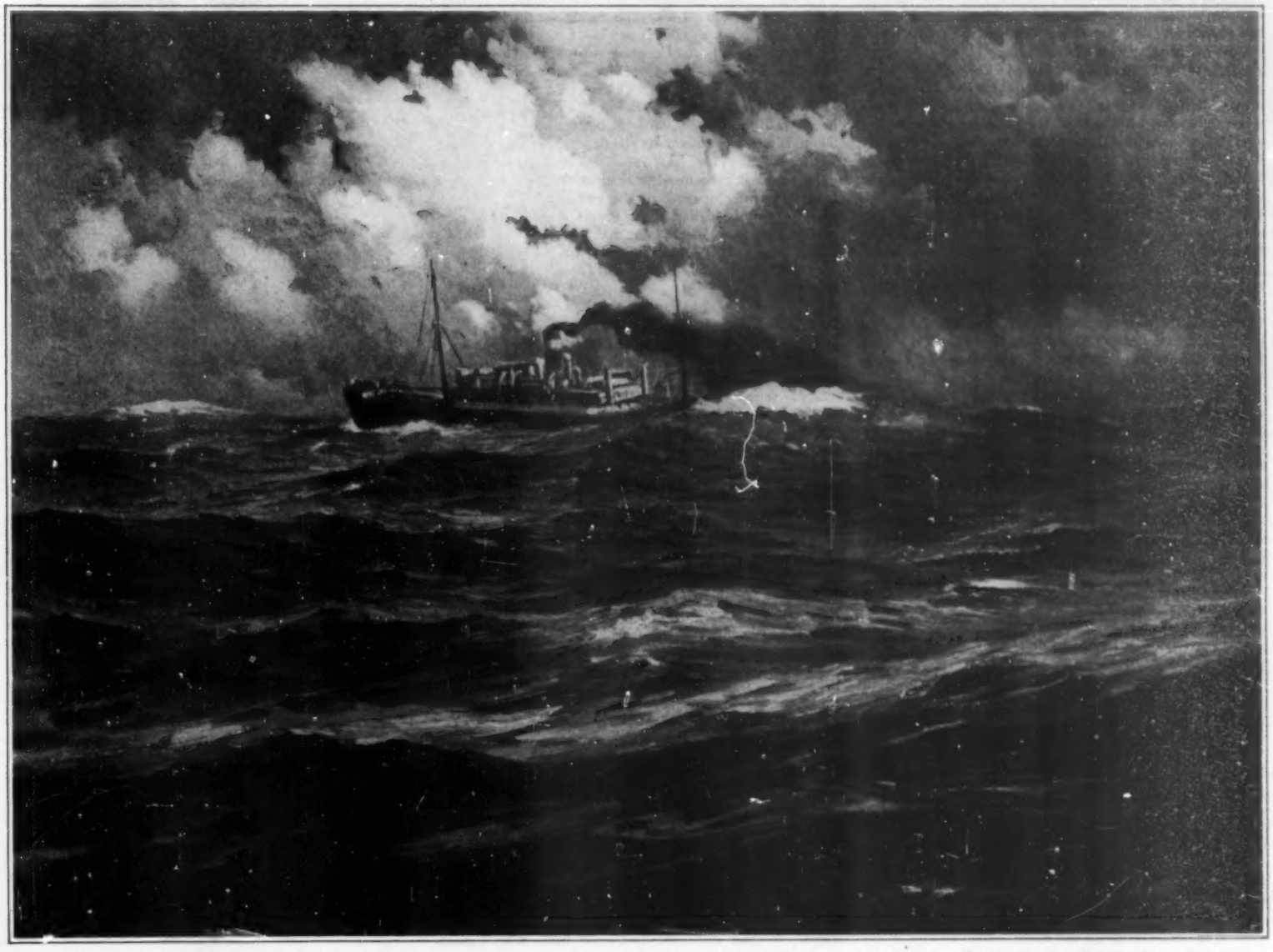
"Meaning what?" inquired Mr. Montgomery truculently.

"Meaning seemply that I'm going to cut ye open again, whuther ye like it or no," declared Mr. Glencannon.

"Wot?" shrieked the mate. "Cut me open agyne? Wot for, ye bloody-minded body snatcher?" He subsided weakly into his chair, but his lips were moving, and from them issued white-hot words.

"Ah, 'twull do ye no good to curse," said Mr. Glencannon, shaking his finger impressively. "I might as well inform ye, Muster Montgomery, that somewhere within yere anatomy, ye're concealing one o' my best cuff links. It's a heirloom, inherited from my uncle, the Reeverend MacFeergus Glencannon—a handsome bauble o' siller set wi' cairngorms. But wholly aside from its sentimental value, it's worrth at least two punds in money. I distteenctly remember unfastening it when I rolled up my sleeves before the operation, but I've searched the ship high and low, and thur's only one place it can be."

(Continued on Page 93)



Thirty Degrees South, Fifteen Degrees West is in the Middle of the South Atlantic, and is, Therefore, the Loneliest Spot in the Loneliest of the Seven Seas

Countess Olga's Dancing Slippers

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

"Hy, Prout! . . . Blinkin' Moonstruck 'e Is!"

IN THE days of Barney Barnato—God rest his pagan soul—and of Barney's yacht and Barney's brass bed, there was a diamond. This was not a fabulous diamond of mystery, dear to the plots of fictioneers. No beturbaned maharajas chased it through twenty-four chapters at two cents a word. No knives sank in the throats of beautiful actresses and no fourteenth Lords Droolingbulb discovered it strangely missing from buhl cabinets when the Oporto was red.

It was a diamond of commerce, taken from the Nesmith mines, three and three-quarter miles from Kimberley. It ran somewhat under the Orloff and way under the Koh-i-nur for weight, but it was a rare Hope blue, and worth a pretty penny if you were in the market—a very pretty penny. A Fifth Avenue jeweler had it for a while. A clape named Patrick Strahan Albro gave it to Elisa Mentree, when she was at her height at the Folies, in 1904, and two years later he married a nurse who became desperately fat, but who hung onto him, and still does, and who will be found at the Villa Ciel, in La Turbie, where Patrick pours one quart and one-half of Johnnie Walker Black Label into his hobnailed liver per diem. A gentleman named Lipshutz, who was exceedingly quick on the trigger in furs, bought it in 1911 for his Irish stenographer, who subsequently became Mrs. Campbell when she married him, and who lost it from a pendant in an Atlantic City hotel.

The *atelier* of Grimpé Père et Fils is an exquisite little jewel set in the commercial dross of the Allée Truphême, just fourteen dainty steps from the Place Vendôme—dainty steps, mark it.

Grimpé Père is a Cellinian craftsman. Fils is an artist with a nimble eye to the length of metatarsals, the atrophy of Achilles' tendons, and the angle of incidence of phalanges, all of which determine length of vamp, elevation of heel and angle of arch; for a slipper to Grimpé Père et Fils is not merely a slipper; it is an event. Never does a Grimpé client totter on extended heels that break the ankle line in back. Never does she step forth in eights that shout raucously for attention. Grimpé might even ween Englishwomen from the spool-heel last of the past three decades—that abomination on the escutcheon of empire.

At ten minutes before ten on the morning of August the first, steps wended their way to Grimpé's, but they were not dainty steps. They were stout, firm steps of gunmetal oxfords at the end of the pin-striped worsteds of a dark gentleman with ingrowing cheeks and a cold black eye—M. Plombin.

"I wish," said M. Plombin, "fourteen pairs of slippers—just that."

"Fourteen pairs," said Grimpé Fils. "It is an order, is it not?"

"They are to be Size 3, and the width is to be triple A."

"Details," murmured Grimpé Fils, "which are necessary, to be sure, but which are of more concern to the workshop than to me. You wish me to submit to you designs in a few days?"

"I wish no such thing. Slippers, I believe, are slippers. Slippers I wish—fourteen pairs. Designs do not interest me."

M. Grimpé smiled as an old and patient governess would smile at a child crying for the moon.

"The lady, perhaps, will feel otherwise."

"The lady will not enter into the transaction."

"Then I cannot help you."

"Look you," said M. Plombin; "I wish fourteen pairs of slippers. I wish to pay cash. Has the time been arrived at when a Frenchman will let his art or his reputation stand in the way of receiving cash?"

"*Non, non!*" said Grimpé Fils. "Never! But we are in the habit of making to order from the feet in question themselves."

"Break the habit." M. Plombin pointed to the glass case before him. "Those are 3's, triple A?"

"Silk moire, m'sieur; five hundred francs."

"And these?"

"From the skin of an Andean boa; seven hundred seventy-five francs."

"Excellent! Find me twelve more pairs and fit them all into one of those green morocco cases I see in your window."

"Done, m'sieur—and the hotel is?"

"I will take them with me."

"Again, done."

M. Plombin took a cab and dismissed it in front of a building in the Rue Fradin. He climbed the stairs to the third stage and opened a door at the back of the hall. He put down the morocco case and, bending over it, snapped open the catches.

"Shoes?" asked M. Sac, passing an inquisitive hand to the wrinkled front of his bald pate.

"Shoes." M. Plombin nodded. He took from the bag a pair of cherry-linen dancing slippers, high-arched on jeweled ebony heels, and set them upon the bench. With a thin-bladed knife he opened the glued seam of kid on the inside of the heel of one of the slippers, opened it and very carefully lifted the piece of kid in a smooth flap.

"Now, then, let me see. Beeswax we have—no, sealing wax will be better. There is a stick here among the papers. Let me see now, for size."

M. Sac took a battered walking stick from the corner, unscrewed the ferrule and let twenty-eight sizable drops of perfect blue flame dribble out upon the bench top. M. Plombin pinched his lower lip between his thumb and forefinger.

"H'm." He nodded and took a half-inch bit from the rack, clamping it home in the mouth of a brace.

"Hold the slipper so, between your hands, and have a care. We must not soil the fabric nor mark the polish of the heel."

"What silly affairs women wear," said M. Sac. "Look you—absurd—and they talk about the Chinese—oh, la!"

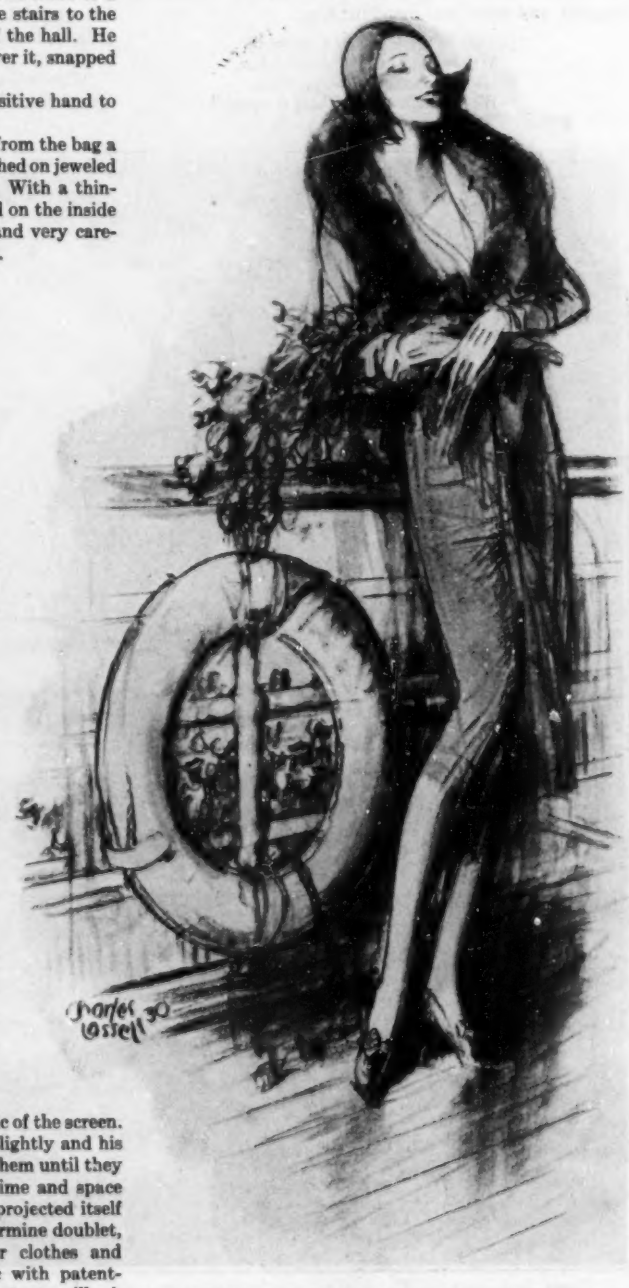
Harry Prout seldom went to the cinema. It was a rare debauch which he allowed himself at the end of long periods of abstinence. When he did go, such was the purity of his soul and the rigid celibacy of his cinematic emotional life, that the let-down was complete and somewhat permanently exhausting. His heart, quite normal usually, increased the frequency of its cadence some ten beats to the minute as he approached the ticket wicket. The pasteboard actually in his hands, his eyes glazed and his fingers trembled as his feet propelled him automatically past the uniformed figure at the chopping box and into the carpeted darkness.

Seated, he was thrall to the hypnotic magic of the screen. His eyes never left it. His mouth opened slightly and his breath soughed against his teeth and dried them until they stuck fast to the membrane of his lips. Time and space ceased for him and an astral Harry Prout projected itself at once into being, clad in silken hose and ermine doublet, *chaparajos* and sombrero, faultless dinner clothes and topper, frogged and order-festooned tunic with patent-leather Wellingtons and aigretted kepi—what you will. A miraculous Harry Prout, this astral fellow of the cinema—a *beau sabreur* with a wrist of steel, a crack shot with a frontier six-gun, a nimble fellow with the Argentine bull whip, an exquisite dancer of languorous tangos, an immaculate wit of the drawing-rooms, and a lover of beautiful women.

Ah, what a lover! Tender, caressing; bold, laughing, audacious, with the bow of a Barrymore and the naughty eye of a Chevalier. Heroic, protecting; courteous and chivalrous.

A man's man and a gift from the gods to women. With Olga Barco in his arms—lovely, lithe Olga of the long, slender legs and the beaten-gold hair—Olga of the sad smile and the divine hips—the world was Harry's, and he took it as a strong man should, and held it as he held Olga.

And believe it kindly, he did take it. The lights might go on, but he still had it. It was his as he stumbled dazedly into the blare of the streets. His as he went back to the water front and climbed the after gangway. His as he lay on his bunk in the Glory Hole, forward. Nor did the morning take it from him. It was still about him—this world he



had taken with Olga—lying just above his shoulders like a thin veil of morning fog, shot with the rose gold of a desert dawn, drifting to the soft music of Viennese violins, perfumed with the fragrance of Castillian gardens.

It followed him through freshly swabbed passages, smelling of damp, scrubbed rubber and newly polished brass. It went with him into the heat-clogged air of staterooms, closed tightly against the stay in port, but breathing presently of the cold, clear odor of freshly ironed linen and good salt air.

Harry Prout thumbed the A Deck lists that Collins had brought up from the purser's office. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Arnheim, Cabin 202; Mrs. Philip Arnold, Cabin 204; Lady Baggot, 206, and maid, 2nd Cl. 118; Mr. Johnston Baudry and Mr. Frederick L. Booth, 208; Countess Olga Barco ——

Harry Prout's pharynx closed at the top with a distinct snap that echoed in his ears.

Countess Olga Barco. The fingers that held the card were cold suddenly, and damp with the sweat of death. Olga Barco here, in the flesh, in his passage. But no, it couldn't be! He looked at the card.

"Countess Olga Barco, Suite B; and maid, 2nd Cl. 120."

Somehow he dropped the card in the brass-bound slot and got back to his cubby. Olga—his Olga. She would recognize him as soon as she saw him, and remember him as he had been last night—Charles Winslow, of Winslow, Virginia, climbing the vine-covered trellis of the Hacienda Estrella del Norte in the Sonora Mountains, shooting it out in the patio with the murderous General Gonzalez, holding her in his strong arms and swearing by the stars above the high Sierras and the waves that curled on Capistrano sands to love her always.

"Hy, Prout, where the blinkin' blyzes are you? Hit's time fer luggage stand-by on E Deck! The tender's comin' out!"

"Are we in Cherboorg?"

"We've been in fifteen minutes. Come along now. Don't be swingin' the bleedin' lead on us."

She was in tan linen, beautifully cut to her. A whispy little skirt and a rakish jacket with white buttons. She was all laughter and head-tossing and the flash, flash of her slender legs. There were many people with her, crowding and bowing and pressing forward for a word. News-reel cameras followed her feverishly; someone held a microphone for her on a long stick.

"I am so sorry to leave France—*Je suis triste de partir de la belle France.*"

"*Vive! Vive la Barco!*"

Flowers in huge baskets were coming over the side now—champagne. Bottles popped in the palm garden and her health was taken in broken glass.

She Was All Laughter and Head-Tossing. News-Reel Cameras Followed Her Feverishly

The Député Dabot made a speech with gestures, and invested her with the Medal of the Public Instruction, *première classe*, for the film she had just completed—The Sidewalks of Paris.

Mr. Kennedy

Crates and boxes were coming aboard for her. Caviar in tubs, pâté de foie gras, escargots, wines of Burgundy and of Moselle, perfumes from Hind and Cathay, gowns from the boulevard shops, jewelry from the Rue de la Paix, dancing slippers from the Maison Grimpé—largess, bearing cards of commercial presentation, for a goddess.

Twenty trunks of her own stood on the forward well deck. Eleven hatboxes and bags were ranged under her maid's eye at the starboard gangway.

France was giving her the accolade.

"*Vive la Barco! Vive! Vive!*"

Harry Prout's heart warmed within him and dripped with the heavy gravy of sacred love, as a *poulet* weeps its juices while it turns on its spit before the glowing coals.

"Hy, Prout, give us a 'and 'ere! . . . Blinkin' moonstruck 'e is!"

Mr. Kennedy came up the side, his soft hat brim snapped down over his black eyes and his last two vest buttons undone over the bulbous stomach of a sedentary forty. He nodded to Masterson, the assistant purser, and went on through the rotunda to the office. He pushed the curtain aside and stepped into the cabin.

"Hello, Gavin."

The purser held out his hand.

"What's on your mind, Charlie?"

Mr. Kennedy sat down.

"Not a thing," he grinned. "I'm taking it all off and leaving it here."

He passed a hand over his head from back to front, cupped it tightly, held it in front of his pursed lips and blew the imaginary contents in the direction of Mr. Gavin, the purser.

"Shoot."

Mr. Kennedy leaned back and stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his vest.

"Well, baby, it took two years. I don't know what Uncle Samuel would do without Charlie Kennedy. I worry about it sometimes. Poor old duffer."

"I suppose you've pinned something neat on us this trip?"

"Neat as a pin. It's a diamond, or rather it was. It's twenty-eight diamonds now. Plenty diamonds—twenty-eight diamonds. They made little ones out of big ones. The big one used to belong to Barney Barnato, they say. . . . How'd we find out they cut it up? Ask me. I'll tell you. Charlie Kennedy found it out—the clever fellow—for six francs' worth of cognac. Twenty-eight diamonds—twenty-eight, got it?"

"No, not yet, but go ahead."

"Sure I'll go ahead," Charlie grinned. "Well, they're sold to Roland Clough, the flicker actor in Hollywood. Mean anything?"

"No, I stay home and read."

"The hell you do. Git it now, baby; it's grand. They popped the publicity too soon, see? He's giving them to the sweetheart of fifty million Frenchmen, La Barco; the little lady who has bought this tub for the trip over. The diamonds are here in France. He's in New York. Barco's aboard. What's the answer? The answer is that you better think fast, Gavin, because we're popping those diamonds off at Pier 50, or there'll be trouble."

"Yes?" said Mr. Gavin. "It's a fast one, Charlie, but it's not over the plate. You've got a hunch that sounds reasonable, but it isn't evidence. You can't prove that Olga Barco's

(Continued on Page 73)

PARKING

By ANNE CAMERON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Mr. O'Malley

MRS. ALLEN sat at a picnic table under the eucalyptus trees, struggling visibly with a letter. Her tongue followed her runt pencil in its slow course across the paper, her plump arm rode heavily upon her hand, her very sandals dug into the dust like spurs, as if they were all saying, "Just one more spurt, brain, and you'll be there."

After a few minutes she laid down her pencil and, having read over what she had written after many false starts and stumblings, spread out in front of her five colorful souvenir post cards. One was a picture of a single strawberry that filled a flat car, one was a flaming poinsettia, one was a bathing girl, one was a burdened orange tree and one was the Los Angeles city hall.

"This here's the prettiest," she decided, segregating the poinsettia. She consulted a notebook, and, licking her jaded pencil, addressed the card to George Flippen, Bison, Wyoming, care of Bar X Ranch. Then, with great care, she copied on it the message she had drafted on brown paper:

Golden Home auto Camp
Hollywood cal

Dear freind, Wish you was here. nothing out here looks as good to me as you kid so I am stil Mrs Allen, pleas drop me a line. Yours truely MILLIE.
P.s. The kids send love.

Next she selected the Gargantuan strawberry, and, after looking through her notebook again, addressed it to Curly Drigger, Grand Canyon, Arizona, and copied the same message on it.

Then she took the card with the orange tree, and with increasing facility inscribed the message for the third time, and addressed it to Dan O'Malley, Sanborn, California, care of U. P. Railroad.

"He's nice, but he's pretty old," she murmured.

Next, having inscribed her form letter across the back of the city hall, she stayed her pencil dubiously.

"I wish I'd found out the name of that brakeman, but he waked us up and dumped us off the freight car in such a hurry that morning we got in, I forgot to ask him. I think they called him Harry. He was a nice fella." She sighed. "Oh, well, I may as well send it to Schneller. Maybe he didn't marry Miss Hibberd after all."

There was still the bathing girl left.

"No use wasting it," murmured Mrs. Allen, addressing it, like the first card, to George Flippen, Bison, Wyoming. "Shucks, now I got to think up something different to say on it."

She affixed a stamp to each card at a whimsical angle, and, putting on her hat, started off to work only half an hour late. The woman in the next tent house sat on the steps stringing eucalyptus pods and glass beads together for a curtain.

"Say, Mrs. Swingle, if a gentleman comes around here in about a week asking for me, will you ask him to set down and wait till I get home?"

"What kind of looking man, Mrs. Allen?"

"Oh, most likely a tall, dark, handsome cowboy with a wide hat and swell boots with embroidery on them."

"Aw right."

"But if it shouldn't be him, it might be another young fella with light curly hair."

"I'll look out for them."

"But maybe it won't be neither one of them. It might be a gentleman that's got gray hair, though he ain't old. You can tell if it's him because he talks real Irish."

"Well, I'll be right around home till I finish this curtain, so I'll see them if they come."

Mrs. Allen started off. "Oh, say, Mrs. Swingle, it might be an old crab about ninety with a red tie and glasses. If it's him, just tell him to come back later."

"Are these men collectors or something?"

"No, Mrs. Swingle," said Mrs. Allen, sitting down on the steps. "It may surprise you, after seeing me around here for a month with nobody keeping company with me, but one of these gentlemen is li'ble to pop in here and ask me to marry him most any day, and I sure don't want to miss him."

"Which one?" asked Mrs. Swingle, as if the matter were by no means clear in her mind.

"Any one," said Mrs. Allen vigorously. "The way I feel about it now, the one that gets here first is going to get me. I sort of hope it will be the party I asked you about first—the handsome cowboy—but I guess it will be just my luck for it to be the sour-faced bird."

"How do you know they're coming?" asked Mrs. Swingle skeptically.

"I've wrote them," said Mrs. Allen, displaying the post cards. "I got acquainted with them while I was driving out here, except the last one that I met after I traded off my car. My land, won't it be awful if all four of them get here at the same time!"

"Not as bad as if all four of them don't come at all. So far, the only man that's ever been round here asking for you is that truant officer, and he comes after the kids about once a week."

"Oh, him!" said Mrs. Allen venomously. "If that Smart Aleck would just mind his own business, I could get Bunny into the movies, and Pete could get a job out to the lion farm; but, no, every time he finds them out around the studios on school days, he pretty near puts me in jail. A person might as well live in Rooshia!"

"Well, you've been pretty lucky about getting work."

"Lucky! You wouldn't say that if it was you that had to do it." Mrs. Allen raised her voice to a minatory falsetto. "'While the washing machine is going, Mrs. Allen, you can scrub up the bathroom.' . . . 'Can't you move a little faster, Mrs. Allen? You've been on that one window fifteen minutes.' . . . 'No, Mrs. Allen, you can not use a mop on my linoleum. Get down on your knees with a rag.'" She sighed. "I cert'nly never thought Hollywood would be like it is."

"Somebody's got to be here to do the work or the movies would be taking in each other's washing."

"It ain't going to be me. I'm going to get married."

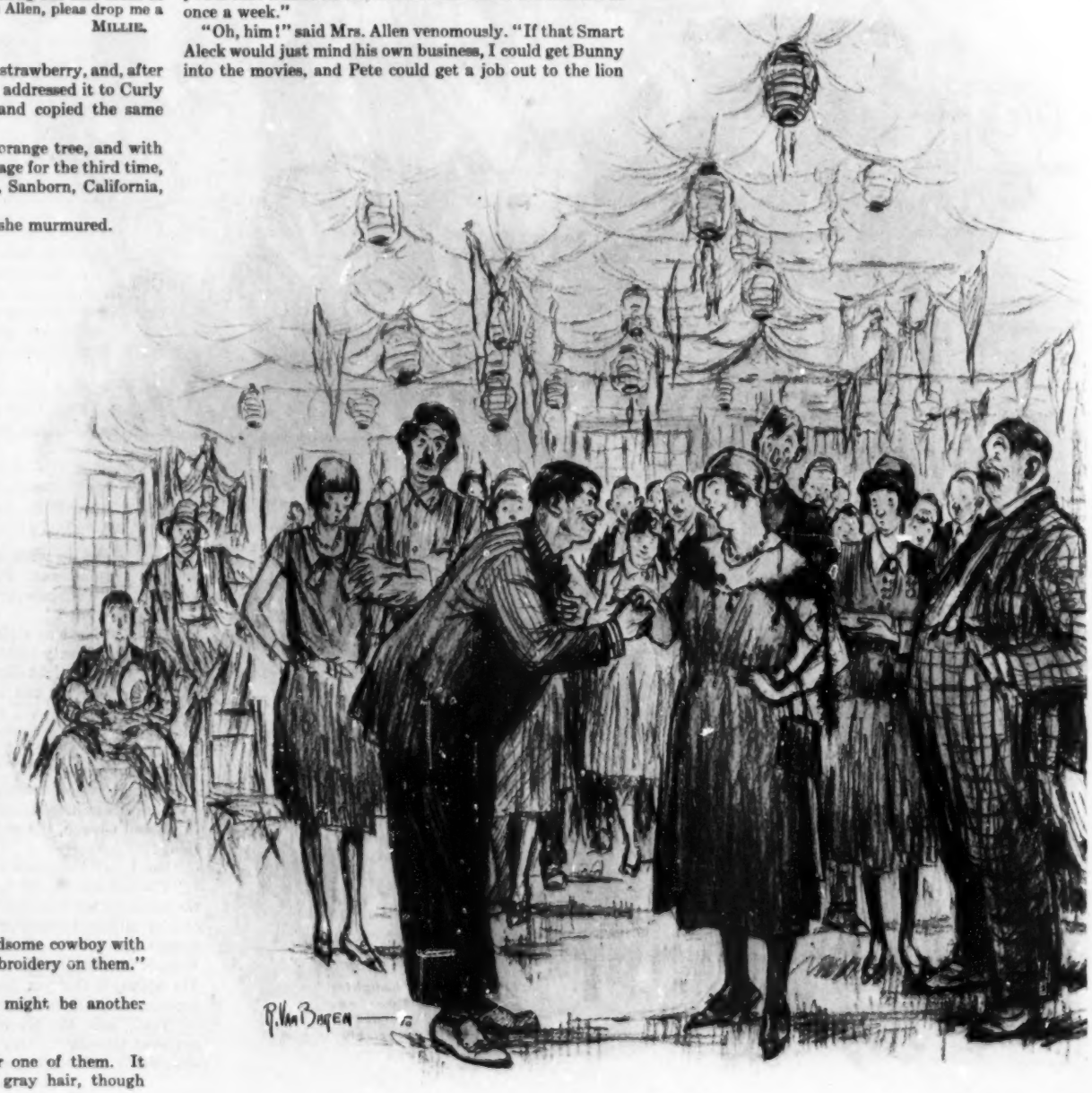
"Yeah?" said Mrs. Swingle, pounding her needle on the steps to force it through a hard pod. "I've been married three times, and each time it was harder to do it than the time before, and I didn't have three kids either."

"I know they're a drawback, but they're good kids, and I'm not going to ditch them—not to please the best man that ever lived."

"I'd keep them out of sight if I was you, just the same."

"I won't need to with these four gentlemen I been writing to. They know all about them. But maybe I better, just at first, if I meet any new boy friends."

One week went by, and another. Every evening when she came home from work Mrs. Allen looked into the camp



mail box for letters and inquired of Mrs. Swingle whether any gentlemen had been asking for her. None had, except the truant officer.

"I guess you're right about the kids, Mrs. Swingle," she conceded gloomily. "I don't know what else would make them hang back like this. It cert'nly can't be me, because you've said yourself I've got a way with the men, though I think too much of you to ever carry on with Mr. Swingle."

"Hmph! You just try it. Just once."

"As if I'd do such a thing, and you right here! And anyhow, you're my best friend."

"Why don't you go down to the Strangers' Social Club and get acquainted with some gentlemen, Mrs. Allen? If anything was to happen to Swingle, you bet that's what I'd do. I know a lot of folks that met their husbands there."

"That's just what I'm going to do. I've been faithful to all four of them boys, and they ain't even interested enough to answer a letter. Where does this Strangers' Social Club meet at?"

"Down on Portola Street. It'll only cost you a quarter. Put on your best clothes."

"Will you lend me your blue earrings?"

Mrs. Swingle unscrewed her earrings and handed them over. "Now don't say anything about your kids," she cautioned. "That's your own business."

Nearly half an hour before the scheduled meeting hour, Mrs. Allen climbed the steep stairs that led to the Strangers' Social Club. The host-proprietor greeted her heartily and collected her admission fee. She would have liked to stand by the desk and talk to him, but he waved her on with practiced geniality as the creaking treads announced more business. A few middle-aged women, dressed up and self-conscious, turned their heads as she came into the hall, but she took a seat in the front row as far away from them as possible. She had not paid twenty-five cents to meet a lot of women.

The sprightly sense of cheer stirred in her by the proprietor's greeting increased as she looked about her. The cracked plastered walls were gay with felt pennants from towns she had known in her gypsy life: Peoria, Hannibal, Wichita, Terre Haute, Tacoma, El Paso. There were Japanese lanterns, and flags, and streamers of crêpe paper rustling in the breeze from the open windows. The platform at the front of the hall seemed to her a happy blending of elegance and comfort, with its imitation fireplace topped by a mantel that held a dormant clock, a vase of dyed pampas grass and a plaster bust of General Grant. On one side there was an obese rocking-chair with fallen arches, and on the other a piano, with three chairs placed for the orchestra. She would have liked to have just such a parlor.

He Raised His Black Eyebrows and She Smiled an Assent, Tossing Her Blue-Glass Earrings. "Come On, Sister. Let's Me and You Show Them How to Lead a Grand March Like it Ought to be Led"

More strangers were coming now. Shyly, aggressively, shamefacedly, defiantly they sat down and measured their neighbors. Men walked down the aisle with squeaking shoes and one or two long hairs carefully trained across a wide expanse of bald scalp. Celluloid collars gleamed on unaccustomed necks.

When the hall was fairly full, the old man who had greeted Mrs. Allen at the head of the stairs mounted the platform and tapped a bell.

"We will begin by singing Juanita, on Page 16 of your songbooks," he announced, beating time with large gestures.

More songs followed with increasing volume. Then he spoke at length on the pangs of loneliness and the alleviating effects of regular attendance at the club meetings. Mrs. Allen yawned, wondering if it was for this that she had paid good money. She looked from under her hat with a flip of her blue earrings and garnered smiles from several gentlemen, but how could a person make any headway if the host was going to talk all night?

A bored-looking orchestra climbed up on the platform and took out their instruments. Ah, dancing! And now a younger, gayer crowd was coming in with an accustomed air, gathering in little groups, whispering and giggling, evidently habitués. They shuffled their feet, waiting for the dancing to begin. The host looked at them sternly.

"Now, for the sake of some of our members who are more interested in their feet than they are in their heads, I will have to give up reading the beautiful poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which usually comes next on the program, entitled, Laugh and the World Laughs with You, and start the dancing. . . . Mr. Pegrini, will you please lead the grand march?" He pulled down his glasses and looked over the top. "Isn't Mr. Pegrini here yet?"

Several of the late comers suggested waiting for him, but the host shook his head sternly.

"No, he knows when this meeting begins, and if he's not here he can't expect us to hold up the grand march for him. Take your partners, folks."

A woman plucked Mrs. Allen's sleeve. "Say, my husband wants to know can he have this one? He's scared to ask you."

By Late Afternoon Mrs. Allen Could Stand Back in Proud Surety That Here Was a Family Arrayed to Please Even the Most Reluctant Stepfather

"Sure," said Mrs. Allen reluctantly, looking over his head in disappointment at younger, gayer partners.

He took her arm and chassèd to the head of the line.

"I can lead just as good as that wop Pegrini."

There was a sudden turning of heads. Down the hall came a dark, thickset man, younger than most of the others, who dulled all competitors by the gleam of his brilliantined hair, and the flash of his teeth, and the luster of his collar, and the patina of his yellow shoes, and the sparkle of his bold black eyes.

"Who's that?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"That's him. Pegrini."

"What does he do?"

"Works for the street department. Since they made him a captain and put a white suit on him, he's got the swell head."

Mrs. Allen dropped the thin arm of her partner negligently and caught the questing eye of Mr. Pegrini. He raised his black eyebrows and she smiled an assent, tossing her blue-glass earrings. He came over and held out his hand.

"Come on, sister. Let's me and you show them how to lead a grand march like it ought to be led."

He brushed her partner out of the way and took his place at the head of the line as the orchestra commenced to play. Left, right; left, right, they marched down the hall. She looked at him sideways and he squeezed her hand. Marching by twos, by fours, by eights, they crisscrossed, they serpentined, in figures as intricate as a patchwork quilt. Once or twice when she became confused he called directions to her with authority. Here was a man to be proud of!

"Captain, you're just wonderful!"

"You'll be pretty good with a little practice yourself, and I'll see you get plenty of that if you come up here regular."

The partner she had abandoned stood where she had left him for a while, getting in the way of the maneuvers. Then he sat down and looked after her with reproachful eyes.

"I can't help it," she thought uneasily. "But he's married anyway."

After the Virginia reel she sat down, conscious all at once that her feet hurt. A young woman with a permanent wave that looked as if it had been carved in wood and varnished crossed the room and sat beside her.

"Joe Pegrini's paying you a lot of attention, ain't he?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Allen warily.

"That's because you're new up here. But if you knew him like I do, you wouldn't believe a word he says. Are you married?"

"I'm a widow."

"Grass or sod?"

"Ashes."

"I'm grass. My husband went off and left me with a boy to support. I could of married ten times over if it wouldn't of been for that. That was why Pegrini dropped

(Continued on Page 39)

DOGS ON PATROL

By Dorothy Harrison Eustis

As Told to Butler Andros

CANYON CITY, COLO., Oct. 4—One of the most serious prison mutinies in the nation's history, which claimed the lives of seven guards and six convicts, ended at the state prison here this morning, when the four ringleaders committed suicide. . . . The mutiny broke out yesterday, when James Pardue shot Elmer Erwin, a guard, seized his gun and keys and unlocked the cell-house doors. Ten guards were held as hostages and, one after another, four were shot to death when the warden refused the convicts' demands.

THIS was one of a number of recent prison riots. Various causes precipitated them, with which I am not here concerned. What does concern me is the effect that, in this instance, the convicts were able to disarm and seize ten guards, and to murder four of them before giving up a forlorn hope, and that, in other instances, prisoners have escaped. If a prison is intended to keep its inmates imprisoned—which seems to be a reasonable assumption—I offer a practicable aid—the German shepherd dog; the police dog, so-called.

Had the Colorado, the Auburn, the Leavenworth prisons been equipped with trained dogs as are certain prisons in Switzerland and Germany, these riots could not, in probability, have begun. The use of the dogs is entirely humane. They are not savage, they menace no one until their masters are menaced. Their very presence is a preventive. They raise the morale of the guard and present an additional hazard to the criminal.

Scout Duty for Dogs

I AM not against the convict but for the guard. The average convict invites my pity. Crowding, bad food, idleness, uneven justice are legitimate complaints and demand correction, but butchering the guards and prison deliveries are not the remedies. Prison riots, moreover, are staged, not by the weak and the oppressed but by the strong and the vicious.

In one Swiss prison for which we, at Fortunate Fields, have supplied dogs, warders formerly walked their rounds in pairs for mutual protection. The work now is done much better by half as many warders and a small number of dogs. There is one dog that works with any of fifteen guards; he has been taught to obey the uniform, rather than the man. They are used only at night, in this case, and sleep by day.

The first task of the night is searching the workshops, mess rooms and yards for prisoners who may have secreted themselves during the day. Under the old method, the guards were exposed to ambush. Now the dog reports whether or not the rooms and grounds are clear—reports it with the certainty of his nose and ears. Then the guard can check the shop in safety for missing tools.

This prison is an old one with solid cell doors. The dog sniffs at each and reports whether or not it is occupied. At the newer prison at Orbe, working parties are sent out by day. It is a broken country near the French border, making for easy concealment and escape. Dogs have ended that, again principally by prevention, but if a prisoner flees, he cannot hide long from the dog.

Prison guards do not, as popularly supposed, often carry firearms. The lookouts on the walls may be armed with rifles, but the turnkeys mingling with the convicts use only staffs; for the very good reason that the prisoners are apt to disarm them and use their weapons against them. A gun fights for whoever pulls its trigger; a dog fights only for his master, and no guard ever will be disarmed of this weapon.

But I am not thinking of prisons alone. The police dog's possibilities as a crime preventive and additional arm of the law are many. Here is a current newspaper clipping:

Swiss Gendarmes

These Dogs are Taught to Retrieve Anything, in This Case a Bottle

Trapped on the fifth floor of the A. B. C. loft building shortly before two o'clock this morning by a night watchman, a thief shot it out with the watchman and escaped. The watchman was wounded, perhaps fatally.

Every night of the year tens of thousands of night watchmen go their monotonous rounds in shops, offices, warehouse and factory buildings, punching clocks at certain posts, to guard against fire and thieves. The thief nearly always has the advantage of the surprise attack and can lurk in ambush.

Watchmen are just men—frequently old men. They have only the dulled senses of mankind, further dulled by the wearisome uniformity of their rounds. No burglar could surprise and murder them if a trained dog went with them. The dog would signal the presence and whereabouts of the intruder before the latter knew that he had been detected. And knowing the watchman to be accompanied by a dog, the thief would pause before breaking in.

The Dog's Nose Knows

THIS is truer still of night patrol out-of-doors, where lights do not blaze in every corner. The policeman on his beat stays largely to lighted streets and alleys, but the private watchman guarding a railroad or factory yard, dock or storage yard, and signaling his coming with an electric torch, is a marked man. Being human and thoroughly aware of his disadvantage, his inspection is likely to be cursory. With a trained dog, the tables would be turned, the night lighted by the dog's keen nose and ears, the man's courage rallied by the dog's.

PHOTOS. BY EMILE GOS, LAUSANNE

A Police Dog Trailing on a Long Leash With His Gendarme Partner. Dog and Man are Trained Together

The men of the dog corps in both the Swiss police and border patrol tell me often of the contrast between night work with and without a dog. Once accustomed to patrolling with a dog, they feel lost, helpless, disabled, without their partner, they say. One told me recently of passing a loaded hay wagon standing outside a barn at night. As far as he could see, it was merely a load of hay which the farmer had failed to unload before dark, and he would have passed on had his dog not indicated the wagon as an object of interest. On top of the hay he found a man asleep. He was taken up for vagrancy.

Wherever there are railroads, thieving, both petty and grand, from freight cars is prevalent, and railroads employ large forces of private police. Creeping between strings of box cars in an unlighted railroad yard in search of thieves and other criminals of the lower grades who lurk there is as precarious work as trench raiding, and I surmise that it is not always done with methodical zeal.

One French railway system has reënforced its police with dogs for many years, maintains its own dog-training station, and has reduced thefts from goods cars to virtually zero.

If a man is hiding in a freight car, above or below it, the dog's nose knows. Shooting at a fleeing man in the dark is futile most of the time and, in the event the bullet does reach its mark, likely to be fatal, but darkness never spoils a dog's aim.

In Germany, where the shepherd dog is used by the police in night patrol, the animal usually is on leash and at

heel. The dog is taught to work in complete silence. If it has anything to report, it does so by indicating the direction of the scent or sound. If the policeman wishes to investigate, he gives the command, "Forward," by which the dog understands that it is to lead him directly to the

Canton of Vaud, With Their Dogs

spot to which its attention has been attracted. There are no surprise attacks on policemen so equipped.

Some months ago two deputies set out by motor car from an Ohio city, I believe it was, with two prisoners to deliver at a penitentiary at a distance. Their car was found abandoned by the roadside that evening, and many days later the bodies of the deputies were found in a woods. The convicts had overpowered and murdered their guards and escaped.

This could hardly have happened had a trained police dog been a fifth member of the party. The transport of prisoners is a routine duty of dogs in the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, where I have supplied the rural guards with all their dogs. When these police of the dog corps, who patrol on foot, stop a suspicious character, the animal sits at attention while its master searches the suspect. If the prisoner is commanded to march, the dog marches too—between the prisoner and the guard. On the slightest aggressive move by the suspect, the animal intervenes.

The guard may go away, leaving his prisoner in the dog's custody, and find both there on his return—granting, of course, that the prisoner has been disarmed. I know of a case where a Vaud gendarme left headquarters on a special mission. En route, he picked up a man without papers. It was important that he get the information for which he had been sent and report back as quickly as possible, so he left the man in the dog's charge. I read his report later. He wrote: "It is possible that the man moved six inches in the two hours I was gone, but I doubt it." The dog, needless to say, had not so much as growled at the man so long as he made no attempt to run.

Hanging On Under Fire

IF ONE form of murder is more brutal than another, the shooting down of pay-roll messengers, often defenseless and unresisting, is one of the most dastardly of modern crimes. Here is a characteristic clipping:

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 3—George Danielson, a 65-year-old bank messenger, was shot and killed today by four men who robbed him of a $7500 pay roll which, following a custom of six years, he was carrying alone to a factory that its four hundred employes might be paid at noon.

To my mind, it is criminally negligent to send an unprotected man through the streets week after week, following the same route and schedule, and notoriously known to be carrying large sums of money. The protection of pay rolls has become a critical police problem and deliveries now are commonly made in armored cars with at least two heavily armed guards in the truck or in a following car. Such an armament may not be feasible except in the cities, but a dog is feasible anywhere.

No one can say with certainty that a police dog would have saved the life of Mr. Danielson. Drug-fortified gunmen might have attacked him just the same; though it is extremely likely that a trained dog would have been a deterrent. Dogs may be shot also, but not with the ease with which defenseless old gentlemen are murdered.

Dortmund, Germany, is not far from the Dutch border. A dog-corps policeman on his rounds there some time ago turned up a notorious smuggler and demanded the man's papers. Everywhere in Europe, of course, a citizen must carry identification papers and produce them upon demand from an officer.

Without warning, the smuggler opened fire. The policeman fell with two serious wounds, but the dog seized the criminal, and, though shot three times through the body, held on

Omen Taking the Scent

until another policeman, attracted by the noise, ran up and disarmed the smuggler. Five pistols and seventy-nine cartridges were taken from the latter. Happily, both the policeman and his dog recovered and returned to duty.

The sticking up of small shops, particularly chain stores, seems to have become a standardized industry in recent years. I read recently of a grocer in Georgia who was held up in his store six times by the same robber within a year, and I am told that chain-store managers in some cities live in daily expectation of being robbed of the day's receipts.

Yet it would be a simple matter to train a police dog to remain quietly behind a counter and to leap over it at one signal. That signal would be the master's raising of both hands above his head, a gesture no one makes absent-mindedly. A robber confronted with an unexpected dog vaulting the counter would be more than a little disconcerted. Certainly the clerk or manager would be given a moment's respite in which to bring his own pistol into play. Or if the robber knew the dog to be in the store, he would think twice before entering.

If it should not always be practicable to keep a dog in certain types of retail shops—though I see no reason why not—at least a jeweler or diamond merchant could protect himself and his property in this manner. It ought to repay him at once in lowered insurance rates. I am just back from a lecture trip that took me across the continent. In California I was told by the owner of a typical Pasadena estate that his burglar-insurance premiums had been lowered sharply since he had bought two police dogs.

Recently the New York police broke up, with what is said to have been uncalled-for violence, a Communist demonstration in Union Square, and there have been similar scenes in other American cities this year. It is a favorite stratagem of the Reds to shove women into the foreground of their mobs with the hope of embarrassing the police.

When Dogs Replace Horses

THE trained police horse is valuable in the handling of crowds, but the mounted police both in New York and in Philadelphia failed to overawe the demonstrants, and the police infantry had to be called in. It was then that the violence ensued. The Berlin police answer riot calls with police dogs and control crowds with them better than it can be done with horses. The mob knows that the police horse has been trained to crowd them back, but not to injure them, and so the horses lose much of their moral suasion. The dog is a less powerful, but a much more mobile weapon.

The Reds will greet this suggestion with furious protests, naturally, and picture these intelligent, even-tempered animals as raging beasts, slavering at the mouth and tearing innocent women and children limb from limb, but that will be only their customary rhetoric. And if they should really believe it, then they may be more circumspect.

Two Berlin policemen, each with a dog, heard the beginning of a row in a Tenderloin café while on their rounds.

"You hold both dogs and I'll see what's up," said one to the other.

The first policeman had no more than put his head in the café door when he was hit on the chin and knocked out, falling under a table. There the combatants left him and returned to their first business. The noise continuing and his mate failing to return, the second policeman investigated. Seeing his mate lying unconscious, he slipped both dogs and drew his pistol. He did not move from the door or use his gun, but in two minutes the shindig was over and the rioters were lined against the wall with their hands in the air.

Dogs are an important arm of the Swiss customs guards, but most of the smuggling into the United States, I take it, is accomplished either by sea or in automobiles over highways. Dogs would be valueless in stopping this, but it seems to me that they could be most useful in immigration patrol on the

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PHOTOS. BY EMILE GOS, LAUSANNE

A "Prisoner," Protected by a Padded Suit, in the Custody of Kvass, of Fortunate Fields

THE RED FLAG

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

Preceded and Followed by Halberdiers, He Had Walked Quickly, Bidding Them "March Apace," Lest the Bitter Cold Should Set Him Shivering

Divine Right Comes to Trial

THE early dusk darkened wintrily on that Friday evening, the nineteenth of January, 1648, by the contemporary calendar dating the New Year from March twenty-fifth; 1649 by modern reckoning. The candles were already lit in the upper room of the small, overhanging, timbered house in King Street, Westminster, which was the lodging of Lieutenant General Oliver Cromwell. Five-feet-ten in height, burly in his military buff-leather coat crossed by a scarlet sash, his light-brown, gray-streaked hair long to his shoulders, three months short of fifty years of age, the second in command of the army of the Parliament stood with his back to the fireplace and frowningly corrugated the massively broad brow above his great, beaked nose.

"I tell you, My Lord, 'tis vain to use words with me," he said harshly, interrupting the earnest expostulation of the tall, darkly handsome, youngish man before him. Nominally his superior though was Thomas, Lord Fairfax, commander in chief of the Parliamentary Army, he spoke with a peremptoriness which ignored military discipline, with that inflexible resolve which was ever his when once he had decided. "The thing must and shall be done. Not otherwise can our cause rest secure in the victory with which God has blessed it as His own. There must be an end to these plottings and double-dealings that would filch it from us. The King must die!"

A quick flush leaped into Fairfax's mobile features, resentful of that brutally domineering tone. He saw it with a touch of compunction. Friend or foe, none could help loving that brilliant young leader who, swift and terrible in the field, was a pattern of generous chivalry when the fighting was done. The general controlled himself.

"Have a care, Cromwell." The voice that ringingly mastered the din of battle stuttered a little, characteristically, in private talk. "You and your friends are but a handful in this desperate business ye have undertaken. The nation has no part nor lot in it. Everywhere there are murmurs. But six weeks is it that a full and lawful Parliament resolved that the King's answers were a ground to proceed to settlement of the kingdom. 'Tis but you and your sectaries who would have none of it. Illegally you slighted my authority as commander in chief and without my will used the army to purge Parliament. This beggarly two score left by that ranting scoundrel, Pride, is no Parliament, nor doth the nation acknowledge it, nor you!"

He answered vehemently: "I gave no orders to Colonel Pride, nor knew aught of the Purge till all was done. The army of itself resolved it, Ireton and Harrison endeavoring to restrain them. Yet, since done it was, I saw in it another of God's manifold Providences to us, and approved it. The Parliament had forfeited its trust, would but have imposed a Presbyterian tyranny as bad as that tyranny of bishops our swords have cut down. Verily, would I rather it had been dissolved than purged, and a new Parliament elected for the work that is to do."

"That were another matter," replied Fairfax earnestly. "But this Parliament is no Parliament in the sight of God or man. Moreover, even that poor submissive remnant will not follow you in your designs. Twenty members denying it, but twenty-six passed your act for the trial of the King, and they without the Lords. It is no lawful act, and no authority for your commissioners, among whom, unwarrantably, you have named me. I tell you, Cromwell, that I will not sit among those judges, nor will any other honest man. Bethink yourself in time. Content yourself with but deposing the King, if do away with him you must!"

One of his sudden overwhelming angers flooded him at this reasoned remonstrance. He crashed his great sword fist into his open palm.

"Hark ye, My Lord!" he said. "This afternoon, at the meeting of the commissioners in the Painted Chamber, young Algernon Sidney did rise and protest that the King could be tried by no court, nor any man be tried by this court. I told him that I would cut off the King's head with the crown upon it, if needs were. And so, My Lord, I say to you!"

Fairfax endeavored one last desperate entreaty: "And yet, Cromwell, up to Christmas none so busy as you in endeavoring to save the King's life, to bring about some accommodation. I mind me how you strove in council with the officers, moderating their violence, telling them that it would be vain to slay Charles I at home, when forthwith there would be a Charles II abroad, to exchange a king in their power for one out of their power. Still is that true, Cromwell, nor do I know what better counsel there is than that which was your own."

Cromwell's anger had dropped as suddenly as it had arisen. He hesitated a moment before replying:

"True it is, My Lord, that willingly would I have saved the King's life. To that end did I send him Lord Denbigh, praying him to accept our conditions. As well you know, the King did refuse even to consider them. By no means would he surrender his negative voice above Parliament, nor the lands of the bishops that Parliament has confiscated. Obdurate is he in his ungodly malignancy, nor doth he intend other than craftily to profit by our dissensions and win all back again. Not for this have the saints shed their blood in six years of warfare. Not for this hath the Lord given them the victory over their enemies." With a lift of his hand, he checked Fairfax's move to interrupt. "My Lord, slow am I ever to come to a resolution, and always I look this way and that before I come to violent deed. In this matter, long and earnestly have I prayed God to enlighten and direct my conscience. He hath done so. Though I beseeched Him that this heavy task be not laid upon me who am but His weak instrument, yet hath He made me see that such indeed is His will. In His Providence, He hath stiffened the neck of this perfidious King that I might know that justice must be done upon the man guilty of all the bloodshed of these wars, even as the army demands."

He spoke with genuine sincerity, almost naïvely anxious to justify himself in the eyes of this chivalrous soldier who, hardly less than himself, had with the help of God wrought victory for their cause.

Fairfax looked at him probingly.

"Hypocrites enough there are among us, Cromwell, who snufflingly impute to God the evil passions of their own hearts, and many murmur against you. Yet do I believe you to be honest. For all his prayers, a man's conscience may mislead him. Bethink you again before you destroy the King. The army has been wrought upon by sectaries and agitators who would level all. Beware how you open a way for those madmen to lay the realm in ruin, with no more difference in rank and wealth, and all lands held in common. Beware, also, how you divorce from our righteous cause that greater part of the nation who were with us while we fought against tyranny, and who now exclaim against the high-handedness of a faction."

The word "faction" smote Cromwell unpleasantly. He drew himself up stiffly.

"My Lord, say no more. I have taken counsel with God. I am resolved."

"You will not even delay?"

"The King will be tried tomorrow. Even now he is being fetched from Windsor."

Lord Fairfax exclaimed in surprise: "What do you say? I would remind you, general, that the King is in my charge. You presume to fetch him from Windsor without even informing me?"

He replied with grim significance, "Excellency, it was not necessary that you should be informed."

Fairfax glared. A suspicion leaped up in him as he met that furious gaze. Was the captain general of the army plotting to save the King at the last minute? In that maze of plot and counterplot wherein they lived, one could be sure of nothing. The silence between them was pregnant with hostility. He broke it.

"Excellency," he said harshly, "you have warned me. Let me now warn you. Stand not in the path of men who do the bidding of the Lord!"

Fairfax's expression changed. He noted it with a grim satisfaction. He had the man's measure. Against his own inflexible will, the chief commander of the army was but an earthen pot against brass, fatally to be smashed if they collided. And Fairfax knew it. Nevertheless, he stood haughtily as he threw his cloak around him.

"General, I bid you good night."

He bowed still grimly. "Excellency, I am your humble servant."

He went to the door, held it open. Fairfax went out. He heard him stumbling down the dimly lighted stairs, heard him emerge into the street, say good night to the sentinel posted for the lieutenant general's security, depart with his own personal escort, necessary in these troublous times when the capital was in military occupation.

Left alone, he began to pace up and down the room. He must put a guard—a guard of assured godly soldiers—over Fairfax. But unobtrusively.

The people, but precariously terrorized into acceptance of what must be done, must not know that there were dissensions in the army. He would give orders to Ireton about it. He thanked God for that shrewd and capable son-in-law.

He glanced toward the brass lantern clock on the wall. The hour was getting late. Surely the King must already have arrived! But Hugh Peters would come at once to tell him. A sanctimonious rogue, Hugh Peters, of tarnished repute, if old tales were true, but fanatic in the cause; of late almost indispensable. He must perform the Lord's work with what instruments were available. None better than Peters for that secret bringing of the King from Windsor before any could machinate interference.

True was it, as Fairfax had said, that the nation was not with them. Even the London preachers, who throughout the wars had thundered against a malignant King, had now turned unanimously royalist, were denouncing from their pulpits the bloody-minded faction which sought the death of the Lord's anointed as a preliminary to leveling all. The people at large shouted as much for the King as previously they had shouted against him. He despised that fickle and ignorant populace, swayed this way and that by those who knew how to play upon its passions. Pity John Pym was dead—none craftier than he to work the rabble into frenzy for his own ends! Without Pym to organize it, there could have been no revolt against that arbitrary autocracy, both secular and ecclesiastical, which for eleven years had ruled without Parliament. If that day seven years ago, the King had been but a few minutes earlier, had seized Pym and the other four members, and deservedly hanged them out of hand for their treason with the Scots! So assuredly would he have done, had he been in the King's place.

But God in His Providence had ordered it otherwise. His will was it that the saints should take up arms and strive against the double tyranny of King and bishop, and be justified therein. The elect had triumphed—but they had not fought that Episcopacy might be replaced by an intolerant Presbyterianism. They had triumphed for liberty—liberty of conscience in matters of faith, liberty of life under laws passed by their own representatives and subject to no arbitrary negation by a king. For this had they fought—to leave as a heritage to all Englishmen. To save that heritage for all time, though the weak-kneed reviled him, he would do that which he must do.

Long had he hesitated. Now, with characteristically practical, if genuinely pious opportunism, ever identifying himself with the dominant fact and seeing in it a directing manifestation of Providence, it seemed to him that God Himself inspired that outcry of the victorious Puritan soldiery become masters of the nation. Fiercely they demanded vengeance upon the Man of Blood whose intrigues had necessitated their fighting yet a second civil war, after the first had been won. They were right. If he did not utterly destroy that perfidiously scheming King, who trusted no man and by none was trusted, there would be civil war after civil war, until a weary and distracted land made any compromise for peace. And then all the ancient tyranny would begin again. It was laid upon him to prevent it.

Yet was it an audacity without precedent that he must dare. Still, though defeated and a prisoner, a mystical sanctity enveloped the royal person. Kings indeed had often enough been murdered or slain in battle against rebellion, but never before had one been solemnly brought to trial and sentenced to death by his subjects. What authority was legally competent to do so? Even convinced and ardent republicans like Algernon Sidney held that no court could try the King. That which would meet tomorrow was a grotesque mockery of constitutional procedure. He was aware of it, and cared naught, with a soldier's robust contempt for pedantic formalities. It was the thing itself which loomed awesomely through his meditation, supernaturally formidable in a halo of ingrained belief which for the moment overcame his reasoned hardihood. Who was he, a plain country gentleman, to lay bold hands on the hitherto sacred inviolability of kingship? What if the King, if any lawful king, was in very truth the Lord's anointed? Could such divinity be in any circumstances abrogated? Was God indeed guiding him aright? Those tortures of conscience, which had been the fierce spiritual conflict of his youth, again assailed him, submerging him in a sudden agony of doubt. He sank to his knees, prayed fervently.

"O God, Whose humble instrument I am, lead me to know indeed Thy will that I may perform it. . . . Thou knowest that not by mine own ambition am I come to power and authority, but led step by step by Thee for Thy purposes. . . . Enlighten me—enlighten me. . . . Grant that I may see clearly again. . . . Strengthen me, O Lord, that I fail not in the work Thou callest me to do. . . . Vouchsafe that I may know what is required of me who am but a man that may err. . . ."

The tears rolled down his cheeks, as was not unusual with him in moments of emotional intensity.

He rose from that prayer, heard rapid footsteps on the stairs.

Hugh Peters, plump, large-bodied, his semimilitary, semiclerical garb splashed with mud, burst into the room. He was exultant.

"Let the saints rejoice," he cried, "for the hand of the Lord is with them! Verily saith the Scripture, 'I will bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron'! On that text will I preach this next Sabbath, and the hearts of the ungodly shall be as water, for their way shall perish. Would that all the malignants had but one head, that with one blessed stroke it might be totally cut off!"

That jubilation jarred on him. He eyed with disfavor this fanatic Puritan divine who, after a checkered career in two hemispheres, had become one of the many chaplains to the Parliamentary Army, and his own *dme damnée*.

"You have brought the King?" he demanded.

"The Man of Blood is lodged safely in St. James's, nor did any offer to prevent us," replied Peters. "Secretly as Your Excellency commanded has it been done."

He nodded curtly. "'Tis well."

Peters broke into a laugh at the memory of a happening upon the journey.

"Your Excellency should have witnessed the joyous pranks of our godly troopers as they rode by the coach and six of

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"General, I Bid You Good Night." He Bowed Still Grimly. "Excellency, I am Your Humble Servant." He Went to the Door, Held it Open

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City Transit

THE cut-rate, or low rate, taxicab always appeals to the public; in the beginning, at least. It seems an expression of individual initiative and enterprise as against special privilege, monopoly and rates which are too high for many persons who would like to use individual transportation. But excessive competition in the taxicab business tends to become a mere racket, resulting not only in loss to the operators but in danger to the public and further complication of the already appalling problem of traffic congestion.

In all except cities of the first size, where subways and, perhaps, elevated lines are necessary, transportation is conducted by four agencies—street cars, busses, taxicabs and private automobiles. In the great majority of places the street car carries easily the bulk of the load; no other method is possible, because of the inherent lack of street room. A few years ago the operating company withdrew all street cars from a Middle Western city because of some altercation, but soon was begged to bring them back, so chaotic did conditions become. Busses, taxicabs and private automobiles are all important and desirable, but they are less essential than the street car or subway, where there is one, and city transit cannot reach its proper goal until this fact is taken more fully into consideration by city planners and traffic experts. The automobile is justly popular, but it cannot take the place of rail transit in the cities, and conditions will merely go from bad to worse until this simple fact is more widely recognized.

Just as the street railway deserves a living wage, so does the taxicab. Just as one is a proper subject of strict regulation by a utilities commission, so is the other. It is difficult to see how conditions can be anything but chaotic unless the numbers of taxicabs are regulated and unless reasonable fares, both maximum and minimum, are provided by public authority. It goes without saying, also, that a taxicab, like any other common carrier, should be properly bonded or insured, so as to be financially liable in case of accident. There are authorities who insist that the only correct solution is to give the street-railway system a monopoly of taxicabs as well as of busses; under public regulation, of course. A good many citizens might consider this going rather far on the road to monopoly. Without arguing the point, we can be sure, at least, that most cities require far more coördination of transit facilities than now exists.

The Potomac Saved

IT SHOULD be a source of gratification throughout the country that Congress has passed and the President signed a bill which, in effect, prevents for some years, at least, any exploitation for power uses of the gorge of the Potomac River at the very edge of the nation's capital. One of the great country-wide power corporations, ambitious to perfect its superpower net, has been seeking permission to harness the river just above Washington by the construction of dams and artificial reservoirs. Instead, Congress has provided for a George Washington Memorial Parkway along the banks of the river from Mount Vernon, below the city, to the Great Falls, a few miles above it. This is strictly in accordance with the popular desire, so common all over the country, that the capital should grow in beauty, orderliness and impressiveness. There are plenty of other cities—one of them only forty miles from Washington—which strive for industrial eminence. Industrialization is not the purpose or manifest destiny of the nation's capital.

If Washington is to become the most beautiful city in the country, it will not be entirely man-made. Fortunately, almost at its very gates is a region of rugged crags and cataracts, not unlike the canyon scenery of the Far West. Ambassador Bryce wrote that no European city has so noble a cataract in its vicinity as the Great Falls. The river as a whole, from Mount Vernon, where George Washington lived, past the capital itself, which he founded, to Great Falls, where he carried on various activities, constitutes a pivot from which the city can be developed in the symmetrical and noble way which the circumstances require. To develop the banks of the river as a parkway will certainly be as suitable a memorial in connection with the bicentennial, in 1932, of the birth of the first President as can be imagined.

There is no apparent need or demand for power development at this time at the Great Falls of the Potomac, and the economic desirability of such development in competition with that from coal, which is so easily accessible in Washington, is dubious. Congress, of course, retains full control over the river, and may at any time in the future make provision for power development, navigation and flood control, to the full extent that these may be essential.

The passage of the legislation was a demonstration that the people and their representatives recognize true values when the issue is plainly presented. To Congressman Cramton, of Michigan, who has so consistently befriended the national-park system, goes most of the credit for driving through the measure. He was not turned aside by the specious argument that using the Potomac for power development would add greatly to economic resources. Surely it is desirable to build up industry and add to wealth. But every suggested exploitation of natural resources is not to be defended on such ground without leading to a logical absurdity. Would it add to the national wealth to tear down the Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument in Washington and erect factories in their places, or to build tenements on the site of Central Park, in New York?

Our economic resources and industrial values are worthless unless other values are properly considered and allowed for. In the case of the nation's capital, Congressman Cramton insists that "everywhere among our people the sentiment is the same—'Washington must be the most beautiful city in the world.'" Be that as it may, common sense dictates that in this case scenic advantages and development along lines of dignity, space and beauty must come first.

Stability the Goal

IN A RECENT speech on business cycles George E. Roberts, vice president of the National City Bank, put forth the rather novel idea that even if we could smooth out all the irregularities of industry and business, and remove all the uncertainties, we might not be any better off or happier. He said that there are gains both from the periods of elation and from those of correction. In the former all energies are turned loose and tend to run wild, while in the latter we pay our debts, accumulate capital and lay the groundwork for further advance. He deplores the idea of a dead level of routine or of anything so systematized and regulated that it spells stagnation.

There is no doubt that the ideal of stabilization has run away with some of its advocates. To maintain the prices of commodities on an even keel has seemed to certain economists a foremost objective, and they have urged that the whole banking and monetary system be built and operated with that goal in mind. But there are world surpluses, shortages and cycles in various products, and their control presents enormous difficulties. Besides, the stabilization of one commodity might unstabilize others. It is no light undertaking to decide, in the first place, what a normal situation is, but even if a sound judgment can be reached in this respect, technological changes may come along and upset the whole equation.

There have been some fifteen crisis years in the United States since 1800, no two precisely alike, yet all marked by an indefinite resemblance, indicating, in Mr. Roberts' opinion, that they are a more or less inevitable feature of business life. Believing, as he does, that there are gains in these different periods, with the benefits shared by all, he feels that all should be prepared to share the costs and risks as an unavoidable charge.

It is true that the pains of progress must be suffered and that theories of a beneficent overlordship which will bring a perfect business adjustment are probably chimerical. Nor do sensible people desire stagnation as a goal. Yet a fatalistic attitude toward the excesses which mark booms and depressions is not the most wholesome. To accept all the evils of the extremes of business enthusiasm and gloom without seeking to mend them is both helpless and reactionary; progress does not lie that way. One might as well say that unemployment is inevitable and, therefore, we should do nothing about it. Carried out logically, this idea would lead to abandoning even the studies of unemployment, business cycles, crises and all the other phases of business, normal and abnormal. Actual stability may be a false god, but the country might well have less instability and be the better off for it.

The World-Wide Sugar Contest

THE contest is: Large supply trying to avoid low price. The open price of sugar is down to rock bottom, historically speaking. The new sugar crop of the world bids fair to approach 30,000,000 tons. In Cuba, lately, the single selling agency in command of marketing has been disbanded. The market is again to be free. The Cubans have, for the time being, given up price control of the world sugar.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, efforts at price control are being again suggested. Not long since, a commission was set up to study West Indian sugar. The real topic was so-called "imperial sugar"—the sugar produced within the British Empire.

This commission, called the Olivier Commission, has recently presented its report. The recommendations are little less than amazing. A stiff preference on imperial sugar is proposed. The policy is advanced that the sugar trade of the Empire should be based on cost of production within the Empire—that is, in the dominions and other dependencies. Finally, it is recommended that a single purchasing agency be set up to purchase imperial sugar at a guaranteed minimum price of fifteen pounds sterling per ton, and such additional foreign sugar as might be needed at the world price. This would mean an enormous contribution by the United Kingdom to the colonies of the Empire.

The scheme is not far removed from the war control of sugar, so far as artificial machinery is concerned. Then the objective was a rationing of sugar and price control downward. Now the objective is artificial support of imperial sugar growers outside of Great Britain by the mother country. Apparently, the Labor Government is prepared to turn down the recommendations.

MIGRATING MACHINERY

By Dr. Julius Klein

Assistant Secretary of Commerce

CONSIDER the tire—or, as our British friends put it, the tyre—a most ubiquitous confection of sundry substances; incidentally, the cotton fabric in it costs more than the raw rubber. Among the many by-products of the stern necessities of the war was the truly prodigious expansion of the motor industry. The imperative and ever-growing insistence upon mobility, the swifter and ever-swifter transport of men, munitions and messages became the theme song of the war leaders, especially as the conflict roared into its final, crucial stages. By no means the least of the trials of the reeling German hosts during those closing months of the holocaust was tire trouble—the desperate resort to costly but dubious synthetic substitutes, even to wire and racking spring contrivances, all of which immeasurably slowed down this vital element of mobility.

Since then the tire has sped on to every habitable, and many an uninhabitable, corner of the globe, plowing the desert wastes of the Sahara on curious caterpillar contraptions, soaring on the landing gear of planes over the white wildernesses of the poles. And again it is worth noting that in each of these cases—tractors and aircraft—we have an industrial product whose evolution was vastly accelerated by the exigencies of war.

All of which indicates clearly why tires have come to be regarded by the powers that be everywhere as essentials to security. Their manufacture is viewed as a key industry, to be carefully sustained as of basic importance in any well-balanced national economy.

That was one of the major reasons for the determined stand by the American Government a few years ago, under the leadership of Herbert Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, in the emphatic and ultimately effective protest against the attempted monopolistic exploitation of the world trade in crude rubber.

That is also one of the reasons why one government after another throughout the world has been framing its tariffs, its patent laws, its taxation schedules, so as to encourage the establishment of tire factories within its borders.

And so our rubber industry has been confronted with the alternative of abandoning its overseas markets for finished products or of supplying them by exporting, instead, its machinery, raw supplies, fabrics, chemicals—in a word, its productive genius—to Canada, Australia, England, Scotland, France and numerous other one-time markets for the finished product.

It would obviously be difficult to get even an approximately accurate estimate as to the total amount of American capital which is already invested in branch tire factories throughout the world. But the figure is probably not far from $60,000,000. Right now there are projects of this sort pending in Czecho-Slovakia, Japan, Argentina, Brazil, Germany and Russia.

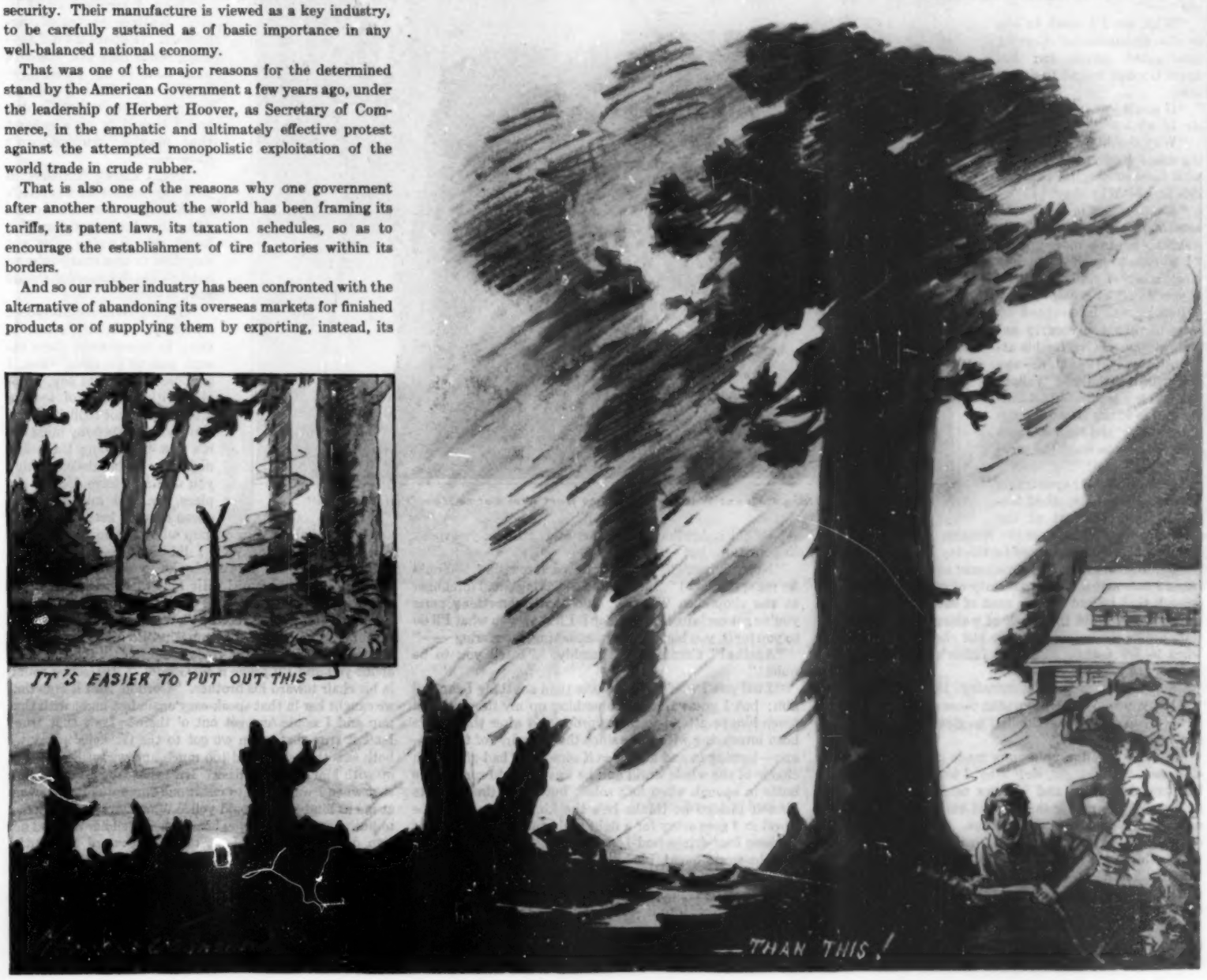
Now, this sounds like a logical, even inevitable development, and such it is in many respects. The self-sustaining insistence of these various lands encourages them to devise ways and means of stimulating the growth of essential industries on their soil. On the whole, the methods which are adopted for this purpose are quite legitimate and universally acknowledged as such. To achieve these desirable ends, high tariffs are levied on finished products, with lower rates, or none at all, on the ingredients and the machinery for assembling them. The patent laws of at least seventy-nine countries and colonies, in contrast with our own, contain clauses which require actual production in those regions by the holder of the given patent in order to secure the latter's recognition. It is true that many of these requirements are dormant, but they are still available for revival in the event of any emergency.

Since our manufacturers cannot expect, in the face of these obstacles, to export finished tires to the markets involved, they have turned to the alternative of setting up branch factories which mean dividends for American stockholders and jobs for workers in American cotton mills, machine factories and chemical plants.

It would be difficult to calculate accurately whether the resultant shift produced a net loss or a net gain for our foreign trade and manufacturing as a whole. But it is unmistakably evident that the adoption of the branch-factory policy has been at least a partial corrective of the situation, so far as concerns the specific market where the branch plant is established.

So far, so good. But there is a wide range of territory beyond that point, all forested with bristling "buts" and "ifs" and "then again." Indeed, this problem of branch factories is to a peculiar degree one of those "on the one hand and on the other" ambidextrous topics. It is far

(Continued on Page 40)



MIRTHFUL HAVEN

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

XXVI

AS GEORGE CORNING descended the main stairway of the cottage he saw his younger son reflectively pacing the floor of the broad hall below. "Wallace is not in his room. Do you know where he is, Gordon?"

"Sir?" Gordon halted near the foot of the stairs and looked up, apparently a little startled. "You want Wallace? Well, I—I believe he's having breakfast in the dining-room, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"She's not here; she went out quite early this morning, I believe."

"Is Agatha in the house?"

"I—I think so, sir. Is there anything I can do—anything you'd like me to ——"

"No; I want to speak to Wallace." Corning had reached the foot of the stairs and turned in the direction of the dining-room; but Gordon put a hand detainingly upon his arm.

"Let me go and bring him," the son said uneasily. "Let me ——"

"Why, no, I'll speak to him in the dining-room," Corning interrupted, moving on; but again Gordon sought to detain him.

"If you'll just wait a minute, sir, I—ah ——"

"Why should I wait?" Corning asked gruffly, and went on, with Gordon keeping pace beside him. "Why should I?"

"Ah, Agatha's in there with him and—ah ——" Gordon suddenly became more urgent. "I wouldn't go in there just now, father—I really wouldn't. If you'll just let me ——"

But he was interrupted by sounds that too clearly explained the motive for his attempted intervention—the voices of Agatha and Wallace wrangling clamorously. Corning strode to the closed dining-room doors and threw them open. "Do you want the servants to hear you?"

Agatha, pale, her eyes tragic above arcs of violet, stood facing Wallace, who sat at the table, lowering at her over the remains of a fragile breakfast. He had not yet dressed for the day, but wore a figured green velvet dressing gown, pajamas and slippers; in his flushed face and moist uncertainty of gaze there was hint enough that he had felt the need of successive stimulants in order to sustain the shock of waking to a world painfully unlike the one indefinitely but cheerfully about him when he fell asleep. Upon his father's entrance, he got clumsily to his feet.

"Sorry, sir. I'm late this morning. I'll go and dress."

"No, you won't! Gordon, shut those doors and come in. I think you'd better be the first to give me an account of last night. Speak up!"

"I, sir?" Gordon unhappily made an effort to appear surprised. "Last night, sir? Why, I was at Mrs. Gaskell's big show last night and just got terribly bored. I saw mother leaving rather early, but I stayed on and danced most of the time with Sally and Lena. Ah—it was pretty tedious and I was glad to get home finally and flop into bed."

"So that's all you know? You haven't any idea why Mrs. Gaskell has been to two directors of the Casino this morning with threats to demand the expulsion of your sister and brother from membership?"

"What?" Agatha cried loudly, while Gordon stood aghast and Wallace dropped back slowly into his chair. "You mean she dares to include me in this ——"

"The Only Thing I Meant Was That it Might Hurt Him Not to Have You Tell Him"

"Be quiet, Agatha!" her father said. "I'll let you speak in your turn, but ——"

"No, you won't!" she interrupted shrewishly. "You'll let me speak now!" She pointed a shaking small forefinger at the chopfallen Wallace. "So that's something more you've got me into, is it, you sop? I'll show you what I'll do to you for it, you big, bullying, lumbering, interfering ——"

"Agatha!" Corning said harshly. "I tell you to be quiet!"

"I tell you I won't! He's worse than anything I can call him; but I guess I've got something up my sleeve that'll teach him to attend to his own business after this! He's been interfering with mine since the very first of the summer—butting in and acting as if somebody had given him charge of the whole world and he was going to run it! He butts in enough when he's sober, but every time he gets himself pickled he thinks he's the king butter-in of the world and goes crazy for a fight with somebody. He's one of these four-drinks-and-I-love-you, four-more-and-I-can-lick-the-world bugs! Last night he had about forty more, and he put up a dirty performance. He ought to get the works for it, and I hope he will; but if that Gaskell woman tries to drag me into it ——"

But Wallace's temper, artificially brittle, gave way. "You'd better shut up!" he shouted, and projected a velvet-swathed arm across the table to shake a forefinger at her. "Just a little more from you and you'll get yours, young lady! I was going to keep quiet about your condition last night, but just about one more word from you now and I'll ——"

"You be quiet!" his father cried, and struck the table with a powerful fist. "Both of you!" For the time being, he daunted them, though the furious desire of each to wreck the other was visibly unabated.

"Wallace, I'll hear your statement," Corning said, and added bitterly, "If you're able to make one!"

Wallace tried to collect himself. "Very well, sir. I guess you know a good deal of the truth already—somebody seems to have been pretty busy this morning with information, and I don't suppose there'd be much use in trying to hold anything out on you."

"No, there wouldn't! You'd better tell the whole truth—or as much of it as you recollect."

"Why, I recollect all of it, sir," Wallace protested, aggrieved. "I doubt if I did anything much that you wouldn't have done in my place, sir—except —— Well, I suppose you already know that Gordon and I looked in on a cabaret that maybe you wouldn't have ——"

"Yes, I know. 'Cabaret' is your euphemism for Charette's speak-easy at New Yarmouth. After the shocking things I've heard this morning, I'm not surprised to hear that you're an habitué, but that Gordon should have ——"

"No, no," Wallace interposed hurriedly. "Gordon's out of this; he never went there except just to go along—and, I suppose I've got to say, probably with the idea of looking after me if I got foolish. What I'm trying to keep my mind on, it's just that going there last night is probably the only thing you wouldn't have done in my place, sir. I'd told Agatha a dozen times to keep out o' there and I'd told that Munson pup what I'd do to him if he took her there again. Well, I did it and ——"

"Yes, you did!" Agatha broke in shrilly. "You big coward! You big bum! Hit him with his hands down and ——"

"I told him to put 'em up!" Wallace shouted, turning upon her. "Yes, and I told you what I'd do if you said just one more word, and now you've said it! I'll tell the truth about you and I'll prove it by Gordon." He swung round in his chair toward his brother. "Gordon, isn't it true that we caught her in that speak-easy again last night with that pup and I made 'em get out o' there? Isn't that true? Isn't it true that when we got to the Gaskells' party we both saw that she'd had too much and was still hitting it up with him out of his flask? Isn't that true? Isn't it true that when I told them to cut it out damn quick, she swore at me as loud as she could yell? When Mrs. Gaskell tried to hush her up, didn't you hear Agatha tell her to mind her own damn business? Isn't that every word the truth? You tell father whether it's the truth or not, Gordon!"

Agatha went to Gordon, looking at him with an odd, cold inquiry in her eye. "All right, tell him," she said. "You tell father you know that although I might have spoken sharply to stop that big buttinsky's boorish persecutions I was absolutely self-possessed and did nothing

(Continued on Page 24)

Your choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
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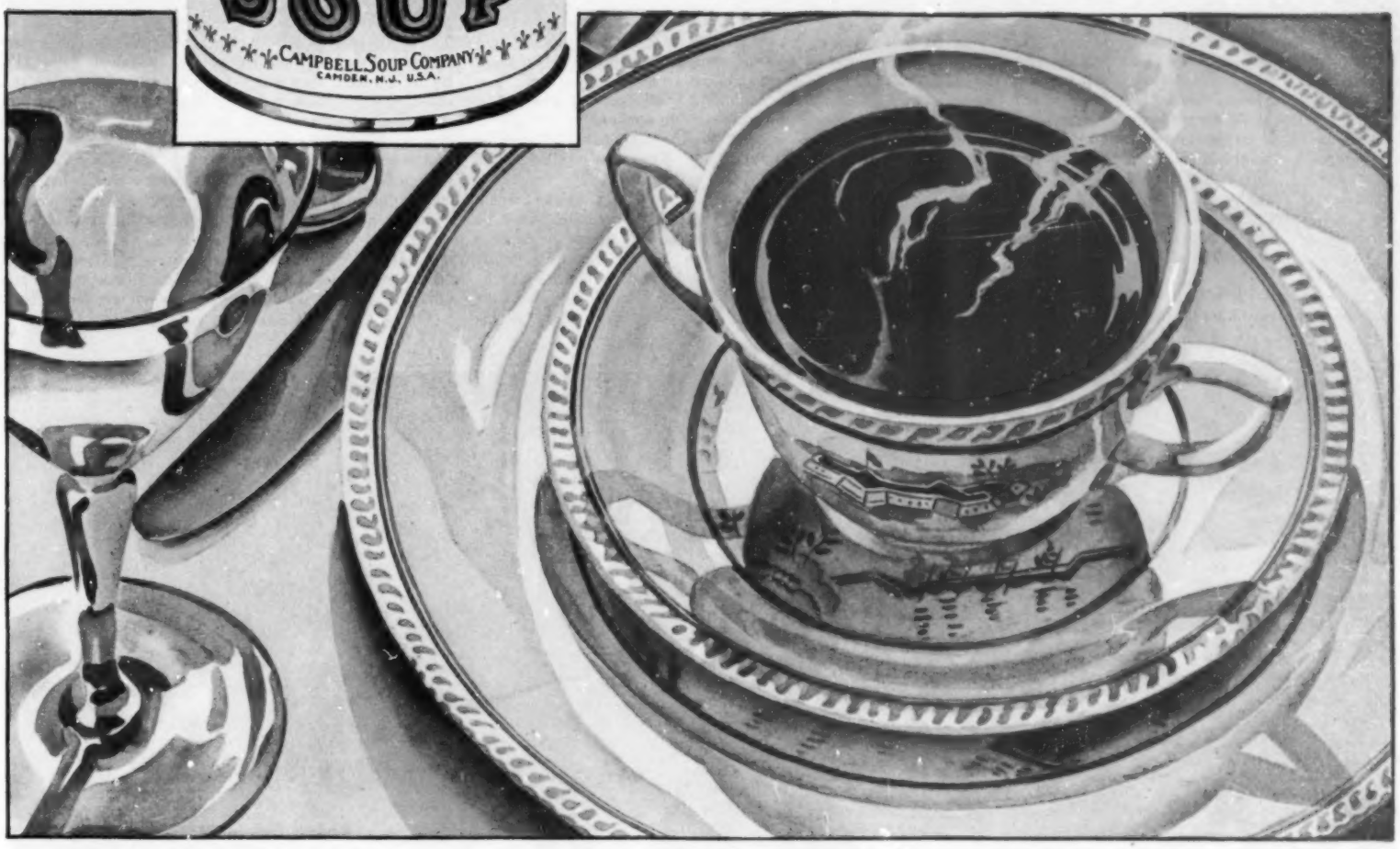

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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

(Continued from Page 22)

that any perfectly sober lady wouldn't have done. Aren't you going to tell him that, Gordon?"

"But I can't!" the distressed young man groaned. "Father's got to have the truth now, Agatha. Don't you see this has gone so far that he's got to know the whole thing?"

"All right," Agatha said, and, as she turned away, she added enigmatically: "Now I won't be sorry that you're going to get yours, too, Gordon!"

"I suppose I will," he assented unhappily, by no means comprehending the implication of her threat. "You've involved the whole Corning family in mortification, and naturally I can't escape that!"

"*I* have?" she cried, whirling upon him furiously. "*I've* involved the ——"

"Yes, you have!" Gordon turned to his father. "I don't palliate what Wallace did, sir—it was my fault for not watching him so closely after we went over to the Casino. Lena and I were trying to reason with Agatha and I let Wallace get away from me. Well, it was inexcusable of him, but I'll say this much, sir: I had the impulse to do just what he did myself. It would be a great provocation to any girl's brothers to see her continually behaving as Agatha has with such a fellow as that Munson. The plain truth is, sir, she oughtn't to have been allowed to have anything to do with him from the first."

"Why?" Agatha asked, in a tone ominously quiet. "You mean because he's a native, don't you, Gordon?"

"No, I don't. I mean because ——"

"Oh, yes; I think you do. I think you mean that."

"I do not!" Gordon protested. "I don't draw the line at this Munson merely because he's a native, sir; I understand that his family are perfectly all right. I could say a few things about his general reputation if that were necessary; but I don't think you'll need any better reason for my drawing the line at him than that he's repeatedly taken my sister to a speak-easy."

"No," Corning assented. "That's enough to insure our all drawing the line at him. I'm including you, Agatha."

"Are you?" she asked. "Just how are you going to enforce that?"

"I'll enforce it," her father promised. "He'll receive instructions this morning that he's never to set foot on these premises again. As for you, you'll remain indoors until we leave Mirthful Haven, except for a call of apology upon Mrs. Gaskell that you'll make with Wallace, and your mother will accompany you. Next summer I think it will be beneficial to you to take a trip in Europe under careful chaperonage. I think ——"

"Oh, you think!" Agatha cried, and in her anguish became openly and ruthlessly vixenish. "You think and you think and you think! Do you suppose I didn't know how it would be? Do you suppose I didn't know beforehand that you three big kind men would stand together against me and I'd have to face you alone? Do you suppose I didn't know you'd combine against me to keep Vinnie away from me and destroy all the happiness I've ever had in this life? You think you've got it all working out just perfectly to crush me, don't you? You won't get away with it so smoothly, I can tell you!" She turned fiercely upon Wallace. "You feel grand now, don't you, because you think you've ruined Vinnie Munson and me! Just let me ask you a question or two about your sweetie! What's the Corning family going to think of Mildred Kerr when I tell what I know about her?"

"What?" Wallace bellowed, jumping up. "Don't you dare even to mention her name! What's she got to do with ——"

"You ask mother!" Agatha screamed at him. "You just ask mother what she knows about Mildred Kerr!"

"Why, you idiot ——"

"Idiot, am I? Oh, no, not so big a one that I didn't see what was coming to me this morning from you three. I got up pretty early to tell mother what I happened to know about Mildred Kerr, and that's why she's out now. You wait till she comes home and you'll find out where your sweetie stands in this family from now on!"

"Why, you're crazy!" Wallace babbled. "Trying to drag Mildred into this —— Why, you're stark, staring ——"

"Am I? Oh, no, I was only intelligent enough to break a promise I made to Vinnie that I'd never tell a secret he told me the night you got so stuck on yourself for dancing the tango! He knew you and Gordon were always giving him the dirty high-hat for being a native, and he told me this secret because he thought it was a joke. He told me plenty, I guess you'll find when mother comes home this morning!" She laughed tauntingly. "I guess you'll find that if Vinnie's a native, he has at least the advantage of knowing what goes on in the village—even where Charette's liquor comes from and how it gets to him! Doesn't that seem to interest you any?"

"You're crazy!" Wallace said again. "You're absolutely ——"

"Am I?" she cried, and exultantly continued to utter a taunting laughter as she spoke. "Stark, staring crazy, am I? You don't think there's any connection between Mildred Kerr and father's old friend, Pelter, who runs the liquor in from offshore for Charette? You don't think ——"

"What did you say?" Corning interrupted sharply. "You said ——"

"Want to make an investigation?" she asked scornfully. "The village has known for months that Pelter does the rum-running for Charette. Vinnie says they've all been laughing in their sleeves over the way that boob rum-chaser boat goes groping up and down the coast, with Pelter running whatever he pleases right into Mirthful Haven, night after night. No, I don't think you'll easily get away from the fact that father's old friend, Pelter, has taken a step up in the world and become a professional bootlegger! What's more, when mother gets home I think you'll be able to perceive a pretty direct connection between his business and dear little Miss Mildred Kerr."

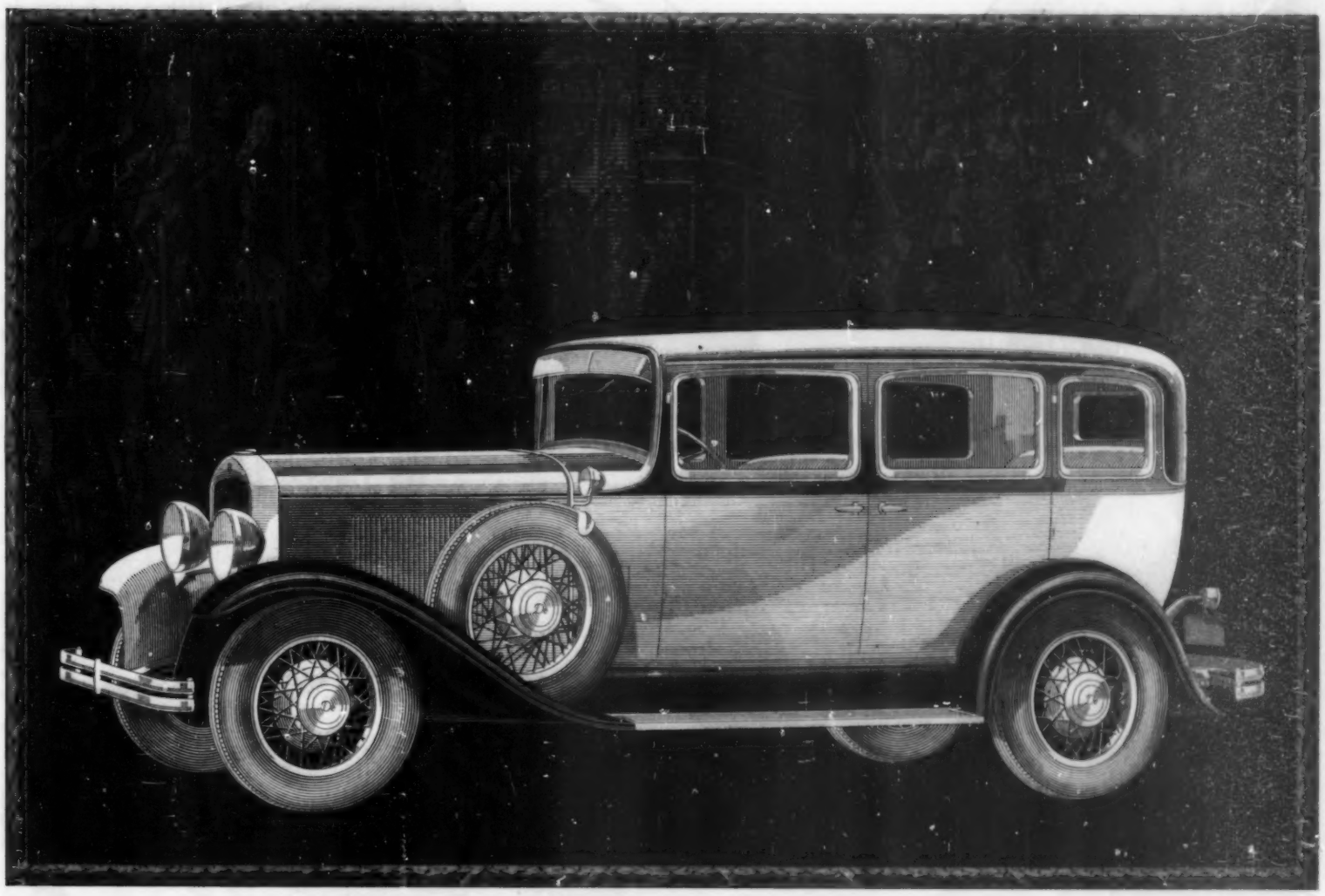
"Look here!" Wallace said. "I'm making allowances for your having gone off your head; but if you mention Mildred's name again I'll ——"

"You'll what? Hit me?" Agatha asked. "The way father and Gordon look, I guess they'd let you! Well, I'll try it; I'll see if they will." She came round the table and stood close to Wallace, facing him. "Now hit me if you want to; they probably won't interfere. Your little sweetie, Mildred Kerr, has a bootlegger's daughter for her best friend! Sounds crazy, does it? All right; I'll go on with some more craziness. Your sweetie's most intimate friend, the bootlegger's daughter, is known all over this village as a bad girl—on the loose all her life, if you understand what I mean! That's what mother's gone out to inquire about, this morning; she's gone to Mrs. Munson first, then she was going to other reputable women in the village to get the whole story, and when she comes back

(Continued on Page 44)

Straining Eyes From the Sand Dune Saw Long Harry Turn From His Wheel For One Instant to Wave a Beckoning, Mocking Hand. "Come and See!" it Seemed to Say

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT



DE SOTO

STRAIGHT EIGHT

No longer does a penalty of high price attach to all things of quality; things which make life richer and broader and happier. Time brings great developments. Standards constantly change. Ways are found to produce better and still better products to sell at lower and still lower prices. Possessions which in other times would have been excessively expensive are, by the magic changes of progress, rendered inexpensive. Today, in the sphere of motor cars, this welcome truth is made clear by the new Chrysler-built De Soto Straight Eight —the lowest-priced eight in the world.

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LIBBY MCNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

GUNMAN

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

VII

GANGLAND REIGNS SUPREME

BATTLE ON PRIVATE ESTATE

CAMORRA BLAMED FOR KILLINGS

GANGLAND spoke last night. Law and order were ruthlessly swept aside in machine-gun fire. Massacre left in its wake eight dead and nobody knows how many wounded, for the latter were dragged away under cover of night.

Police headquarters is in turmoil. City, county, state and Federal law-enforcement officials frankly admitted to Gazette reporters that the tragedy is the most ghastly in gangland history. Every effort is being made to track down those responsible.

The scene of the battle, for such it was, is the estate of Antonio Scarvak, prosperous foreign egg merchant. Fortunately Mr. Scarvak's wife and five children were not in the palatial home when the attack took place.

"You Needn't be Too Careful, Angie," Lefty Protested. "I Been Watchin' Him Fairly Close"

Just why organized warfare should be conducted against Scarvak, no one has yet satisfactorily determined. The man himself is unable to talk by reason of injuries sustained when the murderous mob bombed the front door of his home as he partially opened it to receive a telegram.

Great secrecy surrounds the entire affair, but newspapermen were able to ascertain a few of the most interesting features of the battle. On pages three and five of this issue will be seen pictures of the bullet-scarred Scarvak home. Some idea of the tremendous power of the bomb which was hurled against the front of the house can be gleaned from a view of the porch.

One of the big pillars supporting the roof is entirely crumpled, and the roof itself sags at a weird angle. Not a pane of glass remains intact on the entire front of the building. Heavy tiles were dislodged from the roof and hurled forty or fifty yards across the sloping lawns. On the inside of the high stone wall which surrounds the estate literally hundreds of machine-gun bullets had spattered. Many of these bullets were found twisted and fused along the lower edge of the wall. But not all of them struck the stones of the wall.

At various points across the wide terraced lawns hot lead had found a less resistant target. Here, crumpled and distorted, sprawled the body of Kicky Fonsty. Report has it that five different bullets struck him in the back as he obviously fled toward the distant safety of the outer wall. A few feet beyond him, Black Mike Zupre was stretched out in much the same fashion. These two men already have been identified by papers which they carried. They are from a near-by city. Beyond them, perhaps twenty feet nearer safety, had terminated the wild flight of the gang leader, Red Karfola. Police do not hesitate to charge Karfola with leadership of the attack. In his own city, the man was king of the rum runners and racketeers. Just why he should direct the attack upon Scarvak is a point in which the police are much interested.

The owner of the estate upon which the murders took place is still suffering from shock and burns as a result of the bomb which exploded when he opened the door, as he thought, to receive a telegram. Physicians attending him refused to allow Scarvak to be interviewed. Reporters were referred to Angelo Castagara, famous criminal lawyer, who, it was said, would speak for the estate owner.

"There are a great many things about this amazing affair which it will take time to solve," the lawyer stated. "For the time being, every one is so shocked at the sheer audacity of the attack that coherent conclusions are impossible. To say too much at this time might be to interfere with justice later. You may be sure, however, that my client, Mr. Scarvak, will coöperate in every way possible with the police.

"There are one or two significant features, however, that can be pointed out at this time. We must remember that America is the land of equality and opportunity. In this great and free country reward follows merit. Mr. Scarvak is the typical immigrant who attained fortune here after having suffered oppression in the old country. However, it is impossible to uproot a man's ancestors or the feuds which they may have precipitated.

"Everyone knows of the Camorra and its insidious and murderous influence. I am willing to admit that my client has at various times, since his success became generally known, been the recipient of threatening letters from this society. These letters amount to attempted blackmail, and my client, being a man of vision and courage, gave them no heed. At the proper time I am ready to produce these letters.

"Another thing," he went on. "Day before yesterday, Mrs. Scarvak was mysteriously summoned from her home with advices that her sister was dying in a distant city. I have the telegram which she received, and its wording obviously was meant to attract the woman and her children from the home and leave the husband there alone. When Mrs. Scarvak reached her sister's house, she found her enjoying the best of health. The telegram was a hoax. This is an old trick. Its object is to terrify the woman through the death of her husband and thus render her an easy target for subsequent blackmail.

"Rumor has it that this man Karfola, who led the attack, is a gangster from another city. This may very well be true, but my own conviction is that investigation will disclose also a connection between himself and the Camorra. No other explanation is reasonable. That Antonio Scarvak is a home man is best attested by the very house he built. He is the father of five children."

A police official shook his head savagely when interviewed. His attitude and his words promised ill to those responsible for the murderous assault.

"We'll get 'em," he promised viciously. "The police are up against a pretty tough proposition in handlin' these gangs, because they know every trick of the law and hire the most skilled lawyers to defend 'em. This might never have happened had we been able to hold men we have arrested in the past. Not long ago, they had this man Karfola in his own home town. He was suspected of complicity in a murder. Some judge granted him bail and he went free on what's called a funeral bond. Then his trial in the courts was delayed time and again. In fact, it's still hanging fire.

"If they'd tried him the way they should have, this outrage last night never could have happened. The police are not to be blamed in this thing."

An interviewer asked the official how he explained the defense of the Scarvak residence. "How," the reporter asked him, "do you account for the manner in which Scarvak drove off the attackers with eight killed and nobody knows how many wounded?"

"Plain luck," was the answer. "Good luck for Scarvak and a tough break for Karfola. This man Scarvak has been receiving threatening letters. Rather than give in to them, he secured legal permits to arm himself against this very attack. As a protection to his wife and family he built his home to resist the attack. And you can say for me it's a good thing he did."

"But surely," the reporter cut in, "he didn't kill all those people alone? Did he employ guards to protect his property?"

"I told you it was just plain luck," the commissioner insisted. "Mebbe once in three months Scarvak has a stag card party in his home Who don't? It so happened that such a party was in progress when the attack was made, and every member turned to and fought the gang off."

"Have the police identified the members of that party?" was asked.

"I don't want to go into that yet," the official answered. "All in good time full information will be given the press,

but you can say for me that this ought to be the final blow-off. People should rouse themselves to the problems of the police and do somethin' definite about it. We simply got to have coöperation from the prosecutors and the courts. That's all I want to say except to repeat that rigid investigations are under way, and just as soon as it serves the ends of justice, a full report will be made."

Thomas Wilton of the citizens' committee frankly admitted that his organization had run into a cul-de-sac.

"We get nowhere," he lamented. "Our investigators receive no coöperation. Records disappear. Trials are legally delayed. No matter whom we arrest, some trickery of law liberates him, either to continue his depredations or to vanish. Just at the moment, I confess complete discouragement.

"We are in a state of warfare against renegades, and if life and property are to be protected, something drastic must be done at once."

When asked if he thought this most recent outburst would focus public attention on remedial legislation, Wilton shrugged hopelessly.

"The more laws we make," he bemoaned, "the more criminals we manufacture. The problem is bigger than I am, and I regret to admit that it appears bigger than our committee. As private citizens our power is limited, and those upon whom the responsibility of law enforcement rests do not measure up to their obligation. I do not know which way to turn, but I have called a meeting of our executive committee and will lay the facts before them and demand thorough and impartial investigation of this latest outrage."

WHOLESALE MURDER FOLLOWS BLACKMAIL PLOT
SCARVAK MANSION CANNONADED

In what everyone agrees is the most startling piece of lawlessness the country has ever known, the home of Antonio Scarvak, prominent and wealthy egg merchant, last night was attacked by a regiment of renegades. The story of the assault reads like a dime novel of frontier days. Thousands of machine-gun bullets split the night, wails of the wounded and the dying rent asunder the peace of the countryside. Eight men died upon the terraced lawns of monumental Betzer Hill.

Already the police have been able to trace the mad attack to frustrated members of a foreign society. This paper was able to discover that Scarvak, of foreign birth, has been receiving threatening letters from the Camorra. The most recent of these demanded payment of one hundred thousand dollars and made the penalty of refusal violent death. The egg merchant refused to submit to blackmail and turned the letters over to Angelo Castagara, famous criminal lawyer, who looks after his legal interests. Castagara has these letters in his possession and it is understood the police have already viewed them with the hope of so tracing down the perpetrators of last night's holocaust.

All was quiet on Betzer Hill shortly before two o'clock this morning. By the merest chance, Scarvak, who was alone in the house, because his wife and five children had been called to the deathbed of her sister, was entertaining some men friends at cards. Fortunately the game was an enjoyable one and the guests remained late. Little did they realize, when they went to the beautiful home, that they would emerge heroes of the underworld's most amazing demonstration.

Scarvak, again most fortunately, had not entirely ignored the letters. Upon the advice of his attorney, Castagara, he fortified his home against possible attack and secured permits for the use of firearms in defense of his life and property. When the amazing attack was made, the guests manned these firearms and under Scarvak's direction fought off the attackers.

The Star was able to learn today the manner of the attack. Shortly before two o'clock, the guests were surprised at the sound of a bicycle coming up the gravel drive. Soon the doorbell rang, and Scarvak responded. Glancing through an aperture in the door, he discovered a man in a messenger's uniform, and thinking that the telegram he held must be a message from his wife regarding the condition of her sister, he opened the door. As he did so, four or five men appeared from the shadows on the lawn. The supposed messenger swept out a pistol, fired blindly at Scarvak, leaped off the porch and fled.

Stunned momentarily by the suddenness of the attack, Scarvak was delayed in slamming the heavy door. One of the men on the lawn hurled a bomb which struck on the porch and exploded. That Scarvak escaped death at that moment was due entirely to the partial protection the heavy door afforded him. Stunned and blinded by the force of the explosion, he still retained presence of mind enough to slam and bolt the door. Wheeling around, he shouted to his guests for help, doubtless explained the nature of the attack, and passed out the weapons. Still staggering blindly from the effects of the bomb, Scarvak brought into play the lighting system which was a part of his well-planned defense. The erstwhile card players posted themselves at windows and blazed away at the attackers with the experience and accuracy of war veterans.

The men outside the house, surprised and baffled by the unexpected light, sought safety in flight. Just how many of them escaped will never be known. That some of these were wounded, however, is plainly seen by bloodstains leading into the road outside the estate, where the criminals obviously fled in motor cars. The determination of the defenders inside the house could not more plainly be told than by the eight twisted, mute bodies strewn over the lawns.

Attending physicians will not permit Scarvak to make a statement. It was learned, however, that his injuries consist of minor burns about the face, shock and slight contusions which resulted from the explosion of the bomb. Investigators at the battered Scarvak residence were referred to Angelo Castagara, the lawyer.

"Scarvak is a rich man, and the Camorrists know this," he said. "They have tried repeatedly to intimidate him into paying huge tribute. On my advice, he has consistently refused these payments. Acting further on my advice, he made preparations for the defense of his home and his family. I thank God now that neither he nor I underestimated the flagrant lawlessness of this murderous mob."

(Continued on Page 76)

"It Won't be No Time at All," Scarvak Explained, "Till We've Got Red's Territory as Ripe as Our Own"

DATED Coffee Delights these Men and Women *who serve their insatiable public*

FRESH . . . TWICE A WEEK!

Direct from fragrant roasting ovens to your grocer! No storage anywhere! Just enough put into a store at a time to last until the next delivery! Every can is plainly marked with the date on which the grocer receives it. Any can left over at the end of ten days regularly collected and replaced by fresh!

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Lover of good coffee . . . busy man or woman impatient of anaemic-flavored coffees that are weeks old before you get them . . . say to your grocer tomorrow, "Send me Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee." You'll enjoy it.

MAY WILSON PRESTON, noted illustrator whose clever drawings humorously reflect her broad contacts with a smart social and artistic world, says: "I am terribly fussy about coffee. Chase & Sanborn's is perfectly delicious. I find it is the one coffee everyone likes."

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, distinguished author of more than a score of novels. "The real test of good coffee," he says, "is in your after-dinner cup. This is where Chase and Sanborn scores highest. Breath of the magic East is in its rich aroma, vigor of the West in its true, fresh flavor."

RICHARD DIX, Radio Pictures star, who thrills the hearts of at least a million screen fans . . . like all men, likes "solid comfort." "Chase and Sanborn took the 'chance' element out of coffee by dating it," he says. "It always was good, but this new way of making sure you get it always fresh makes it just about perfect."

***(Right)* RACHEL CROTHERS, wise and witty author of a dozen sparkling plays, is also a brilliant and experienced hostess, with faultless taste. "Isn't freshness the most important thing in coffee?" she asks. "It's the never-failing freshness which we can rely upon in Chase & Sanborn's 'dated' coffee."**

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

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BROWN DOUBLE-BREASTED

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MR. SMITHFIELD WAGG was troubled with what our Gallic friends term *idée fixe*, which is an ailment not amenable to surface treatment. When you get it there may be no symptom visible to the household; you may go along for months unsuspected, and then something goes off with a resonant bang!

Mr. Wagg was a man as guiltless of criminal tendencies as he was of a sense of humor. He took himself with an exceeding great seriousness, which, when all is said and done, is almost as bad as being born with a passion for depredations outside the law. He regarded himself with admiration and the rest of the world with disesteem, and most especially that part of the world which was his employer—to wit, Mr. Randy Hyde, just about the wealthiest young unmarried man extant.

Randy was the possessor of cash and tokens and investments whose total came staggeringly close to the billion mark. His social position was such that he could invite to dinner an individual whose name did not appear in the Register, or even be seen chatting in his debonair way with some person utterly *déclassé*. In short, his position in the world of society was such that he was utterly unconscious of occupying it, which is the ultimate flower of aristocracy.

Mr. Smithfield Wagg impinged upon Randy Hyde's life in the capacity of a professional double. That is to say that he resembled Randy so exactly and in every feature that when they stood before a mirror neither of them could tell which was himself without pinching his leg to make sure. A hint dropped by a lady who possessed a vast store of misinformation was at the root of this novel employment. This positive but inaccurate matron informed Randy upon a certain day that science had demonstrated the existence of an exact duplicate of every living human being—that somewhere existed a carbon copy, in other words.

Now, Randy, having lived from infancy in the glare of publicity, was interested. He knew not personal liberty. His most minute and private affairs were broadcast in the popular prints, and he could not move beyond protecting walls save to the clicking cameras and the questioning of reporters. In addition to that, he was protected. As a baby, his perambulator had been practically surrounded by private detectives; as a child, he played with never less than two strong and armed men at his elbow; as a young man, he could not move abroad unless accompanied by eagle-eyed operatives. Against all of which he rebelled.

This rebellion resulted in a nationwide search for a double, and Mr. Wagg was discovered and retained. His duties were to represent Randy Hyde in such places and on such occasions as were repugnant to Randy. Also to be visible to all men while Randy made private forays into the alluring jungle of life in search of information and amusement.

The first manifestation of the *idée fixe* was the birth, in Smithfield Wagg's dust-dry mind, of contempt for his employer. The second manifestation was Smithfield's conclusion that he was far worthier to occupy Randy's high position and administer his great wealth than Randy. The idea grew and progressed to a point where Smithfield spent leisure hours pretending he was Randy Hyde and laying out programs of conduct calculated to uplift humanity. A natural corollary to this was that Smithfield commenced to lose sight of the division line between his identity and Randy Hyde's, until the two individuals merged. There actually were times when he did not know which was which. More dangerously, there were times when, subconsciously, he felt the duty to assume the place and name of Randy Hyde with all that course of action entailed.

Here was fertile soil for the seed of specious argument and suggestion by a malicious directing mind; and that directing mind was at hand in the person of one Lucius Brandon, head of a coterie of predatory gentlemen whose eyes had been fixed covetously upon the Hyde fortune since the death of that great financial genius, Randy's father.

There had been encounters and attempts and failures, for, by what seemed a miracle of luck, the footless, purposeless, ambitionless young billionaire had eluded Brandon's adroitness and defeated his projects. In the end Randy had earned Brandon's bull-like hatred by ordering him out of New York City and by promising to put behind his command the sanction of tremendous influence, financial, political and moral, which resided in the Hyde fortune. Brandon had been given thirty days to go or to be driven out; and he was bending now every energy of his dynamic person to a last desperate striving.

It was his jackal, young Van Cost, who discovered the way; and the way was Smithfield Wagg. And Wagg was equipped to play his part, even to perfection in his imitation of Randy Hyde's signature and penmanship.

The *idée fixe* exploded with a crashing detonation.

Randy Hyde, dressed off the shelf, as was his custom when he made his enjoyable forays into life, sought to insert his key into the lock of the private entrance by which he gained admission to his Fifth Avenue house. He had been absent more than usual during the past ten days, prosecuting a search. He was looking for a Miss Smith, whom he had encountered upon numerous occasions and who had become of vital importance to him. But she remained invisible.

In the commencement, perhaps, it was the mystery of her which interested him more than her beauty or mind or personality attracted. Miss Smith was not her name. She would not divulge her address nor any fact about her life or employments. She exacted a promise from him neither to follow nor to have her followed from their fortuitous meetings; and urge though he would, she declined to promise meetings in the future.

"If you want to find me," she said, "look for me. If you want to find me hard enough, you will discover a way. And then there is luck. If yours is good, we shall meet by chance."

"But that's too indefinite. It's unsatisfactory. How can a young man court a young woman in such circumstances?"

"Are you courting me? Object matrimony?" she asked pertly.

"I rather fancy I should like to."

"And you engaged, to all intents and purposes, to marry the wealthy and beautiful Patricia de Senlis!"

"I'm not, and I won't," Randy said boyishly. "Not if all the trustees and lawyers in town have at me in a mob. I don't know her. I never saw her. I think she must be hideous, for she's never had a picture printed or taken. Really, I believe there is no such person at all."

"There is," said Miss Smith, "and you must remember our bet. I'll hold you to it."

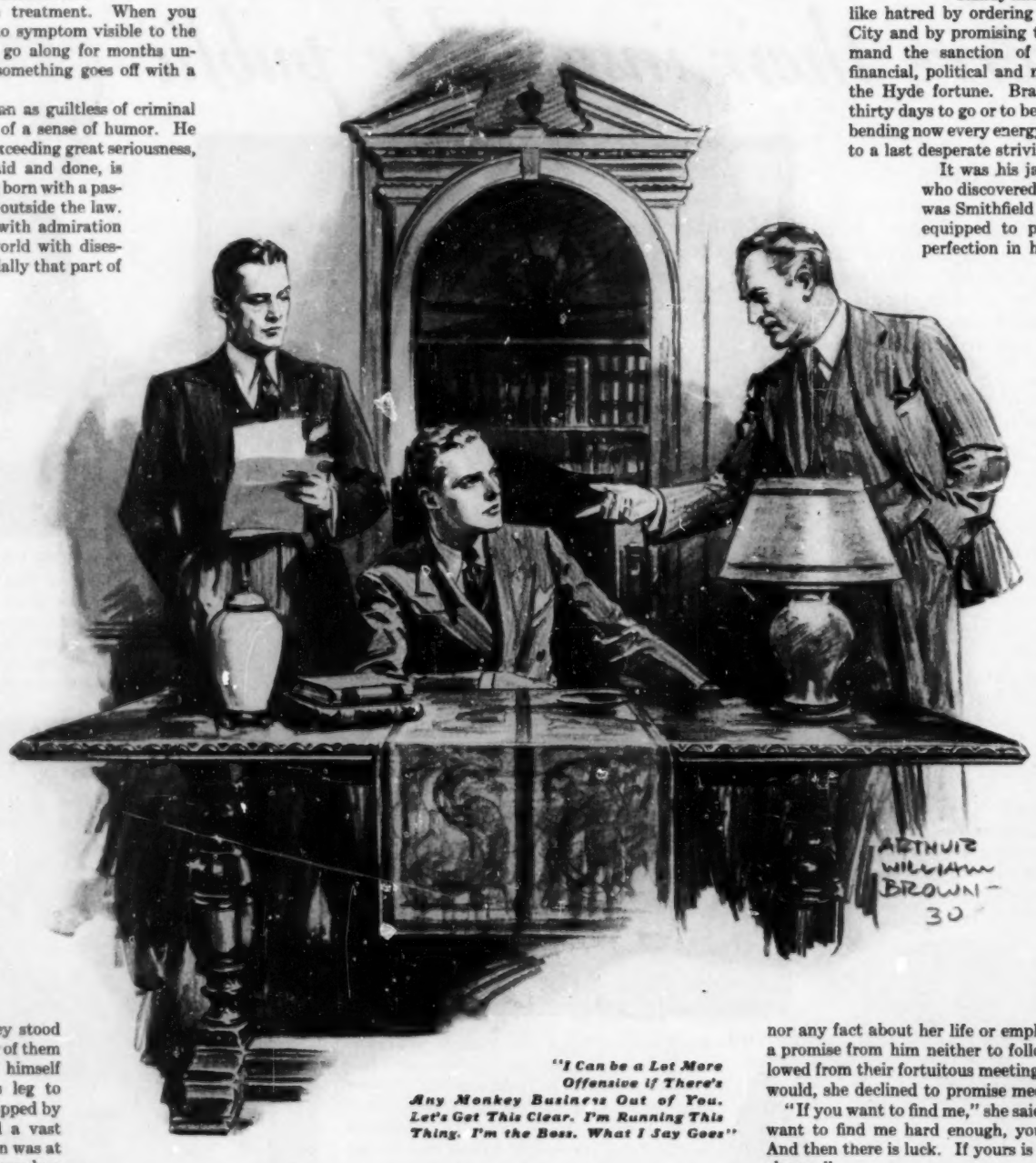
"That I will marry this De Senlis girl?"

"Exactly."

"Bosh," said Randy.

Then she vanished, and for ten days he had been walking the streets and haunting this place and that in a vain search. Now, late at night, he returned to his home and discovered with some amazement that his key did not fit.

(Continued on Page 33)



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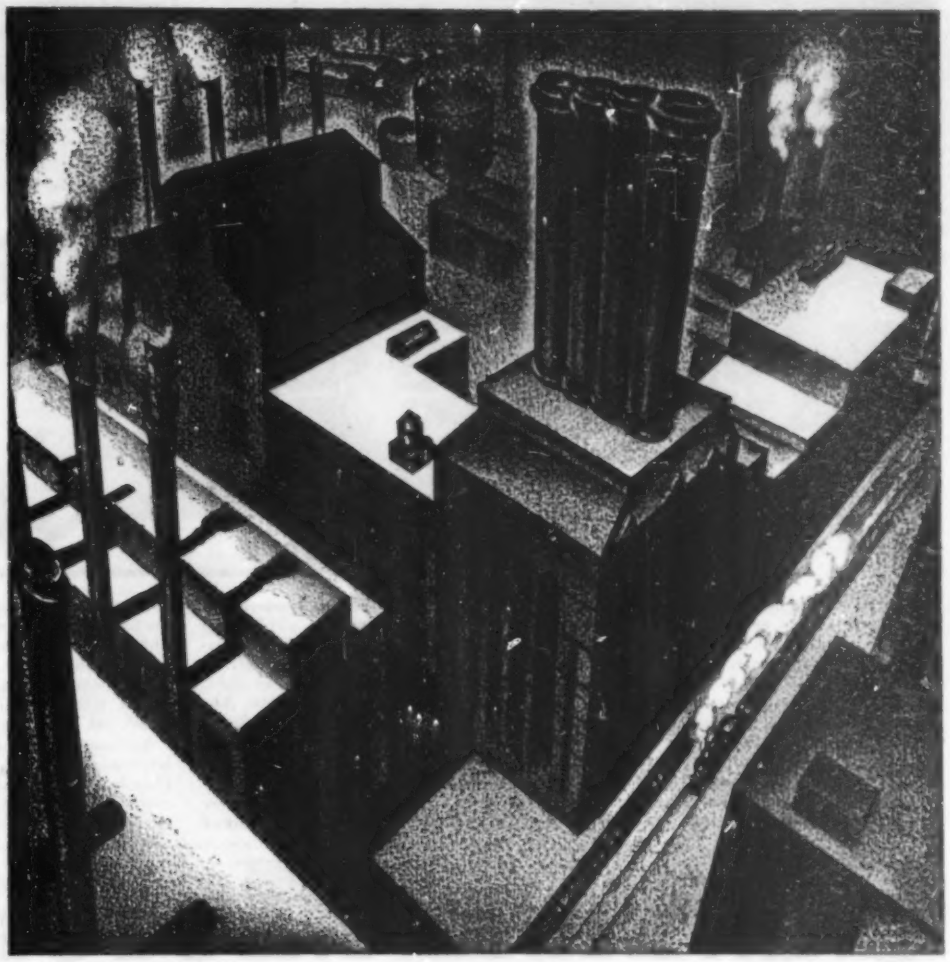

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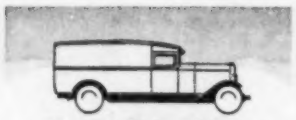

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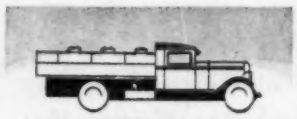

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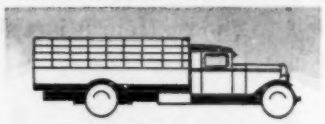

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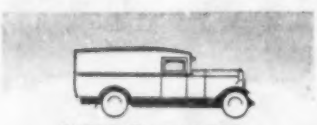
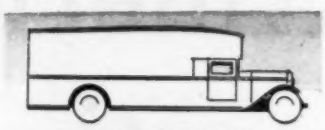


¾ TON Range $695



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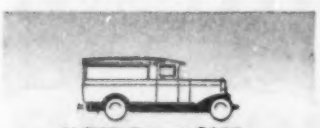

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GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 30)

He struggled with the lock until it became clear to him there was no entrance through that door. So he was forced to go to the main entrance and ring the bell.

Presently a liveried servant appeared.

"Something has gone wrong with the lock on the little door," said Randy.

"It was changed, Mr. Wagg, by order of Mr. Hyde."

"Eh?"

"Yes, sir, so you could not make use of it, sir."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Randy, more amused than perturbed. "And then?"

"We were directed, sir, to refuse you admission when you rang."

Randy frowned. "Is this humor?" he asked.

"Mr. Hyde, sir, instructed me to inform you that he dispensed with your services. Also I was to give you this check covering the balance due you for the remaining term of your employment. As to your personal effects, sir, they will be sent to whatever address you designate."

Randy stood a moment in silence.

"Have you looked me over, Thomas?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are certain as to my identity?"

"You are Mr. Wagg, sir."

"And Mr. Hyde is in the house?"

"I just left him."

"To be sure," Randy said, and he could not keep from his eyes a twinkle, even though realization of his predicament dawned upon him. "Serves me right for not arranging a better system of checks and balances. So I am Wagg! And I'm fired. Now, Thomas, I wonder if—er—Mr. Hyde thought this up alone and unaided."

"I do not understand, sir."

"You wouldn't," said Randy. Then he opened the check and regarded it. There, staring at him, was his own signature. He would have admitted it to be his own, but for the fact that he knew he never had drawn a check to Smithfield Wagg for such an amount and on this date.

Randy considered briefly. If Smithfield suddenly had lost his mind and were the sole author of this emergency, then it would be only amusing. If, however, Smithfield were the tool of intelligent and malicious and powerful hands, the consequences might be anything. He was not alarmed. Curiously, he was elated. Here was an affair that promised something, and that must be attacked with vigor and adroitness and courage.

He nodded affably at Thomas. "Be so good," he said, "as to wish Mr. Hyde all the happiness in the world and smiling fortune. And tell him to keep his buttons buttoned, and never, in any circumstances, to go out without his muffler. And so, Thomas, good evening and pleasant dreams."

"Good evening, sir," said Thomas, and closed the door with a decisive bang.

"Well," Randy said to himself. "Well, well, and also well!"

He walked slowly down the Avenue, and as he walked there came to him vivid recollections of warnings given by Miss Smith. Repeatedly she had prophesied trouble; again and again she had foreseen how he would come to grief through his masquerading, and had pleaded with him to dismiss Smithfield Wagg and to assume a more serious aspect of mind toward his responsibilities.

"But why," he asked her, "is a serious aspect of mind more efficient than a gay aspect? Must one be dour? May one not walk with a debonair song on his lips and a jaunty tilt to his hat and still achieve results?"

Well, his debonair song and his jaunty tilt had brought results now, and plenty of them. But somehow, even now, he could not abolish gayety, and he chuckled.

"The joke," he said to himself, "undoubtedly would be on my eye, if they put this over. But can they put it over? That, as the man said who was waiting for the curtain to go up, remains to be seen."

She Turned, and the Universe Wabbled and Revolved About Randy's Head. "You! Here! What are You Doing Here?" He Demanded Almost Roughly

"They will," he reasoned, "have endeavored to think of everything. There will have been infinite precaution and microscopic attention to detail. But, inevitably, there will be some small item they have forgotten. Or two items or three. If, by luck," thought he, "I can discover these oversights, and add two and two to make four, and subtract three to make one—why, nobody can tell who will wear the grin at this time come Michaelmas."

It was necessary to find a bed, so he bent his steps toward a hotel on the plaza, but here at once arose a difficulty. He had no baggage, not so much as a toothbrush or a safety razor. Which, inevitably, brought his attention to his utter lack of wardrobe and to the unsuitability of the clothes he was wearing to his pretensions to be Randy Hyde.

"I should have maintained a cache of habiliments against emergency," he told himself severely, "and now I'm in a swell predicament! Waggy has all the wardrobe and I haven't even a flannel nightie. Pants, weskits and coats! Spats, haberdashery and headgear! No time for tailors—but ——" He paused suddenly and showed his fine, white teeth in a grin of delight. "I wonder," he asked himself, "if that could be one of the little things they have overlooked? The valet service, the pants pressery, the cleaner and dyer!"

The hotel clerk, when he approached the desk, was not cordial, but upon payment of cash down, conceded Randy a room for the night. He left an early call and retired, nor did he remain awake to worry. At eight in the morning he breakfasted; at a quarter before nine a taxi carried him to the establishment of a Mr. Horowitz, on Lexington Avenue, who did pressing and cleaning for certain of the wealthy.

"Good morning," Randy said in his affable way. "You've some suits of mine, haven't you? And topcoats? Evening clothes, I think?"

Now, Randy Hyde's face was so frequently in the newspapers that he required no introductions or identifications.

"Ve haf several suits," said Mr. Horowitz.

"Will you place such as are ready in neat boxes?" asked Randy. "And take them to my cab outside?"

The little tailor obeyed without question, and in fifteen minutes Randy, with an adequate complement of garments made to his measure and suitable to his degree, was buying hand luggage in which to store them. Next he stopped at a haberdashery and equipped himself with incidentals. And then he returned to his hotel, where he regained the respect of the clerk by requiring the services of no less than three bell boys to transport his impedimenta to his sleeping quarters.

"Round one," he said to himself, "goes to the challenger."

For luncheon he went to a pleasant little place in the Forties where he had eaten at various times with Miss Smith. It had been her choice and seemed to be a favorite with her. For that reason Randy had occupied a table there for an hour and a half every noon for the past ten days, but without reward. Today, however, good fortune came bearing gifts, for as he entered he saw Miss Smith seated at a little table in an alcove.

Randy's heart leaped and he quite forgot for the instant that he was the victim of a conspiracy—an outcast, deprived of his identity and his birthright.

"Where," he asked severely, "have you hidden these last long days?"

"I've had," she said pertly, "no time for philandering with young millionaires. I am a woman of numerous activities."

"Of which," he replied, "I am the most pressing. And thank you for asking me to sit here. You'll be very

glad. I'm bringing you a high-class opportunity to say I told you so."

She glanced up quickly, not without concern in her lovely eyes.

"I've been waiting for it," she said. "Tell me."

"Mr. Wagg has decided he is Randy Hyde, and I am shut out of my own house."

She nodded. "He didn't think that up by himself," she said gravely.

"I fancy he was aided and abetted."

"It will have been adroitly planned."

"Undoubtedly."

"Even a few days can do terrible damage," she said.

"If Brandon and Van Cost are in possession the chips will fly." He could not prevent the cheerful look which overspread his face in anticipation of promising events. "You would be tickled to death if you knew how miraculously Waggy can imitate my handwriting."

"And what," she asked, "will you do? What steps have you taken? How can you prove your identity?"

"I don't know what I shall do; I have taken no steps except to replenish my wardrobe, and I'm guessing it will be hard to establish my identity. He's in and I'm out. He doesn't have to prove he is Randy Hyde, because, patently, he is Randy Hyde. I'm the imposter. Their plans probably include sending me to jail, or shutting me in some hospitable place where lunatics are restrained."

"But are you going to do nothing?"

"Yes," said Randy, "I'm going to do something. You have told me you suspect the honorable intentions of young millionaires. Well, at the present moment of writing I'm no millionaire. Therefore, I am happily above suspicion. Consequently, my dear Miss Smith—and I don't even know your first name!—will you permit me to say that you have inspired me with what I take to be the grand passion of my life? And, to come to the point a trifle abruptly, will you marry me?"

"You call that doing something?"

"The most vital something I can imagine," he said gravely.

Suddenly she smiled; her eyes crinkled at the corners, and she wore that thrilling, elfin look which he had seen upon her face some half a dozen times, to the destruction of his peace of mind.

"I may," she said. "If they keep you shut out, I'll marry you. If you get back in and become Randy Hyde once more, you must marry Patricia de Senlis."

"That," he said, "is no answer at all. It is nonsense. Nothing in the world could compel me to marry the De Senlis girl."

"Not a nice way to speak about her," said Miss Smith without rancor.

"Do I get a reasonable answer?"

"Miss Smith will marry you if you have to remain Smithfield Wagg," she said, "and that's my story, and I shall stick to it until the bitter end. But if you do remain Smithfield Wagg, I shall most heartily despise you."

"That," said Randy, "makes it tough." Suddenly he straightened in his chair. "I wonder," he said, "if they've provided for Miss Anna Spack?"

"Anna Spack?"

"Waggy's lady love. And such a one as only Waggy could adore. Not a curve in a cabful. She wears a species of binocular and her front teeth were created by providence to crunch carrots. She thinks deep and holy thoughts, and the man who looks at her in the full glare of day will be carried off on a shutter. She's a social secretary, and Waggy has caused quite a scandal in my behalf by monopolizing her at teas."

"But what of it?"

"Have I ever asked you to do a service for me?"

"Nothing but marry you—if that counts."

"Will you telephone—once—to Smithfield? Say you speak for Miss Anna Spack, who is indisposed, but who longs to discuss an important matter calculated to elevate mankind. At 3:30 o'clock."

"Yes?"

"And—bless the boy for having the type of mind he is infested with!—add casually that he is to wear the brown, double-breasted suit. You see, he is used to being told what clothes to wear, and of course he will comply."

"And then?"

"And then," he said, "meet me at this table tomorrow at this hour, and hear the result."

"I shall be here at this hour tomorrow," she said, "but you will not."

"Eh?"

"For all your protestations," she said, with gravity which did not seem spurious to him, "you will not tomorrow wish to see Miss Smith. You will not come."

"Are you, by any chance, serious?"

"I am positive," she said. "No, don't come. I am going. And I rather imagine this is good-by."

"Nonsense," he exclaimed with some excitement. "Why I ——"

"I shall be here tomorrow noon," she said, and that was all.

She went to a telephone booth to call the residence of Randy Hyde, and after some delay was permitted to speak to the young man who impersonated him.

"I am speaking for Miss Anna Spack, who is indisposed," she said. "Miss Spack is frightfully anxious to discuss a matter with you, Mr. Wagg. Can you come at 3:30 sharp?"

"I—er—am engaged in matters of importance. But wait." Evidently he spoke to someone who was at hand, and she caught a few words of the dialogue: ". . . personal liberty curtailed. . . . Unendurable. . . . I shall make this call." Then a pause. "Fill the car, if you like. It is nothing to me. I stand upon my rights as an—er—a freeman and a—ah—member of the body politic." Then, into the phone: "Say to Miss Spack that I shall present myself."

"And," said Miss Smith, "be sure to wear the brown, double-breasted suit."

"Certainly," said Mr. Wagg.

Mr. Wagg left his companion and went to his room, where he changed into the designated suit; then he summoned the car, which arrived duly equipped with private detectives and which he entered with his companion, who was none other than young Mr. Van Cost, the right hand and the more active part of the brains of Lucius Brandor. They drove to Park Avenue and stopped before one of those enormous apartment houses in which only the very wealthy can reside. Here he alighted, leaving Mr. Van Cost in the car, and was accompanied to the very elevator by the detective whose duty it was to preserve him from the attentions of the lawless.

In fifteen minutes he descended again, walked to the street, where the chauffeur opened the door for him to enter the town car.

"Not so long as I feared," said Van Cost.

"The length of time," said Mr. Wagg, "was ample to the necessities of the occasion."

"This interruption has been serious," said Van Cost. "We have much to do and you have much to learn. We must make your position secure. Do you think young Hyde is going to take this lying down?"

"I may say that I am utterly indifferent to the reactions of the *ci-devant* Mr. Hyde. I am Mr. Hyde, and, if you will permit the observation, more aptly equipped by mind and character to fill his place than he. I have my projects. Not only with respect to my own overshadowing investigations into the history and development of the form of matrimony, but in other fields of only slightly lesser import."

"Naturally. But first you must have control of the Hyde fortune, and that is where I come in, and Mr. Brandon. We are devoted to your interests. Our experience is financial. Therefore it is essential that you listen to us, and, until the emergency is past, obey our instructions."

"You need not enlarge upon the subject. It is clear to me and I coincide with your views."

"There will be numerous papers to sign. There will be interviews leading to the dismissal of your trustees. Fortunately your father attended to that for us when he made it possible for you to assume full control of your great fortune, should you desire to do so."

"Precisely," said Mr. Wagg. "And —— Ah—here we are at home."

They entered the house, where Van Cost remained in the library while Mr. Wagg went to his room briefly. He rang for the butler and gave a series of directions in a most convincing manner, with the air of the master of the house. After this he descended to Van Cost, who awaited him impatiently. But even then the business in hand was not to be taken up immediately, for a footman appeared with evening papers.

Smithfield Wagg glanced at one of these and saw the name of Randy Hyde in headlines on the first page. In view of the condition of affairs, he gave his full and perhaps apprehensive attention to whatever news was thus made public. Then he sat down with distinct abruptness and uttered an exclamation startling to Van Cost.

"What is it?" asked that young man, snatching a paper.

Relief immediately was apparent on his face, for the story was distinctly social and not at all of the criminal or sensational variety. It announced the engagement of Miss Patricia de Senlis to Mr. Randy Hyde. The announcement was authoritative; it had been confirmed by the father of the young lady. After the printing of the bare news itself followed a story pointing out the wealth and social prominence of the parties and making estimates, as newspapers will do, as to the result of this alliance between two of America's great fortunes. Van Cost smiled.

"May I be among the first to offer congratulations?" he said with some irony.

"But—er—is this a part of it? Is this your doing? I have no predilection for matrimony. I—in short, I refuse. I decline absolutely."

"I imagine," said Van Cost, "this is an independent venture of the young gentleman whose place you occupy. I wonder what the young lady looks like."

He searched in vain for a picture, and then hit upon a paragraph of explanation. It seemed Miss de Senlis was acutely averse to publicity. Her picture never had appeared in paper or magazine, and there was no record that she ever had been photographed.

"Well," Van Cost said, "we'll let this matter take care of itself for the time being. Now we must become active. Mr. Brandon and a few associates will arrive presently, and you must be as well prepared as possible to do your part."

There followed a period of intensive instruction, at the end of which Brandon was announced. He appeared with two companions and nodded in his curt, bull-like way to Smithfield Wagg and Van Cost.

"Ball's rolling," he said. "If we can get the legal formalities through tonight we'll get our hands on things in the morning." He glowered at Wagg. "You've got to watch your step. Keep your mouth shut. Say nothing to anyone unless you've learned it by heart. They'll be buzzing around you like flies before noon tomorrow, but we'll have a man at your elbow to do your talking for you." He turned to Van Cost. "Give us ten days and I'll show you a financial whirligig that'll make you dizzy."

"The first step," Van Cost suggested, "should be the signing of powers of attorney by Mr. Hyde."

"Powers of attorney?" Mr. Wagg blinked and looked around him. "What are powers of attorney?"

"What's it to you what they are?" Brandon blustered. "Your job is to do as you're told, and do it quick."

"Your tone, sir, is offensive," said Mr. Wagg with dignity.

"And I can be a lot more offensive if there's any monkey business out of you. Let's get this clear. I'm running this thing. I'm the boss. What I say goes."

"You forget that I am Mr. Randy Hyde," said Mr. Wagg. "This is my house. We are met—er—as I understand it, to secure to me the Hyde fortune in order that I may administer it in a more serious and worthy way than has been the custom hitherto."

"You," said Brandon roughly, "are zero. You're the false front. Now shut up and get to signing."

Mr. Wagg was stubborn. "I will not be spoken to in this manner. I will abandon the enterprise."

"Listen, you idiot," said Brandon in his blustering way; "you'll abandon nothing. Do you think when I went into this I took any chances on being upset by a sap like you? You're here to be used! Get that!"

Van Cost intervened, "Don't you think we might proceed more happily if you were a trifle less imperative? This is all new to Mr. Hyde. Business methods are unfamiliar to him. Suppose you allow me to explain to him."

"That's all I ask," said Mr. Wagg, who seemed to have been deeply wounded by Brandon's manner. "I want explanations."

"These powers of attorney," said Van Cost, "are only legal papers which appoint Mr. Brandon and myself to act for you and help you. For instance, when an ambassador is appointed to a foreign court, the state department gives him his credentials. Well, we are ambassadors, after a fashion, and these powers are our credentials."

"Ah," said Smithfield. "That makes it perfectly clear. I like the idea."

Wagg walked to the desk and selected a pen. Brandon whispered to Van Cost.

"I'm all set downtown. With these powers of attorney I can block or tie up or control every Hyde enterprise—until this thing goes up in smoke. Ten days is all I ask—or, if we have luck and Hyde should disappear without making any fight ——"

"What's that?" demanded Van Cost.

"I understand it is possible," Brandon said grimly. "Remember, young man, there is close to a billion dollars at stake here."

Van Cost's hand trembled. As a matter of fact, he had foreseen the likelihood of this—indeed, its necessity—but he had concealed it even from himself. Impersonation, fraud, chicanery—these were one matter, but the removal of a human being was another.

"Hush," he said tremulously.

"Do I have to sign all of these? Then go away and let me sign." This was to a legal gentleman who stood over his shoulder. "I can't write with somebody standing right behind me. Go away. Stand some place else. I can sign my name without any help from anybody."

Van Cost nodded to the legal gentleman, who stepped away, and Wagg, with the air of one who has won an important point, turned to the papers. He pretended to glance through the first, and then the scratching of his pen was audible in the silence. One after another he signed and blotted and laid in a neat pile before him, until all were finished.

"And that's that," said Brandon. "Take those papers, Wilkinson, and get downtown with them. No time to lose."

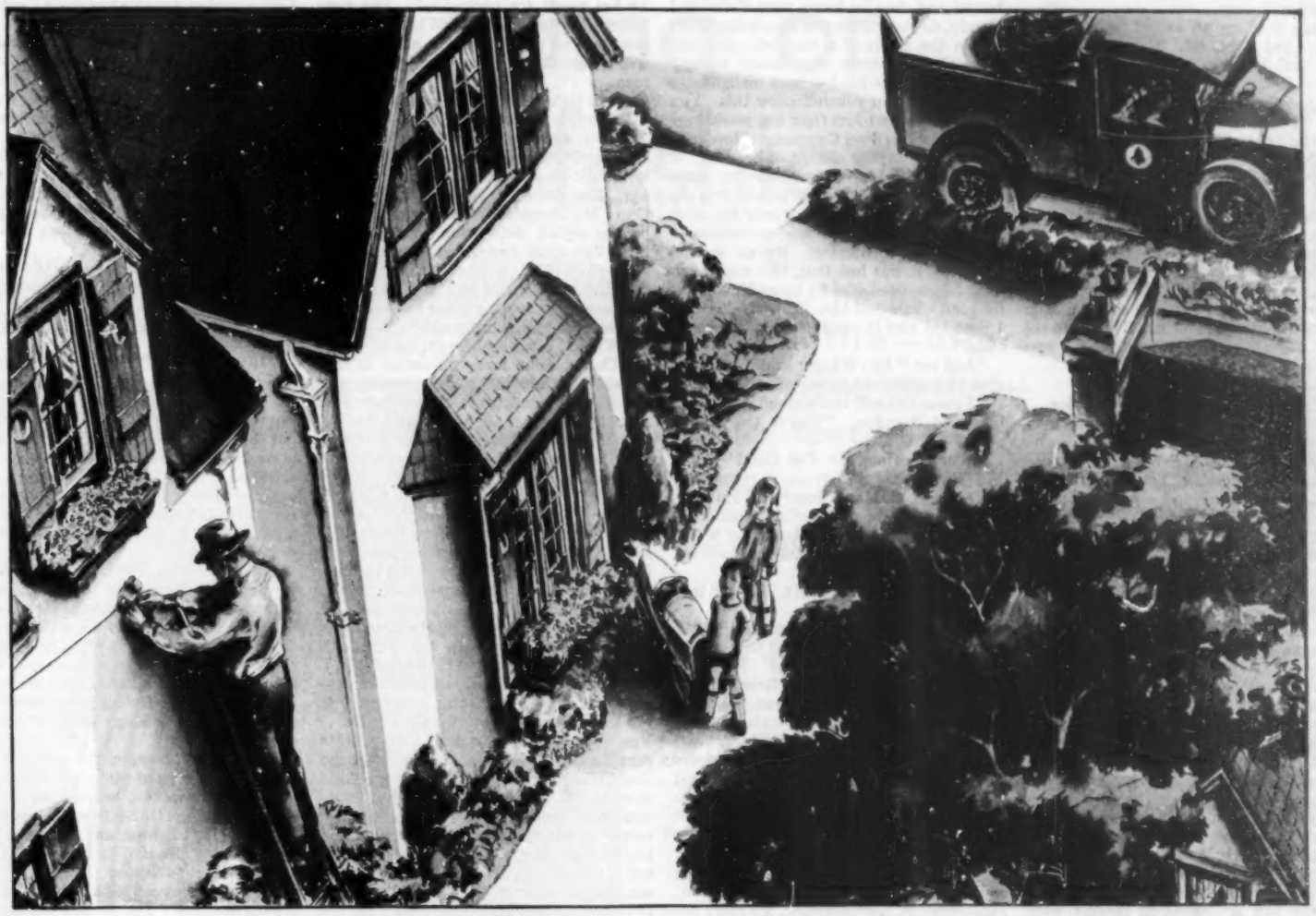
Mr. Wilkinson gathered up the documents and started for the door. He vanished. But almost instantly he returned, flushed and in excitement. "The wrong signature," he said hotly. "You wouldn't let me watch him. Now he's ruined every paper in the lot and wasted hours of valuable time. Look!"

They rushed to him and looked. On every document in its correct position appeared a signature, but it was the signature of Smithfield Wagg.

Brandon strode to the young man and grasped him by the shoulders. "You rat!" he bellowed. "What's the idea?"

"I—er—in the excitement I—I must have signed my old name automatically," said Smithfield. "That would be the scientific explanation. Er—regrettable but perfectly comprehensible."

(Continued on Page 36)



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(Continued from Page 34)

Brandon drew back his arm; his face worked with fury.

Wagg held up an expostulatory hand. "Don't you strike me. That would be assault and battery. If you should strike me ——"

But at that instant there sounded a discreet rapping on the library door.

"Who's there?" growled Brandon.

"The footman, sir. Three gentlemen to see Mr. Hyde. Mr. Wanger is one of them, sir."

"Show them up, Wilson," said Mr. Wagg.

"Do nothing of the sort," said Brandon.

"Show them up," repeated Mr. Wagg. And then, to Brandon, "Why, he's one of my trustees and my personal counsel. You have to exercise judgment. I've got to see him. Do you desire to arouse his suspicions?"

"He's right," said Van Cost.

"With us here?" demanded Brandon.

"We'll have to face him sometime. Why not now?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Wagg.

Brandon scowled. "You," he said viciously, "remember to keep your mouth shut. We'll do the talking."

Mr. Wanger, with his two companions, appeared in the door and stopped with the shock of the surprise of seeing what individuals occupied the room.

"Randy," said Mr. Wanger coldly, "you entertain strange guests."

"Come in, and Mr. Wright and Mr. Madison," invited Mr. Wagg, and with a gesture betraying nervousness, waved the evening paper toward the newcomers. "Have you seen the papers, Mr. Wanger?"

"I have, and I am delighted, though surprised. I might, I believe, have been taken into your confidence earlier. But your marriage seems to be not the only important fact of which you keep me in ignorance. There are strange rumors afloat downtown, Randy."

"Ah? Indeed? And what, may I ask, is the nature of these rumors?"

"That you are about to remove your affairs from the hands of your trustees, and that some remarkable agreement has been made between you and Lucius Brandon. It appears these whispers are not without foundation."

"They are true," said Brandon with outthrust jaw. "You're out. From now on Hyde and I work together."

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wagg. "Of course my interests are scientific and historical rather than—er—financial. And that, as you will no doubt readily comprehend, is my reason for forming a partnership—an alliance, as you might say—with so excellent a gentleman as Mr. Brandon. Advice and suggestions, you see, and—er—financial judgment."

"And has my advice and judgment been so faulty during these years, my boy?" Mr. Wanger asked sorrowfully.

"It is an age of change. Nothing remains static. I desired change, and therefore I have given Mr. Brandon legal documents—called, I believe, powers of attorney ——"

"What?" demanded Mr. Wanger.

"Exactly. To represent me in all matters pertaining to the intricate details of business."

"You have done this? You have signed and delivered such papers?"

"Practically, sir. To all intents and purposes."

"But not actually?"

"Not actually," said Mr. Wagg.

"Then, Randy, before you take this step let me speak with you alone. Your father found me and my associates worthy of his trust. He selected us to guide and advise you, who were dearer to him than his life itself. We have not done ill by you, Randy. I fancied we had deserved your confidence and had won your affection. My boy, before you take this drastic, this appalling, step, let me speak with you alone."

"Nonsense," said Brandon. "Mr. Hyde knows his mind."

"But does he know your mind, Brandon? I imagine not. Does he know your record and does he know your character? Randy, do you realize you are placing yourself in the hands of a man who not only lacks the rudiments of ordinary honesty but whose whole life has been malignantly predatory? You yourself know this. You yourself removed him from the presidency of the Hawkins Steel Company. How am I to account for your change of heart?"

"Oh, really, I have not altered my opinions, sir," Mr. Wagg said in his dry, pedantic way. "I still harbor only the most regrettable suspicions—nay, certainties—regarding Mr. Brandon. By all means. Why, sir, it was less than two weeks ago that I instructed him to leave New York for good—banished him, in short—because I detected him in conduct most reprehensible."

"And yet," Mr. Wanger said, "you now give him unlimited power of attorney."

"I guess this will be about all, Wanger," blustered Brandon. "You're too late to meddle here."

"Will you ring, Mr. Van Cost?" asked Mr. Wagg.

The faces of Mr. Wanger and his companions were the faces of stricken men. This boy whom they had loved, for whom they had labored, was ringing for a servant to show them to the door.

"Randy!" exclaimed Mr. Wanger in a tremulous voice.

A servant appeared in answer to the summons. "If you please, Thomas," he said, and the man disappeared. There followed an instant's silence. Brandon and Van Cost failed to understand; Wanger and his companions were bewildered.

"Just a moment," said Mr. Wagg, "and I anticipate we will be able to—er—resolve this trying situation into one of—er—good feeling and comity; one, perhaps, of satisfaction to all, and especially—especially—to myself. Ah, yes—do come in. Come right in."

All eyes were upon the door, eyes which were wide with astonishment, amazement, consternation, bewilderment, for there between two liveried servants stood Randy Hyde! It was no mere resemblance; it was Randy Hyde. Face, features, bearing; identical as to clothing, cravat, shoes; a duplicate as to watch and chain and handkerchief and fountain pen!

The men in the room turned from him to the young man who had been present with them throughout the interview. It was unbelievable, this duplication! This first young man, to whom Wanger had appealed in vain, walked to Wanger's side and dropped an affectionate hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Didn't you know me better than that, sir?" he asked gently.

"But who—who is this other?"

Randy's eyes twinkled. "Permit me, gentlemen," he said in his old debonair, genial, jaunty way, "to present Mr. Smithfield Wagg, the only professional double in existence; the sole member of the youngest profession in the world. Ah, Brandon, something of a surprise to you, eh? Not upsetting to any little plans, I trust."

"But, Randy!" exclaimed Mr. Wanger.

"Have you found me sometimes difficult, sir? A bit learned and pedagogical? That, sir, was when Waggy here was at the bat for me. Isn't he wonderful? I found him—at great expense, it is true. And our association has been very pleasant. You've no idea the number of boring teas he has attended for me, or the hundreds of times he has posed for photographs, and been lectured by my trustees! While I enjoyed some of the privileges of a human being which were denied me as a very rich young man. . . . No, Brandon, you and Van Cost sit tight. There's more to come."

"Randy! Randy!"

"Now, we mustn't blame Waggy severely. He's a victim of delusions. And his mind isn't built for wear and tear; only for storage. Also, there was the siren voice of Van Cost! My *Doppelgänger* here began to fancy he was myself, didn't you, Waggy? And then Van Cost discovered him and convinced him of his virtue and his wisdom and that the world would be better and nobler if he would assume my place and heave me out into the cold, dank world."

"What? What are you saying?"

"That I came home yesterday after a slight foray into the golden evening, and was refused admittance. I was informed that Mr. Hyde had dispensed with my services—which was not without its amusing side. I was free of my obligations with a vengeance."

"My boy! It might have succeeded! It might ——"

"Not with Waggy on the job. He couldn't succeed at anything but saving up an uninteresting fact. I had found some pleasure in studying his peculiar type of mind, and I could depend on him. So I arranged that he should call on a young lady of no mean charms—eh, Waggy?—in the suit he is wearing. As he ascended in the elevator, I, in the suit I am wearing, stepped from the alcove and fifteen minutes later got into my car, guarded carefully by my friend Van Cost, who conveyed me home with a care almost gingerly. And here I was, and there Waggy was. But I was less unkind than he. When he came home I gave instructions he was to be admitted and escorted to his room pending events. And there we are, and all is merry as a marriage bell. Or isn't it, Brandon? And, may I ask, was murder on the program? Was I to disappear leaving no contender for the place occupied by Waggy? No, you needn't answer. The mobile countenance of Van Cost is answer enough."

"A bundle of lies!" Brandon bellowed.

"It will do until a better bundle is delivered," Randy said. "And, by the way, this morning, depending upon the success of this little effort, Brandon here did considerable buying and selling on the market. He has rather committed himself. I've an idea what I propose is a bit illegal, but perhaps Brandon will waive that. He and Van Cost will remain my guests here, *incommunicado*, as the Spaniards put it quaintly, until the market closes tomorrow. Because, Brandon, you've overstepped a trifle. You've really annoyed me this time."

"I'll annoy ——"

"Never again," Randy said with a touch of grimness. "My brokers have been busy this afternoon; they will be busier tomorrow. When the market closes your career as a financier closes. You, Mr. Brandon, will be smashed. I was willing to let you go—if you withdrew from the scene. Now you will go—and take nothing with you. And, if you will forgive me, I'm rather tired of seeing you around. Thomas, show these gentlemen to their rooms. If they are reluctant, drop a grand piano upon them. All but Waggy. He remains here for his spanking."

There was blustering, bellowing, threatening, but in the end Brandon and Van Cost accepted Randy's hospitality and were escorted from the room.

"Randy!" exclaimed Mr. Wanger. "Why take such chances? It might ——"

"But it wasn't. And I've enjoyed myself so much. You don't begrudge me a last whirl of irresponsible fun, old friend?"

"Last whirl?"

Randy nodded. "Tomorrow, so far as my abilities will permit, I assume the place my father intended for me. With you and the others at hand to show me the way."

"I'm not so sure you need a guide, Randy."

Young Mr. Hyde smiled, then he frowned. "Who authorized the announcement of my engagement to Miss de Senlis?"

"The father," said Wanger, "of the young lady."

"It would seem," said Randy, "there is a nigger in this woodpile. There are devious windings, and rabbits are appearing from silk hats. In short, it's a mess. I am not engaged to Miss de Senlis. I never saw her. I never want to see her. And—as soon as I can pay Waggy off, and let him go with my blessing—I'm going to investigate. Because, on the contrary, I intend to marry a young woman who answers to the name of Miss Smith."

The formalities involved in the departure of Mr. Wagg were brief, but tinged with generosity. That young man was able to depart for the West, from which he once emerged, with sufficient of money to insure the completion of his monumental work upon the sacred institution of matrimony, and with a vague feeling in his heart that his luck was some steps ahead of his just deserts.

Then Randy, being of the sort who goes to headquarters, and who preferred to face a difficulty in its lair, ordered his car and was driven to the De Senlis residence on the Avenue. He alighted and rang the bell. He presented his card to the servant and asked for Mr. de Senlis.

He waited but an instant until he was bidden to follow. The servant led the way to a room which appeared to be a library and withdrew with what seemed to Randy peculiar agility.

Randy advanced into the room. A young woman stood at the opposite side, her back toward him, her face toward the street.

"I beg your pardon," Randy said, to attract her attention.

She turned, and the universe wabbled and revolved about Randy's head.

"You! Here! What are you doing here?" he demanded almost roughly.

"Waiting," said Miss Smith, "to receive my fiancé. You may have noticed an announcement of my engagement in the papers this evening—to a Mr. Randy Hyde."

"I noticed the announcement of my engagement," Randy said, "and that's why I'm here. For an explanation. I positively and determinedly am not engaged to any Miss de Senlis."

"Then," said Miss Smith, "I shall bring suit for breach of promise." She turned. "Oh, father," she called softly, "will you introduce me to this disagreeable young man that I'm to marry."

A gentleman appeared in an adjoining doorway, a gentleman recognized by Randy from portraits seen. "Mr. Hyde?" he asked.

"None other," said Randy.

"May I, then, present your fiancée—and my daughter—Miss Patricia de Senlis?"

Randy stood stock still for an instant, all but paralyzed by this astounding announcement. Then he took one step forward, and another step forward, his arms lifting hungrily.

"Father," said Miss de Senlis, "I think you'd better go away now. This young man seems to have private business with me."

"Private, confidential—and permanent," said Randy softly.

And then, as he reached her and she came to him graciously, sweetly, eagerly, "I wouldn't care if your name turned out to be Muggins," he said.

Are you riding on old-fashioned tires?

FEDERAL—the new AIR-CUSHION tire—offers greater riding comfort—greater speed—greater mileage—greater safety

—at no greater cost

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THE first low-air-pressure tire was a great achievement. All honor to it as a pioneer. But the day of the ordinary low-air-pressure tire is past.

Now, a new type of tire—the Federal AIR-CUSHION—holds the center of the stage. Thousands of up-to-date motor cars are today being Federal equipped by our dealers.

12% more cushioning air

The air chamber in the new Federal AIR-CUSHION Tire is larger. You ride on a 12% bigger cushion of air at *lower pressure*. You get a new conception of softly cushioned, noiseless riding comfort even on roughest roads. Once you enjoy this new riding comfort, no other type of tire will ever satisfy you. See our "Money-Back" offer.

50,000 miles and more

The new-type Federal AIR-CUSHION Tire promises this improved riding luxury for many thousands of miles. The Federal DeLuxe, for example, has a life expectancy of 50,000 miles and more. Why this excess mileage? Because at 25,000 miles or 30,000 miles you will still have a generous margin of safety—a vital necessity in this era of high speed driving and quick stopping. Federal's new long-lived tread and improved sidewalls have the extra strength to meet this modern need.

Other desirable features

Federal's new type construction offers other desirable features. Due to the elimination of unnecessary weight, get-away is snappier. Acceleration is more spirited. Speed is increased. Skidding is practically eliminated. Stopping is more *positive*. Even miles per gallon of gasoline are increased 5% to 7%. Expert road tests prove this.

Amazing "money-back" guaranty

See a Federal dealer. Have him explain this new-day tire, point by point. Then *prove* what he says—at our risk—on this bona fide Money-Back Guaranty. If you don't know a Federal dealer, write us direct.

"If, after 30 days' use, you are not fully convinced that new-type Federal AIR-CUSHION Tires give you more luxurious riding comfort, better acceleration, easier steering, firmer braking, and the assurance of maximum mileage, return them and your money will be refunded."

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY

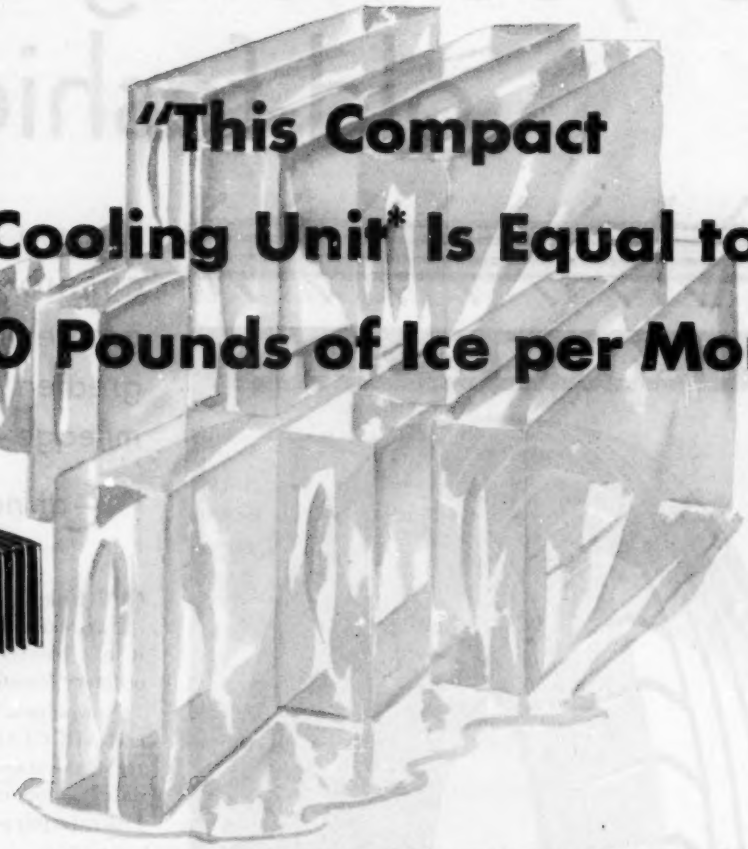
Chicopee Falls, Mass. - Cudahy, Wis.

FEDERAL TIRES

YOU RIDE ON MORE AIR

*Made in shapes and sizes to fit any refrigerator, display case or cooler

"This Compact Cooling Unit* Is Equal to 5300 Pounds of Ice per Month"



"My trade required the storage of dairy products in addition to a full line of groceries and meats, and I was spending approximately $40 per month for ice. Since installing Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration my electric bill for refrigeration has been about $8 per month."

—London's Delicatessen, Detroit, Michigan.

GROCER, butcher, restaurateur—every type of merchant interested in the sale of perishable foods—unite in pronouncing Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration the most dependable, most efficient and economical refrigeration known.

In many thousands of installations, Kelvinator has quickly repaid its cost. First, by lower operating expense—as much lower as 75% over former methods. Second, by elimination of food spoilage. Third, by profitable patronage attracted through appetizing displays of fresh, wholesome foods.

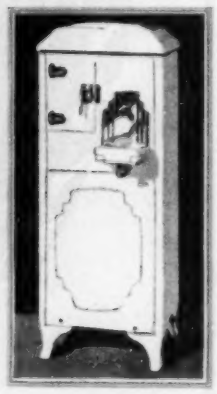
Kelvinator was first to present the Cross-Fin Coil—a more compact cooling unit which greatly increases cooling efficiency and reduces dehydration to the minimum. Losses through meat shrinkage are negligible. It was first, too, to pioneer the new heavy-duty condensing units which amplify the dependable service always typical of Kelvinator refrigerating equipment.

Your local Kelvinator dealer can tell you how easily and inexpensively a Kelvinator refrigerating unit suitable for your particular needs can be installed in your present refrigerator or display case. He will also be glad to advise with you on the modernization of your store. All Kelvinator equipment may be purchased on easy terms through Kelvinator's ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan
Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
Kelvinator Limited, London, England

A New Line of All-Steel Kelvinator Water Coolers

Four new All-Steel Water Coolers, in a variety of colors and finishes, are now presented by Kelvinator. The slimly beautiful model CW-50 shown here has a capacity of 3½ gallons per hour, connected to city water supply. Supplies an abundance of clear, cool drinking water always at a healthful temperature. Equipped with handy cold storage compartment, nickel faucet and fixtures. Available in appropriate sizes for hotels, office buildings, clubs and other institutions.



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COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION

Kelvinator Corporation,
14250 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan.
Please mail me free folder describing Kelvinator equipment for—
☐ Meat Markets ☐ Lunches ☐ Water Coolers
☐ Groceries ☐ Florists ☐ Restaurants
☐ Homes
List any requirements not shown above.
Name
Address

PARKING

(Continued from Page 15)

me. Why, he took me down to the beaches, and to Grauman's, and every place, and I'd even bought me this dress to get married in"—she smoothed down her flowered skirt—"when I happened to say something about little Sidney one night, and that was the last of Pegrini."

"Did you say you had only one?" asked Mrs. Allen thoughtfully.

"Just one, and he's a perfect little gentleman and in a coupla years he'll be old enough to quit school. But Pegrini never even waited to see him. I tell you there's something wrong with a man that don't like kids."

"Maybe he just wanted an excuse to quit going with you," said Mrs. Allen.

The lady in the flowered wedding dress sniffed audibly and walked away as Mr. Pegrini came up. He looked after her with a grin.

"Was she knocking me, kid?"

"She said not to believe anything you said."

"Aw, she's sore because I don't go with her no more."

"What's her name?"

"Mrs. Garlick."

One square dance followed another. Mrs. Allen's nose grew shiny with the violence of her dancing. She felt like a girl again.

"Anybody going to take you home?" asked Mr. Pegrini.

"No."

"You're a liar," he said gallantly; "Joe Pegrini's going to."

Mrs. Garlick, who was talking in a low, resentful tone to another woman in the crowded dressing room, watched her with hostile eyes as she put on her hat before the mildewed mirror.

"Say, lend me some powder."

"I will not," said Mrs. Garlick.

And when Mr. Pegrini led Mrs. Allen to his motorcycle, which was parked beside the curb, and assisted her on to the rear seat, Mrs. Garlick and her friend stood by grimly.

"Put your arms around my waist and hold on tight," directed Pegrini, starting off with a roar from the motorcycle like a fanfare of trumpets.

They went down Main Street under the exhilarating glare of electric signs. Mrs. Allen, who had seldom been on a city street at night, pointed with wonder and delight to the beer bottle which, set against the sky, emptied itself over and over again into a foaming glass. Just then they crossed a car track with a bump that lifted her off the seat, and with a shrill squawk she reclaimed the security of his solid waist. She raised marveling eyes to advertisements drawn on the night like colored pictures on a blackboard, but Pegrini, used to such wonders, dashed on. He called out familiarly to a policeman as they crossed the street against a red light.

"Is he a friend of yours?" asked Mrs. Allen, in awe of her boulevardier.

"Sure. I used to give him all the votes for the most popular policeman from the papers I picked up when I worked down here."

They stopped at a lunch wagon and ate chili beans. Then they were off again, passing a Salvation Army group whose blue-and-red uniforms pulsed against the darkness like the rhythms of their songs. They curved around the plaza, with wide-hatted Mexicans standing under the lights and dark figures lying on the benches. A group of Lithuanian women in starched white aprons and headdresses separated at a crossing before their horn, scurrying to the sidewalk severally like hens. They crossed a high bridge over the railroad yards, with row after row of freight cars below like dark furrows, and she was reminded of her arrival there a month before, and her detraining at dawn with three sleepy children and a refractory goat. She started to speak of it, but remembering the jilted Mrs. Garlick, kept still. Pegrini pointed to Elysian Park.

"How about me and you going there for a picnic Sunday?" he roared over his shoulder at Mrs. Allen. "Squeeze me if you'd like to go."

There was no doubt about her wanting to go. His white teeth flashed back at her as they passed a street lamp.

"Now squeeze me to show what time to come after you."

Ten times she squeezed his brawny girth.

"Aw right. You better put up lunch so we can stay all day."

Pegrini swung the motorcycle around perilously and headed back toward Hollywood.

"Turn off here!" shrilled Mrs. Allen in his ear as they neared an unpaved road that led down into a hollow. The eucalyptus trees of the Golden Home Auto Camp curled against the dark blue sky like giant cock's tails.

"I don't have to go in yet."

But he assisted her off. "I gotta ride clear back to Watts tonight. Be ready at ten like you said, and don't forget the lunch."

She stood with her hand on the seat of the motorcycle. "There ain't any way this could be fixed up with one of those things on the side to hold two or three more, is they?"

He looked at her sharply. "Say, you ain't got a family you want to drag along, have you?"

She laughed uneasily. "Land sakes, no!"

When she got into her tent house she lit a light cautiously to look at herself, and saw a letter pinned conspicuously to the wall. Yawning, with one eye still on the mirror, she opened it, and a clipping from The Bison Star fell out:

> George Flippen was married in Laramie last week to Miss Billee Glabb. The bride holds a responsible position at the Roundup Lunch Counter, where you can get the best meal in town for 35 cents, and the groom rides for the Bar X ranch. Good luck, George. The widow pretty near got her brand on you last spring.

"I spose that means me," thought Mrs. Allen, crumpling the clipping and dropping it on the floor. "Well, that would of been bad news if I'd got it this morning, but now I don't know what I ever seen in him."

When she woke the next morning the children had gone to school.

"How did you like the Strangers' Social Club?" called Mrs. Swingle.

"Swell!"

"Did you meet any gentlemen?"

"I'll say I did! One of them brought me home on his motorbike, and I'm going to a picnic with him Sunday."

"Old bach or widower?"

"I d'know, but anyhow he hasn't any wife. His name's Captain Pegrini."

"Police or Salvation Army?"

"Street department."

"You're awful late getting to work this morning."

"I should worry. The woman where I wash at today works downtown and she don't know when I get there. It's the only decent place I got. You can have it after I get married, if you want to. She's got a radio and everything."

"I don't guess I want it. We're thinking of going up to Fresno to work in the grapes as soon as Swingle gets tired of the melons."

Mrs. Allen ran to catch a street car. "Say, Mrs. Swingle," she called over her shoulder, "you was right about one thing. He'd of been scared off right away if I'd told him about the kids."

"Aren't you ever going to tell him?"

"Sure I am, but I think it's better to get acquainted real good first. There, I missed that car."

"If I was you I'd wait till after I got married, and then I'd say, 'Now darling'—or something like that—'I got a nice little surprise for you,' and open the door and bring in the kids, all dressed up."

"No, I wouldn't do such a thing," said Mrs. Allen, laying down the idea reluctantly, as she might have laid down a bracelet in a five-and-ten-cent store. "I'll tell him Sunday."

But Sunday came and went without presenting what seemed to her an auspicious moment for mentioning Pete and Bunny and Buster. As she approached the Golden Home Auto Camp on Sunday night on Mr. Pegrini's motorcycle, she looked fearfully for them to come out calling "Hello, mom," but they had gone to bed.

"I'll tell him Tuesday night," she murmured uneasily.

There was a gray envelope on her pillow, addressed in a thin, precise hand. She read the brief note within:

> Please do not send my husband any more notes on postcards for the postman to read and spread around town.
>
> MRS. SCHNELLER (MISS HIBBERD)

She laughed so loudly that Pete roused and sat up, rubbing his eyes.

"What's the matter?"

"Miss Hibberd went and landed old man Schneller after all."

"That's good," said Pete, pulling the blankets over his head.

The next day the card she had sent to Curly Drigger, Grand Canyon, Arizona, came back. It was restamped and inscribed, "Whereabouts unknown."

"That makes Mr. O'Malley the only one that ain't answered my post card," she thought. "Well, he's big-hearted, but he ain't got Joe Pegrini's style."

II

MRS. ALLEN and Mr. Pegrini sat in the back row of the balcony at the second show, too preoccupied with their own affairs to be at all interested in the picture. One by one and two by two the rest of the audience left, but still they sat. A janitor came along, slamming up the seats noisily

"Hey, don't you know the show's over?"

They smoothed down their hair and descended to the street, blinking as they came into the light.

"It don't seem like it's real that we're going to get married Thursday, Joe."

"We ain't going to get married then. We're just going down after the license. We can't get married till three days after that in this state. That's the law."

"Why can't we go tomorrow and get it? That'll give us three days before Thursday."

"I guess we can," said Mr. Pegrini after turning the matter over in his mind for a minute. "Only I'll have to meet you down there instead of comin' out for you. I gotta go home and get cleaned up, so I'll meet you there at ha'-pas' five."

"That suits me fine."

III

SHE woke the children early the next morning. "You ain't going to school today," she announced joyously. "I got a good excuse for that smarty truant officer this time."

"What?" asked Bunny, yawning.

"I'm going to get married."

"Who to?" asked Pete apprehensively.

"Nobody you ever saw, honey. His name's Captain Pegrini, and he's got a motorbike."

She pulled back the curtains behind the door which covered the family wardrobe, and seemed dissatisfied with what she found. "I got to get you kids some new clothes before your new daddy sees you. It's very important for him to take a fancy to you the very first time he meets you."

They scurried through breakfast; then, despite their protests, she made them go out to the showers in the rear of the camp and take baths. Mrs. Swingle came over to help. They cut the hair of Pete and Buster, and curled Bunny's till it frothed out around her freckled face. Then Mrs. Allen took them downtown to a shop where a group of debutantes played at keeping a secondhand store.

Having explained the urgency of her mission to an interested amateur saleswoman, she tried on hats and stockings, dresses and shoes, knickers and sweaters, debating the color, fit and price of each article. The saleswoman looked at her watch from time to time and finally left to keep a luncheon engagement. Another girl took her place. By late afternoon Mrs. Allen could stand back in proud surety that here was a family arrayed to please even the most reluctant stepfather. Pete wore a new sweater and a pair of plus-fours—nay, more; plus-eights. Bunny had a limp white silk dress and silver slippers, as became a child with the exacting rôles of bridesmaid and stepdaughter, and Buster wore an English suit of aristocratic but remote origin.

"Now, you got to have a wedding dress, mom," said Bunny.

Mrs. Allen shook her head. "It don't make any difference about me, because the gentleman I'm engaged to is crazy about me anyhow," she explained to the third girl in the relay of saleswomen, "but he ain't ever saw the children yet, and they just got to make a good impression."

"Are you going to get married today?"

"No, we're just going down to get the license, but I thought it would be a good time for him to see my family."

They took a street car down to the courthouse. Bunny and Buster asked innumerable questions about their new stepfather. How old was he? Was he as handsome as Flippen, the cowboy? Was he as nice as Mr. O'Malley, that let them live on the freight car? Did he have a car like Doc Higgins, the old cheater?

But Pete sat by himself, with his heavy dark brows welded into a scowl, watching his mother with misgivings. He remembered old Schneller and Doc Higgins.

"I wish it was Mr. O'Malley you was going to get married to," he burst out finally.

"Why, the idea! I never thought of him."

"Yes, you did, mom," said Bunny. "You sent him a post card and he never answered it."

"It won't do him no good to answer it now," said Mrs. Allen airily. "Say, conductor, I want off at the courthouse."

Having found the license bureau after wandering through miles of corridors, she lined the children up and looked them over impartially, trying to pick out the best-favored to stand in front; and, unable to decide between them, placed them in a row beside the door.

Far down the corridor she saw Mr. Pegrini elbowing his way through the crowd. She gave a last fluttering look at the children.

"Pete Allen, get that look off your face!" she whispered fiercely. "What kind of a way is that to meet your new daddy? And pull up your pants leg."

She took her handkerchief and wiped off Buster's chin where an all-day sucker had smeared it, and fluffed out Bunny's hair. Then she looked up with a welcoming smile that sagged into a gasp.

For there behind Mr. Pegrini, cleaned up to correspond to the embellished Allens, were four boys. And on each of them he had set the seal of his paternity. There were four thick heads scarcely tapering to meet four thick necks, and four pairs of black eyes, each with the left eyebrow set a little higher than the right, four pairs of broad shoulders, and four snub noses with an intimation of black hair growing out of the nostrils.

Mrs. Allen smiled uncertainly.

"Well, I see you got a little surprise for me, Joe."

"Four of them," he said genially. "Fine kids too. My sister's been taking care of

them for me. Shake hands with your new mamma, boys."

The boys advanced and shook hands awkwardly.

"Now I got a little surprise for you, too, Joe," said Mrs. Allen. "Childern, meet your new daddy."

She shoved Bunny and Buster forward, but they wilted and grew limp under the fierce astonishment of his regard.

"What kinda trick is this? I ain't going to marry no orphan asylum."

"How about me?" retorted Mrs. Allen with spirit. "You got four and I only got three."

"Aw right, then. We ain't neither of us going to marry no orphan asylum. It's all off."

"That suits me. I got plenty more chances."

"It wouldn't be so bad if you wouldn't of deceived me," commenced Mr. Pegrini virtuously.

"Go jump in the lake," said Mrs. Allen snappily. "Come on, kids."

And without a backward glance the Allens entered the elevator and the Pegrinis descended by the stairs.

IV

THE next day Mrs. Allen went around dispiritedly to the jobs she had resigned in anticipation of matrimony and reclaimed as many as she could, but she was left with several open dates on her hands which she employed to advantage salvaging various *objets d'art* from abandoned movie locations.

One evening about two weeks later she and Pete staggered down the dusty road to the auto camp carrying a miniature feudal castle which she had reclaimed in anticipation of Gambler's imminent accouchement, struck by its unusual possibilities as a nursery for kids in the fall nights, which were already growing sharp. They heard the voices of Bunny and Buster raised in shrill, joyous exclamations behind the low-growing pepper trees.

"What do you guess them kids are up to now?" asked Mrs. Allen, puffing. "Set this down a minute, Pete. My arms are about broke."

Bunny came running out to meet them with scarcely a glance at the castle. "Mamma, mamma," she shrieked joyously, "guess who's here!"

"How do I know?" said Mrs. Allen petulantly as she flexed her arms. "Ain't you going to say a word about this house we've packed a mile for Gambler?"

"Uh-huh. It's swell," said Bunny, capering about it. "But guess who's here." She held out a bag of candy. "He gave me this, and there's one in the house for you, too, Pete."

At that moment Buster came out of the gate, holding the hand of a little, smiling Irishman as brown and hard as jerky. He wore a clean woolen shirt and a new suit, and his gray hair was redolent of recent barbering.

"Mr. O'Malley!" exclaimed Mrs. Allen. "Well, where on earth did you come from?"

She shook hands with him, then smoothed back her wind-blown hair self-consciously and wiped her face on her sleeve.

"I've quit my job with the railroad, so I thought I'd come into the city and look around. Whativer is this ye're bringin' home, Mrs. Allen?"

"It's a pen for Gambler's kids, Mr. O'Malley."

"Set it down and let me and Pete carry it. It's no kind of a load for ye, my girl."

They put it under the pepper trees. Mr. O'Malley sat down on the front steps with Buster in his lap and Pete and Bunny on either side of him, while Mrs. Allen went into the tent to comb her hair and put on some powder.

"Did you say you was fired?" she called.

"No. I quit. I've niver been a spindthrift and I've saved a tidy little bit. I've got my pinsion, too, from the railroad."

Mrs. Allen decided to change her dress.

"And what are you going to do now, Mr. O'Malley?"

"Come on out where I won't have to be talkin' so loud. These tints are set awful close together."

"I'll be right out."

She sprinkled herself lavishly with Je-ne-sais-quoi perfume, which she had bought to subjugate Mr. Pegrini, and joined the group on the front steps, noting Mrs. Swingle's head at the window of the next tent.

"I wasn't goin' to quit for another five years, but afther you and the kids wint away it seemed awful lonesome out there in the desert, with nawthin' to do afther supper but set around with the boys and smoke. It seemed so still without anny young wans. And thin I got your car-rd." He paused significantly and lit his pipe.

"You kids go and get yourselves cleaned up. You can put on your new clothes," said Mrs. Allen tactfully.

"Lave thim be."

"I waited and waited for you to answer it, Mr. O'Malley."

"Did ye, now! Well, I'm not much of a lit'ry man, so I thought I'd just wait and answer it in person."

"She came pretty near getting ——" began Pete, but his mother glared at him so balefully that he broke off with a cough and slipped around the corner of the tent. She pinched Bunny and Buster warningly behind Mr. O'Malley's back.

"You just don't know how glad I am to see you."

"I'll not desave ye, Mrs. Allen. If ye'd been an ould maid, or a widow woman without these childern, I d'know would I have come afther ye or not." He tousled Buster's head with his hard brown hand. "I'm a gr-reat man for childern, and here they are all ready, past the troublesome, cryin' age, and big enough to help around the fillin' station I'm thinkin' of buying."

"A filling station!" gasped Mrs. Allen happily, seeing herself measuring out gas from a red pump and exchanging news of the road with luggage-swollen cars.

"A fillin' station. I've got wan picked out on the highway near Saugus, with a bit of ground around it and some trees where we can run an auto camp."

"Oh, Dan!" said Mrs. Allen ecstatically. The children whooped with joy. He puffed at his pipe, watching them contentedly.

"I better go in and see about getting you some supper," said Mrs. Allen.

He patted her shoulder. "Don't wor-rk yersilf to death, ould woman. Put on yer hat an we'll all go to a cafeteria."

"And after that," said Mrs. Allen, "let's go around to the Strangers' Social Club for a while. It's a real nice place, and I got some friends down there that I want to show you off to."

MIGRATING MACHINERY

(Continued from Page 21)

from being the simple, clear-cut problem indicated above.

Many of our industrialists, when confronted with such a foreign tariff or patent problem, have, with their well-known acumen, all too often blurted out that "the answer is a branch factory." But that answer is far more easily given than vindicated.

For one thing, such hair-trigger, desk-thumping executives do not always pause to discover that foreign tariffs change—and change not only quickly but subtly, elusively. Much of the rest of the world follows a tariff-formulating policy that is quite different from our own. In some countries the executive branch of the government, speaking through some minister sitting in the legislature, may bland'y announce that the "tariff on automobiles had to be 'provisionally' raised by 30 per cent; in fact, it was so altered last night," with no assurance that the same thing won't happen again within a few weeks, and just as abruptly. To put a factory of steel and stone and large capital behind such a precarious, shifting shelter is manifestly taking a decided chance.

Cheese From Red-Haired Cows

I have in mind a country where the tariff on certain machinery which bulked large in our exports to that market was shifted eight times within a period of seven months, coinciding most singularly with the prospective arrival in each case of various consignments from America. Such shifting sands manifestly offer precarious foundation indeed for the construction of any American branch industrial enterprises.

Nor are the changes likely to be confined simply to the actual tariff rates involved. A subtler but equally ominous variant lies in the highly alterable definitions and classifications utilized in the schedules. Sometimes the instances of such subterfuges are almost ludicrous. There is, for example, the case, which is frequently cited, of a European country which was anxious to give preferment to the cheese imported from one of its neighbors as against that from another. Mention of either country by name was, of course, quite inappropriate and openly discriminatory. Consequently the reference was made to cheese from the milk of "red-haired cows raised at an altitude of at least 300 meters, and summered every year for at least a month at a height of at least 800 meters," which was just another way of saying Swiss cheese.

This is by no means an unusual device; it indicates the subtle difficulties which lie in the path of any American industrialist who proposes to shape his over-seas projects to conform to such highly variable and obscure considerations.

Many of our prepared farm products—provisions, dried fruit, canned vegetables, flour, and so on—are very neatly diverted from given markets through skillful intermingling of sundry pure-food requirements in the tariff schedules. Several of these have confronted our packers and traders in these lines with the prospect of establishing plants abroad. But the ever-present hazard of a sudden change in these requirements, as grim experience has all too frequently demonstrated, makes the financial success of such ventures far from assured.

Again, take the case of an American automobile manufacturer who had set up a costly branch plant in a large European city after having had firm assurance of favorable rates on his chassis and other car parts. Then came a new administration, such as is often the case abroad, as we shall see in a moment; new influences were in power, some of them alarmed by the vigorous competition of the American intruder. But the government's pledge to him as to the rate on his supplies was firm and had to be maintained.

The new régime, however, "went linguistic." It noted that the definition of a chassis was not quite accurately understood by the previous administration. In fact, it had shrunk appreciably; it no longer included sundry appendages—sections of the brakes, hubs, and other accessories which had been coming in as a part of the framework. No; by a liberal application of the lexicon method the chassis now was reduced to more sylphlike lines, with the result that the advantage of the privileged rates on which the American branch factory had been built disappeared overnight. There followed a long period of negotiation and wrangling, with consequent costly delay in operations before the plant's activities were finally renewed. Countless similar examples might be cited of the necessity for artful dodging through the ever-shifting maze of foreign tariff classifications. There are very few over-seas plants of American firms which have not suffered from the costly consequences of such uncertainties.

The Multi-Party Hazard

One important cause, of course, of these recurring variations is the complete uncertainty of the period of time during which any given party is in charge of the government. There is no government in Continental Europe today which rests upon a majority of one single party. The French Chamber of Deputies, for example, has about ten political groups, the German Reichstag about fifteen, the Polish Diet twenty-five, the Latvian Parliament twenty-six, the Czecho-Slovakian Chamber of Deputies fifteen, the Rumanian Parliament seven or eight, and so on almost throughout the list. In parliaments having memberships from 300 to 400, this means an average party strength of a scant dozen or two.

This, of necessity, makes for interminable coalitions, blocs, and the handling of grave economic issues by compromise. Needless to say, I mention this not in criticism but simply as a fact to be borne in mind by every American merchant or manufacturer who finds himself confronted with this problem of a foreign branch plant. Its fate, in such circumstances, is subject to the whims of political expediency to a degree unheard of under a two-party government. This element may well be a vital determinant in these days of continuous conflict between politics and economics.

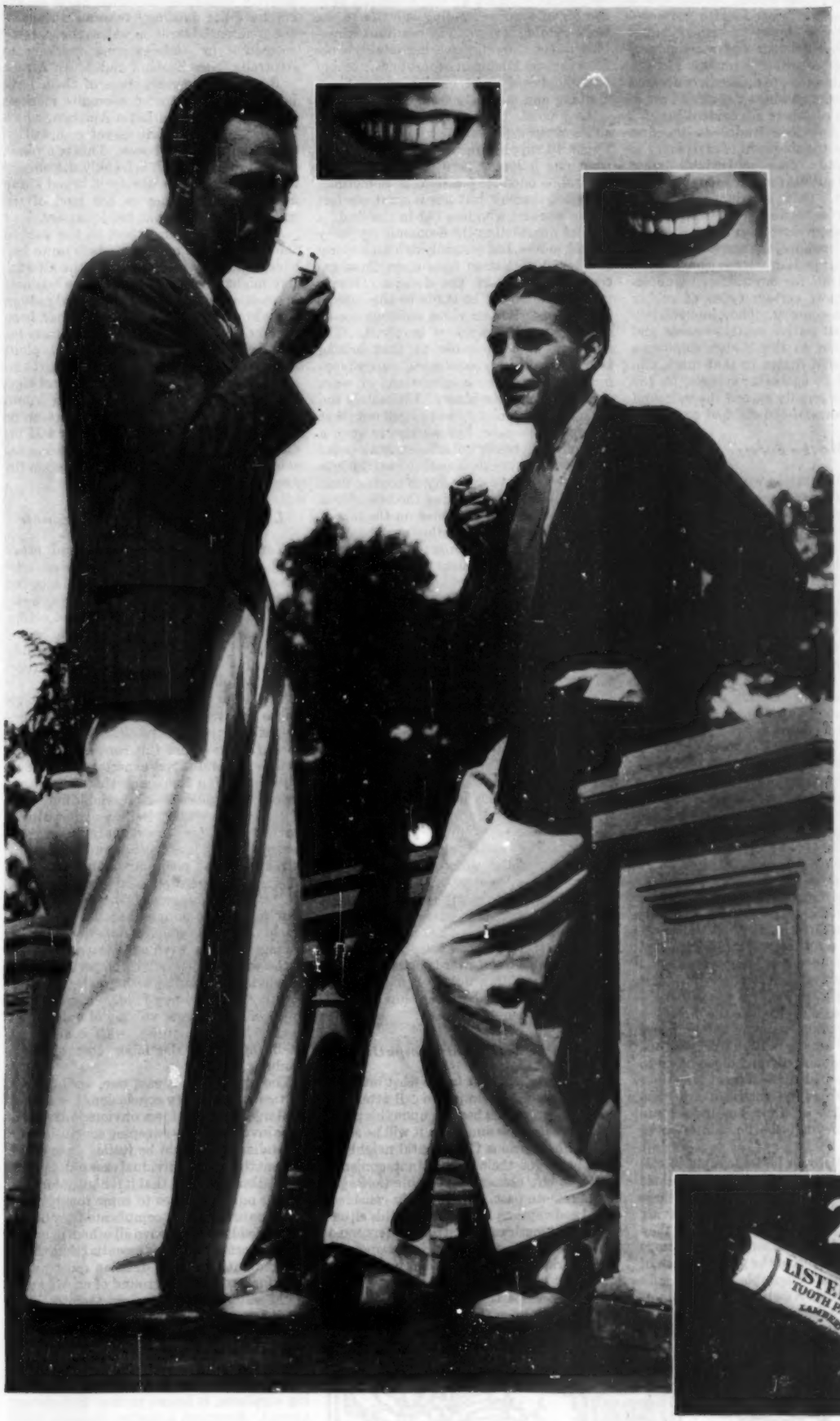
To subject business to such excessively precarious hazards is obviously taking extreme chances, warranted only by the gravest of necessities. The resentment of native competitors against the aggressive Yankee intruder is inevitable and quite understandable. Although it may not always find successful expression in open-and-aboveboard competition, it is quite likely to manifest itself through political subtleties which are infinitely more difficult to combat.

Let me cite, by way of example, the tragic experience of the branch of a well-known American concern in England. Its establishment was planned quite frankly with a view of "showing up the antiquated British industrial practices." From the very outset this almost offensive patriotteering on the part of the invaders aroused bitter opposition. The first move on the part of the newcomer was the introduction of a "superefficiency" system of bricklaying in the construction of its plant, whereby the carefully restricted quota fixed by British trade-union rules—in which limitation of output, incidentally, often plays a considerable part—was exceeded by nearly fourfold. Of course, this move promptly brought down upon the heads of those in charge of the enterprise the resentment not only of organized labor for such "ruthless slave-driving" but also of all competing industrialists.

Soon the populace in general was aroused against the "brazen effrontery of these flamboyant publicity seekers." The result was a hopeless turmoil of hostility and subtle obstruction, culminating in local and even national tax rearrangements and the application of excessive social regulations. This finally resulted in costly negotiations and ultimate sale on most unfavorable terms for the American company, which was compelled to agree to supply its successor with forthcoming designs and specifications for a considerable period. The net result was that after some years of costly experimenting the American company has thus created a formidable competitor, which is giving it the stiffest kind

(Continued on Page 42)

Results—not *price*—won millions to this dentifrice at 25¢



Mere price never spelled success for any product. To win recognition there must be unquestioned quality and guaranteed results. Such is the history of all successes.

Listerine Tooth Paste has leaped from obscurity to leadership in five years, solely on its merit. Millions have discarded old and costly favorites for this modern quality dentifrice at 25¢.

If you have not tried it, do so at once. Compare its results with those of any dentifrice at any price.

You will be delighted to find how swiftly but gently it removes food particles, discolorations and tartar. You will like the brisk business-like way it reaches the hard-to-get-at crevices between the teeth and leaves them clean as a whistle. You will be delighted, too, by the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows its use—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself.

Then reflect that these benefits are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. That we can offer such a dentifrice at 25¢ is due solely to cost-cutting methods of manufacture, and to mass production. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

✣ ✣ ✣

Buy a Cigarette Lighter with that $3 it saves you

Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves you about $3 per year per person compared to dentifrices in the high-price field. Spend that $3 as you please. A lighter is merely a suggestion.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 40)

of rivalry not only in British markets but in many other foreign ones.

Another element in the situation which American industrialists are apt to overlook is the vastly different political position of organized labor in most countries abroad from that which it occupies here. An outstanding feature of the labor movement in foreign countries has been its close association with political aspirations. In many instances this has taken the form of leadership in the Socialist Party; a situation naturally fraught with major difficulties to capital of all sorts, and especially to the foreign capitalist intruder. This development abroad has probably been exaggerated because of the much more rigid caste system in society, which has accentuated the segregation of various economic groups. Such relative fixity in the social order has hampered—though it has not prevented—that healthy rise of individuals from one economic level to another so characteristic of the American system; and this social immobility has thus tended to merge the political factors in each class with the economic in a manner quite unknown in our country.

These circumstances have brought about an intensification of governmental intrusion in industry, especially in its social aspects. This means, for industry, the assessment by political authorities of contributions for old-age pensions, unemployment doles, disability bonuses, housing payments and numerous other charges. Such social commitments in the United Kingdom have been estimated at $110,000,000 in 1900 as against $1,330,000,000 in 1929. In fact, some estimates for the latter year approached $1,750,000,000. There is no questioning the desirability of the objectives or ultimate purposes of such funds, but their administration and control through national political agencies, rather than by local entities or internally by the workers and owners of the industries themselves, as is largely the case in America, injects political complications and piles up tax burdens.

Any industrial venture in the Old World inevitably involves the risks of increasing taxes incidental to this problem as well as to the continuing obligations of war debts, reparations, armaments and veterans' funds of various types. Of course it is profoundly hoped that these heavy burdens will be ameliorated, but in any case no American industrialist contemplating such a branch factory in the Old World can afford to ignore the prospect of at least sixty more years of these burdens in one form or another, all incident to the recent holocaust.

Importance of Overseas Markets

Once again I am mentioning these points by no means in criticism of the regrettable necessities which bring about such conditions and differentiate the basic economic and social status abroad from that in this country. This article is not questioning supposed superiority or inferiority of the practices and conditions involved. The point is simply that the fundamental difference makes imperative the utmost caution on the part of those contemplating the establishment of such branch factories. The regrettable truth is that all too frequently the decision to establish such a factory is made impulsively and without adequate exhaustive consideration of these basic elements.

There is a further vital factor in this problem—namely, its reaction upon the future trend of our exports. That trend is of steadily increasing significance in the stabilization of our whole industrial mechanism. In any period of uncertainty the acceleration of foreign outlets can, as President Hoover has indicated, play an important part in the program of planned prosperity. More than 63 per cent of our total exports last year were made up of wholly or partly fabricated wares. This is nearly double the proportion at the beginning of the century; and the increase is largely due to the amazing participation in our export trade by small manufacturers in inland towns and cities who have, largely since the war, come to realize the value of overseas markets as possible correctives of seasonal or other irregularities in their trade outlets.

Any development, therefore, such as the branch-factory movement, which has a bearing upon the progress of our foreign trade directly influences a vastly larger number of industrialists and wage earners than ever before in our economic history. As far as the immediate market is concerned within the country where the given branch factory is set up, there are evident benefits derived by American trade. In the first place, there is the shipment of machinery to such plants and a consequent establishment of promising outlets for future supplies and replacements. This sometimes more than compensates for the loss of the trade in the given finished product with the market involved. For instance, the rearrangement of tariffs in a large Latin American market made it difficult for our rubber manufacturers to export certain types of rubber goods to that country. They immediately acquired small native establishments and expanded them so that today shipments from the United States to that market in rubberized cloth and other supplies for the industry considerably exceed the values of previous exports of the finished garments.

Benefits for the Foreign Workman

A similar illustration was afforded in the case of our tire trade with a substantial market in the British Empire, where a high tariff led to the establishment of an American branch factory. This brought about a sharp reduction in our exports of tires to that region, but the sales of tire fabrics, carbon black and other accessories have increased at such a rate that their value will shortly more than equal the peak figures of shipments of the completed product. From the point of view of the American workman, the employe in the tire factories has evidently suffered, but those in the accessory industries have obviously been correspondingly benefited. Our sales of railway cars to a South American country had been greatly curtailed by tariff and tax measures, but subsequently our shipments of air brakes, wheels and other car parts to American branch plants have more than doubled in the past five years, so that the net value is rapidly approaching the original figure of the finished products.

Of course it is impossible to estimate with any precision the proportion of our astonishing increases in machinery exports which may be directly ascribed to the demands of these American branch factories. There can be no doubt, however, that a substantial part of this trade, which last year exceeded $206,000,000, or double the 1922 figure, was due either to the direct demands of such branches or to their influence and example among native competitors. They have undoubtedly had a good deal to do with the spread of the almost infectious enthusiasm abroad for American industrial efficiency, which at times has indeed run considerably beyond the bounds of sober sense.

Similarly, it would be impossible to calculate the even more significant reactions of the progressive labor policies of these American branch factories upon living standards in the communities where they are located. Any number of illustrations could be cited to prove the general truth of this proposition. A notable instance is in the case of various American industrial undertakings in Chile, which have brought about marked improvement in behalf of the laboring elements. Of course any sweeping wage increases or other extreme innovations, especially in the Old World, where age-long political and social obstacles stand in the way, might present formidable difficulties. Nevertheless, in many cases a salutary example has been set by the American newcomer, with corresponding benefits to the wage-earning classes. The resultant stimulation of their buying power has notably benefited various American export lines, notably household equipment, motion-picture films, clothing and medical necessities.

As I pointed out a moment ago, these shifts of our export trade from finished materials to supplies mean a transfer of jobs from one industry here to another. Our general economic position is sometimes benefited thereby, but this is scant comfort to the workers who lose out in the deal. I am not questioning the economic necessity of such moves, but certainly at least a moral and social obligation rests upon those executives who make the decision. Every proper effort must be made to alleviate as much as possible its more ominous consequences for the workers involved. The situation is comparable to that arising from so-called technological unemployment—that is, the displacement of wage earners by new machinery. Ultimately the difficulty will probably work itself out; that is usually the case, fortunately, in such a dynamic, vigorously volatile economic order as ours. But, even so, in the interval the jobless ones will have difficulty in paying their grocery bills by confronting the bewildered storekeeper with a discourse on the law of ultimate compensatory adjustments among economic forces—or words to that effect.

Here's another element of this problem that is frequently overlooked. As long as the given branch plant confines its trading to the market where it is established, all may be well. But its output, if it operates with characteristic American efficiency in the attainment of cost-cutting mass production, will soon exceed the moderate local demand. The executives of the branch plant then make the rather disquieting discovery that they are not operating in a vast unhampered domestic market like the United States. Then the question of access to neighboring markets comes up and trouble begins. Indeed, this has already occurred in the cases of European branches of American office-appliance manufacturers. Long-standing racial and newly recognized nationalistic animosities, as well as politico-economic ententes and alliances of neighboring countries, interpose formidable objections to trade between near-by ancient adversaries.

In fact, there is often a distinctly more friendly disposition toward wares from distant America, with which there may well be a firm bond of blood relationship through the streams of immigration.

Making Their Own Competition

Once again, without in the least intimating a criticism but simply to call attention to an important fact bearing upon this problem, it is safe to assume that it will be some time before various Continental neighbors entirely forget their ancient antagonisms, and blot out certain regrettable heritages of the remote past. Fortunately considerable headway has been made in this situation, but American industrial leaders must base their branch-factory decisions upon actualities rather than aspirations in this very important respect.

In some cases the development of such an export trade on the part of these foreign branches becomes a commercial necessity. For example, the wide seasonal variation of business in Canada makes desirable the opening of markets elsewhere, especially beyond the equator, where the climatic factor is reversed. Of course the large number of American branches in the Dominion actively exporting to other parts of the empire quite naturally take advantage of the preferential tariffs as well as the seasonal corrective in such growing markets as Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

Recently, however, some of them have been exploiting other non-empire markets in the Far East and Latin America, which has brought them into direct competition with plants here at home. This is a phase of the problem which is frankly disconcerting; it demands the utmost in broad vision and careful planning on the part of the executives in charge at headquarters.

Occasionally such export on the part of the branch to remote markets is quite feasible, especially in cases where the alternative might involve the loss of the business in question to some other industrial nation. To take a specific example, there had been some criticism of an American company for shifting a South American order to its plant in Japan. An examination of the circumstances, however, brought out the fact that if this had not been done, the order would unquestionably have gone to a German or a British rival. American industry was indirectly benefited to the extent of strengthening the demand of the plant in Japan for American machinery and parts.

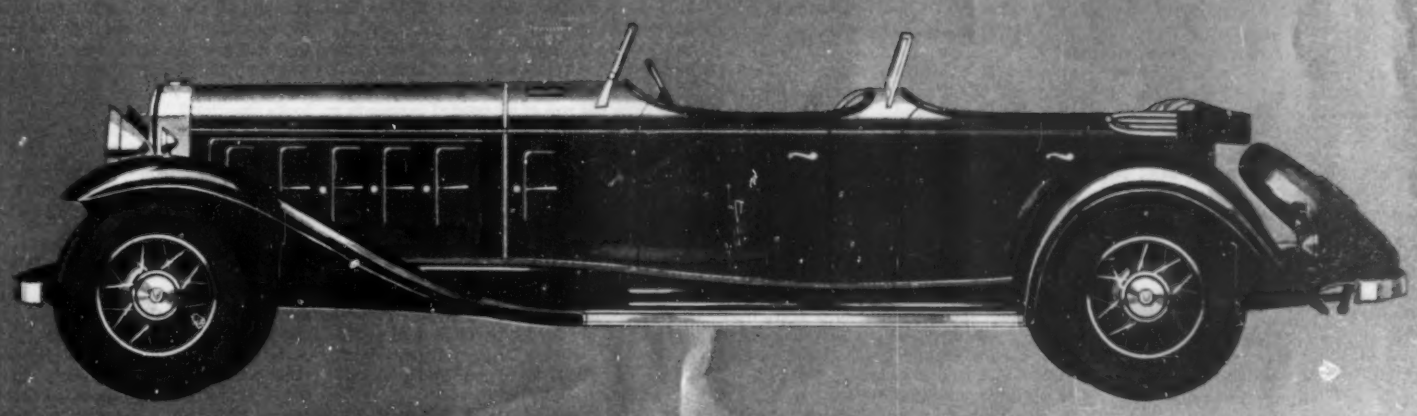
Look Twice Before You Branch

Various American electrical and other public-utility enterprises have been criticized for resorting to overseas plants for their supplies. Each of these cases, however, should be carefully scrutinized before being made the object of criticism, in order, particularly, that this factor of a possible loss of the entire order to a foreign rival might be fully borne in mind.

The lure of so-called cheaper foreign wages has occasionally influenced the decisions of American capitalists to set up shop abroad. Sometimes this consideration has merit. But industrial experts are realizing with increasing frequency that low wages are not by any means an invariable indicator of low labor costs. Before a decision is reached most careful calculations are necessary as to the labor cost per unit of output rather than the per hour or day rate. In any number of cases such calculations reveal a decided advantage in favor of the American plant, not simply because of better machinery and general superior factory management but even as to the actual skill of the workers themselves. Superior American living standards, with greater comfort and physical well-being, have a great deal to do with the larger volume of output per worker in our factories, with consequent modifications of the labor cost of their products.

The problem is a vast one, and subject particularly to hasty conclusions because of the large number of less obvious considerations involved. Any sweeping conclusions or generalizations would be futile. It is quite evident that each individual case must be examined on its merits, that it is highly dangerous for our executives to come to any snap judgments on such a complicated problem. In this field, almost above all others in international economics, it is essential that those charged with the final decision must penetrate far into the background of each aspect of the situation. This might seem to be a totally unnecessary truism, but repeated instances of disaster in recent years seem to suggest the necessity of most emphatic insistence upon it.

American capital, with its steadily increasing surpluses, is bound to find investment abroad. American industry, likewise, with its steadily growing strength and ambitions, is bound to project itself beyond our borders. But, above all things, let us be assured that such migration is carried on with sobriety and with every possible measure of prudent caution.



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MIRTHFUL HAVEN

(Continued from Page 24)

I think she'll have it!" Agatha turned from Wallace. "Do you want me to go on, Gordon, or would you rather I'd wait?"

"I?" he said blankly. "I don't know what on earth you're talking about. I think Wallace is right—you've gone off your head."

"All right; I'll straighten you out about that. You've been so nice to me and so helpful about my friendship with Vinnie it'll do you good to hear more about Mildred's friend. It's the bootlegger's daughter I'm speaking of—besides the other thing wrong with her, she had a habit of being a little too light-fingered for Mirthful Haven, so she got taken away to be reformed; but it didn't happen. The reformation didn't, I mean. Want some more? All right! She came back here with a changed name—a changed name part of the time, anyhow—and Wallace's dear little Mildred sponsored her socially, made a big fuss over her, had her at Aunt Virgie's—oh, yes, here, too! Brought her right into this house—oh, dear, yes! Right at mother's tea table! Why shouldn't she be here—precious Wallace's Mildred's darling best friend!"

But Wallace caught the enraged girl by the shoulders and shook her. "Why, you little liar!" he shouted. "What the devil do you ——"

Agatha outshouted him. "Edna Shellpool!" she screamed. "Edna Pelter! That's who your Mildred's darling girl friend is—Edna Pelter! Father's friend Pelter's daughter! Rum-runner Pelter's daughter! Edna Pelter!"

"You little liar! You terrible little ——"

"Let me go!" Agatha screamed. "You talk about my Vinnie's being a native and beat him up for it—what about Mildred's Edna? Yes, what about Gordon's Edna? Our own dear Gordon's Edna Pelter! You let me go, I say! Let me go or I'll ——"

Her voice had risen excruciatingly, and her father, desperate and aghast, stepped forward to check her; but Mrs. Corning threw open the doors, rushed into the room and caught her sobbing daughter in her arms.

"Let her alone!" the mother said, but her eyes went to Gordon, who stood across the room, his face white and stricken, his whole body shaking. For all that had so long been mysterious to him now fatally was mysterious no longer. "Gordon! Gordon!" his mother wailed. "I'm so sorry! It's all true—horribly, horribly true!"

Corning had seen an abashed figure hobbling away from the open doors as hastily as possible; he followed and overtook the secretary in the hall. "Tholineau, I utterly forgot that those gentlemen are waiting for me. I'll have to ask you ——"

"They've gone, sir. They left almost immediately after you came down from your rooms. They asked me to tell you that they thought it better to leave matters entirely to you; they thought that since they'd made their position clear as entirely in agreement with anything you might decide upon, they'd better withdraw. I happened to see Mrs. Corning entering the house and thought I might come down to deliver their message. I'm very sorry if I seem to have intruded upon a ——"

"Never mind," Corning said curtly, and stood for some moments in profound and frowning thought, but, in his silence, did more than thinking. Suffering and humiliation were within him, and over them, almost submerging them, surged a bitterness. He had been proud of his children; strict with them, he had, nevertheless, a tender and anxious affection for them. He was bitter, but could not be bitter toward them; naturally, his bitterness had to find an object upon which to culminate. Such an object was at hand, one that had troubled him of old, but never as it troubled him now, and he had borne with it overlong. Corning was a conscientious man and could not have brought himself to do anything whatever that he did not with firm conviction perceive to be right and good. Thus, as he stood in his hall for those few moments, his duty became clear and definite before him—his duty both as a wounded father and as a good citizen. He put his hand on the secretary's shoulder.

"Tholineau, we'll go up to my study for a little private talk. Do you happen to know anything about the Coast Guard patrol boat that we sometimes see alongside a wharf in the village?"

XXVII

ALL that day Edna intermittently answered her urgent heart with the word "Tomorrow!" When she woke upon the morrow she whispered, "Today!" As she set breakfast upon the table, she said to herself, "Fifteen hours—ah, already a little less than fifteen hours!" She had dared only to hint to Gordon, in their hurried interview by the window, that she might meet him at the last of the Casino dances; she had dared only to hint as much to herself, for the departure of the compelling, protective hand of the impetuous Mildred renewed old tremors—yet all the time, of course, Edna meant to fulfill the hinted promise. "Fifteen hours!" and she would see him again—for the last time, maybe? No, there was no need to think beyond the meeting at the end of these fifteen hours. Tuesday he would be leaving Mirthful Haven; but there was no need now to think of Tuesday, for this was only Saturday! She would think of nothing except tonight—of ten o'clock tonight. He would be there by that time, watching for her coming, counting upon the tentative pledge she had given him. "Fifteen hours—and now, ah, surely quite a little less than fifteen!"

At noon, in her overalls, she was patching a rotted board in the veranda flooring with a strip of new plank when she heard a pleasant pealing of church bells from the village and became breathless. "Twelve o'clock!" she thought, and the hammer trembled in her hand. "Ten hours—only ten hours to wait!"

Out upon the floats, at the end of the pier, Pelter had seated himself on an empty box, crossed his long legs and was engaged in a desultory conversation with Henry Marsh, who sat in a rowboat and slowly backed water with his oars to maintain his position. The murmur of their voices came to Edna's ears, but ceased during the almost silent passing of a craft from up-stream, a big dark-gray boat that looked both seaworthy and swift; the two men turned to watch it casually, yet with the estimating glance that seafarers give to any vessel. Leaving a bubbling lane of white water behind it, the patrol boat swept quietly down the harbor and stood out to sea. Henry Marsh bobbed placidly upon the curled edge of the wake and resumed his talk with Pelter; but Edna, rising, continued to watch the formidable gray shape.

It dwindled quickly, becoming no more than a black arrowhead upon the bright ocean; then it was not there at all and even the white fan that followed it disappeared. So did the anxiety in Edna's eyes; she was no longer much afraid of that boat, yet she was relieved. "Ugly thing!" she thought, light-hearted to see it setting forth upon some apparently distant mission. "Just a little while now and you'll never scare me again at all!" Then, as she turned into the house to put away the hammer and box of nails, her lips parted and her breath stopped for an instant with the thought of what another little while would bring her. "Ten hours—less than ten hours now! Already it's less than ten hours!"

So, through the long, sunlit afternoon, she marked the shortening of the time to elapse before the brilliant, reckless, happy moment when her lover would rush to her as she appeared in the high-arched doorway of a great room resonant with jubilating music. At last the hours were so few that she could subdivide them.

"Three hours—a hundred and eighty minutes!" she thought, beginning to put away the dishes after supper. "A hundred and eighty minutes—and half of one of them must be gone already!"

Pelter had lighted his pipe and turned his chair about to face the open, wide doorway, where were framed the harbor, its farther shore, distance and faraway coast twinklings, all washed over with pale green by the harmonizing twilight. Edna came as usual to sit at the other side of the table, bringing a book with her, though she failed to open it. "Got it fixed up pra'tic'ly complete," he said after a time, not turning. "Henry Ma'sh and Web Hazzard and me. Come October, guess we'll be under way."

"I'm so glad!"

"Yes; guessed you'd like it. Guessed you'd like it—better."

"Oh, I do—I do!"

"Guess so," he said, and was silent, becoming contemplative. Presently he let his left arm droop over the arm of his chair and his fingers groped absently in emptiness at a little distance from the floor. "Godfrey!" he muttered. He thrust that hand decisively into his pocket, lest it betray him again, then got up and lounged out to the pier, where he stood looking up reflectively at the darkening sky.

He would not go to sea tonight, Edna thought, and this was her thought because it was her hope; her heart could not be so light as she meant it to be tonight if she knew, while she danced, that he was somewhere out upon the lonely dark water. How many of those one hundred and eighty minutes were left? "Less than a hundred and sixty! Half a minute less than a hundred and sixty!" She jumped up, went on tiptoe to the stairs, ran up them noiselessly, went to her room and lighted the lamp. She had put on gray silk stockings before supper; now she removed her apron and the brown gingham skirt and blouse she had worn during the afternoon, then took from her row of suspended garments a weightless ghost of gray chiffon that Gordon had not seen. She drew the lovely misty thing down over her head, smoothed it, patted it, fastened the filmy girdle with a big, old brooch of garnets her step-grandmother had given her, rearranged her hair at her mirror, slid her feet into dull red satin slippers that were near the color of her hair and sent forth tiny wine-colored sparklings from the small garnet buckles she had bought for them. Then with reason she smiled excitedly to the mirror, though it was a niggardly bit of glass and gave only her head and shoulders to view.

When she came downstairs, wrapped in her long, white shawl, she found her father and old Wye seated at the table and beginning a game of checkers. "I'm going to run up to Captain Embury's for a little while," she said. "I'll be back long before you go to bed, probably."

Neither of them looked up; her father only said, "Guess so," and continued to study the checkerboard.

Part of the time of waiting could be employed, she thought, in this errand, a belated one, for she had not seen Captain Embury since the day when she had let Mildred Kerr sweep her into dazzling adventure, and earlier upon that day Edna had pressed the Captain to make a fundamental change in his long-settled manner of living. Such a change was not only against his principles, he had protested; it involved peril both to his peace and to his collections—nevertheless he had consented to it, since it was she who urged it upon him, and she should have gone before now to ascertain how well the experiment was succeeding.

It had been begun, she observed, as she turned from River Road and the Captain's house was revealed to her in vague profile. Not only the dining-room windows but those of the kitchen as well were bright oblongs against the dark architectural mass, and previously she had never seen a light in the kitchen so late. She was pleased, and touched, too, by this visible proof of the weight her suggestions had with him, and, when she had gone round the corner of the house and rung the bell of the side door, she waited in the darkness, smiling, knowing securely that here was a place where she was welcome and held dear. Captain Embury opened the door, frowned incredulously, became radiant with recognition and began to chide her delightedly in his tempest-conquering voice.

"You! Thought you'd left me to swamp! Thought you were never comin' back even to take a look at what you'd done to me! Thought you'd just let the old hulk go adrift! Well, well, so you didn't have the heart to do it? Did come around at last, did you, to see if there was anything that could be salvaged?" He led her into the dining-room, where his evening fire added a fluctuating rosiness to the light of the lamps; then, stepping back from her to look at her, "Glory!" he exclaimed. "Fit to have your portrait taken, right this minute! Fit to sit for a picture with the finest artist in the world to take it of you!"

She laughed excitedly, thinking that perhaps younger eyes might find her pleasing—at ten o'clock! "Do you like this dress, Captain?" she asked, and, with an air of affectionate, bold coquetry, swung the shawl from her, dropped it upon a chair and stood before him.

"My soul and glory!" he shouted. "There couldn't be any artist fine enough to take you—not to get anything a body'd be willin' to call a likeness, no matter how handsome he could make his picture look! Been sittin' here evenin's, I have, workin' out in my mind what terrible names I'd call you and all the dreadful things I was goin' to say to you, next time I'd see you—if I ever did see you again!—and now you've come, why, my heart's just turned to water! How's a body goin' to scold anyone who looks like that?"

The Captain's exorbitant, genuine admiration enraptured Edna. "I must look—almost lovely!" she thought, and, upon a sudden impulse, so grateful she was, she put her hands upon his shoulders, bent forward and kissed him heartily. "I do love you!" she cried.

"My soul and glory!" the Captain gasped and, suffused with happiness, shrewdly perceived the truth and made a wise generalization. "When the young say and do such beautiful things to the old, it's because their hearts get to overflowin'—they want so much to say and do those things to some other young one! Do you think you could sit down without gettin' too mussed up?"

She took one of the two arm-chairs by the hearth; he sat in the other and made a rueful gesture toward a closed door behind him, whereupon Edna became aware of an intermittent clatter of dishes and pans from that direction. She nodded and said, "I know, but first tell me if you've had any more twinges. My father said he'd seen you at the post-office, but you hadn't mentioned them."

"Didn't mention 'em because I didn't have any. Only lasted a day or two. Never in better health in my whole life and never better fit to take care o' my own house without any woman stampin' all over the place and singin' off key. Not singin' now because she's worn out with it, likely, and Charlie Boy's there with his stockin' feet in the oven. Name o' Sillery, she is. Guess you don't know her—comes from way up at the other end o' town. Tried to make me a curry, she did. There's only one place in the world where they know how to make a curry—Bombay—and there's twenty-eight articles goes in a Bombay curry. Think anybody the name o' Sillery from the other end o' Mirthful Haven would ever have the least conception in the world of a curry? Only stand her because you ——"

(Continued on Page 48)

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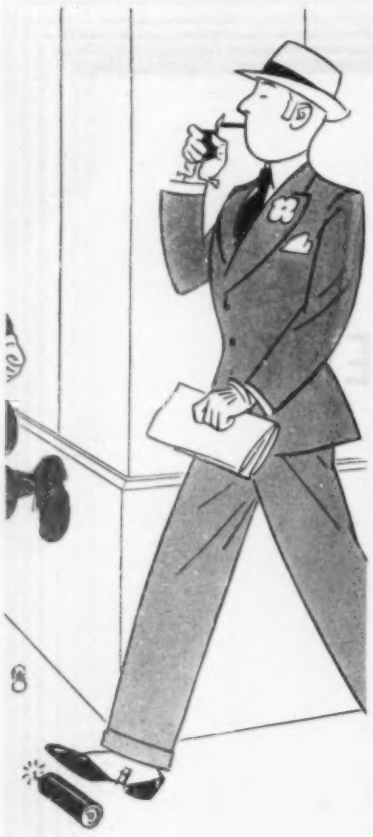

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(Continued from Page 44)

"But she is useful, isn't she?" Edna interrupted. "She does have your breakfast for you when you come down and ——"

"What if she does?" he said argumentatively. "Always got it for myself in ten minutes, and other meals in fifteen or maybe twenty. When she isn't singin', she's talkin'. Begins talkin' to me the minute she sights me anywhere in the house. Then she's got Charlie Boy attached to her same as if he was something she's wearin'. Never heard any other name for him except Charlie Boy; his grandfather was a Portagee, or something, came here in shipbuildin' times; think his name was Boya, maybe. Anyhow, Charlie Boy's her boarder—been boardin' with her for eleven years; so of course he has to come here and have his meals, because she said, no matter what, she couldn't turn Charlie Boy off. Mows lawns and rakes drives for the summer people, sits with his feet in the oven all winter. Great talker, too—worse than Lin Seabury. After dinner, sits with his stockin' feet in my oven, where I don't like to have 'em, no matter if it's the warmest evenin' o' summer. Hark to 'em, will you? She's hard o' hearin' and he's got his voice pitched up that way permanently!"

He paused so that his caller might hear the vocal clatter now predominant in the kitchen; the two voices were speaking at once, and, if there were a distinction between them, the man's was the higher, twangier and more monotonous.

"Broke out again," the Captain explained. "Shut up some when you first came in, hopin' to hear what we said, likely. Come in here pretty soon, they will, to say they're leavin' for the night, and they'll go on like that for as much as fifteen minutes. I'll say this for her: she hasn't broken anything yet, except a picture on glass of the island of Capri where the Blue di Grot' is; but it's like livin' in the same house with a newspaper. If there's anybody's hen in the whole o' Mirthful Haven that's laid an extra egg any day this week, why, if Mrs. Sillery doesn't know it, Charlie Boy does, and I'm sure to hear about it!" Captain Embury paused again, glanced thoughtfully at his visitor, then turned his gaze to the fire. "For instance, I don't suppose you've been a place since Mrs. Sillery came here that I haven't heard about."

"What?" Edna cried, her eyes opening widely. "But I don't know either of them; so how could they ——"

"Oh, yes," the Captain said, nodding. "They know you when they see you. Besides that, Mrs. Sillery has a niece by marriage who helps do the laundry work at the Cornings'; and Charlie Boy does assistant gardener's work three days a week at the Vandenbrocks', next door to the Cornings'. Said the whole Point was talkin' about what a handsome fancy dance you did at the Casino, and Charlie Boy said one day you jumped out of a window at the Cornings' and ran home—the day your father's dog got killed. Said you played tennis at the Gordons' 'most every afternoon and ——"

"What? Then how many people do you suppose know ——"

"Wouldn't bother about that point," the Captain said. "Pretty close-mouthed, we are, except among ourselves, you know. I just mentioned these facts because I thought maybe you mightn't understand how much your father might know about 'em, and perhaps you'd like to tell him more than you have told him—especially in case he knows already—and it wouldn't do any good for him to think you were keepin' something back from him."

"Ah, yes!" Edna sighed. "You're right. I understand—and thank you. I've known all along that it was hurting him, because he either knew or guessed what I've been doing, and he thinks of those people as his enemies of course ——"

"Now, now," the Captain said soothingly. "No call for you to look troubled about it; just thought I'd hint maybe you'd like to have it out with him before long. It's only a few days until all those people at the Point will be gone. You have your good time all you want. Just thought maybe when they're gone you'd like to tell him about it."

"Oh, I must! I will! I won't wait till then. I'll tell him—I'll try to—tomorrow. I'll tell him tomorrow, Captain." Edna rose and picked up her shawl. "I—I—really all I want is just this—this last night."

"You have your good time," he said, rising, too. "Don't let me spoil it with this idea of mine about your father—you can make it all right with him; he'll understand. The only thing I meant was that it might hurt him not to have you tell him. Well, now you're goin' to, just put it out of your mind until you do it. You can do that, can't you?"

"Yes," she returned, smiling and brightening. "Yes, just over tonight. I just want ——"

"Of course you do! You have it too! Dance at the Casino, isn't it? You go up there and outdance the best of 'em! Everything's all right and there won't be anybody there that can dance—or look, either—within a mile of you!" He went to the side entrance with her and, in the hallway, she took his arm affectionately as she walked beside him. He continued to express encouragement even after she had gone out of the house. "Fit to have your portrait taken by the finest artist in the world, right now!" he called after her, as she went toward the gate. "Finest artist in the world couldn't take a portrait of you that would be anywhere near a good likeness! You have your good time and outdance the very last of 'em all!"

From the street she looked back and saw his sturdy figure still standing in the light of the doorway. He waved his hand to her, calling out a series of good nights in a jovial voice; but his expression changed and became serious when there was no longer a possibility of her seeing it. He returned with slow steps to the dining-room, and there, not greatly to his pleasure, found his new housekeeper and her boarder waiting to bid him good night. He would have liked to keep the room for a little while freshly reminiscent of the graceful presence just withdrawn from it. "Couple o' weeds in a vase where there's been a branch o' lilac," he thought, both gallantly and ungallantly. "Big gawky biddybody!" he went on, addressing the housekeeper mentally; and black-jowled, fat Mr. Boy, who looked like a well-tonsured Spanish monk in borrowed, shabby clothes, found no higher favor with the Captain. "Porpoise!"

"Come to bid you good night, Cap'n," Mrs. Sillery said. "Kitchen's locked up, lights out and Charlie Boy's carryin' the key fer me. Guess she's goin' up t' the Casino. All I got to say, wish her joy of her evenin'. Guess maybe she'll git it; guess maybe she wun't. Ee-ah!"

"She means 'yes', Cap'n," Mr. Boy explained affably. "When Mrs. Sillery says 'Ee-ah' like that, she always means 'yes'. It's her way o' speakin' the word, you might say. Dun't mean nothin' p'tic'lar 'cept jest 'yes'."

"I know what she means by it," the Captain returned testily. "Heard her say it often enough! Well, good night."

"Good night, Cap'n," Mrs. Sillery said, not moving. "Guess you heard Freem Wicks and Matt Beale's goin' to lobster fer the new fish firm this winter. Leastways, they says they be. Old Mrs. Dalley got took low agin last night; her man says he was s'prised to see her still in the land o' the livin' when he come downstairs, where her bed is, to git his breakfast."

"Told me he never was more s'prised in his life," Charlie Boy added. "Had his breakfast, went out to feed the hins, come back, and she took and told him she had a mind to ast him to warm over what he left of his breakfast. Took and eat right hearty."

"Ee-ah." Mrs. Sillery confirmed this account. "Didn't do her no good; she never retained it. My marriage niece come t' the kitchen door bit ago on her way home from workin' at Cornings'. Took her and their laundry woman all week to git the clo'es done up, 'count o' gittin' ready to shet up the cottage. What she says 'bout the carryin' on up there yestiddy puts me a-mind o' Long Harry Pelter's Edny goin' up t' the Casino tonight, if so she be. Ruckus goin' on all day among them Cornings. Mrs. Corning come down t' the village early ——"

"Wait a minute!" Charlie Boy interrupted. "I heard 'bout that 'fore you did. It was me that told you. George Thomas was in his wife's kitchen, and he told his brother, Will, and Will told Lin Seabury. I see Lin 'long 'bout noon yestiddy. Way it come about, I was in Pibuddy's buyin' me a whetstone and I kind o' noticed somebody walked up behind me; so I took and turnt round right quick, and it was Lin Seabury. So I says, 'Why, howdy-do, Lin', I says. 'What's the time o' day?' I says. So he says this here Mrs. Corning went to Munsons' fust; then went to some o' that ole Mrs. Shellpool's friends, like Clara Fogg and Mary Thomas. Inquirin', she was; wanted all the infamation she could git. Guess she got some."

"What about?" the Captain asked sharply. "What was she ——"

"This here Edny Pelter," Charlie Boy informed him. "Put in the whole mornin' workin' on the facks, that there Mrs. Corning did. Started in up at Munsons' and kind o' made the rounds after that."

"Ee-ah," Mrs. Sillery said. "Clara Fogg told her she was on the live-and-let-live side; maybe the girl might be brought to do right if they wun't no pushacution of her, maybe. Clara Fogg told her she didn't hold with them that thought there wun't no good 't all in the girl. Clara held ——"

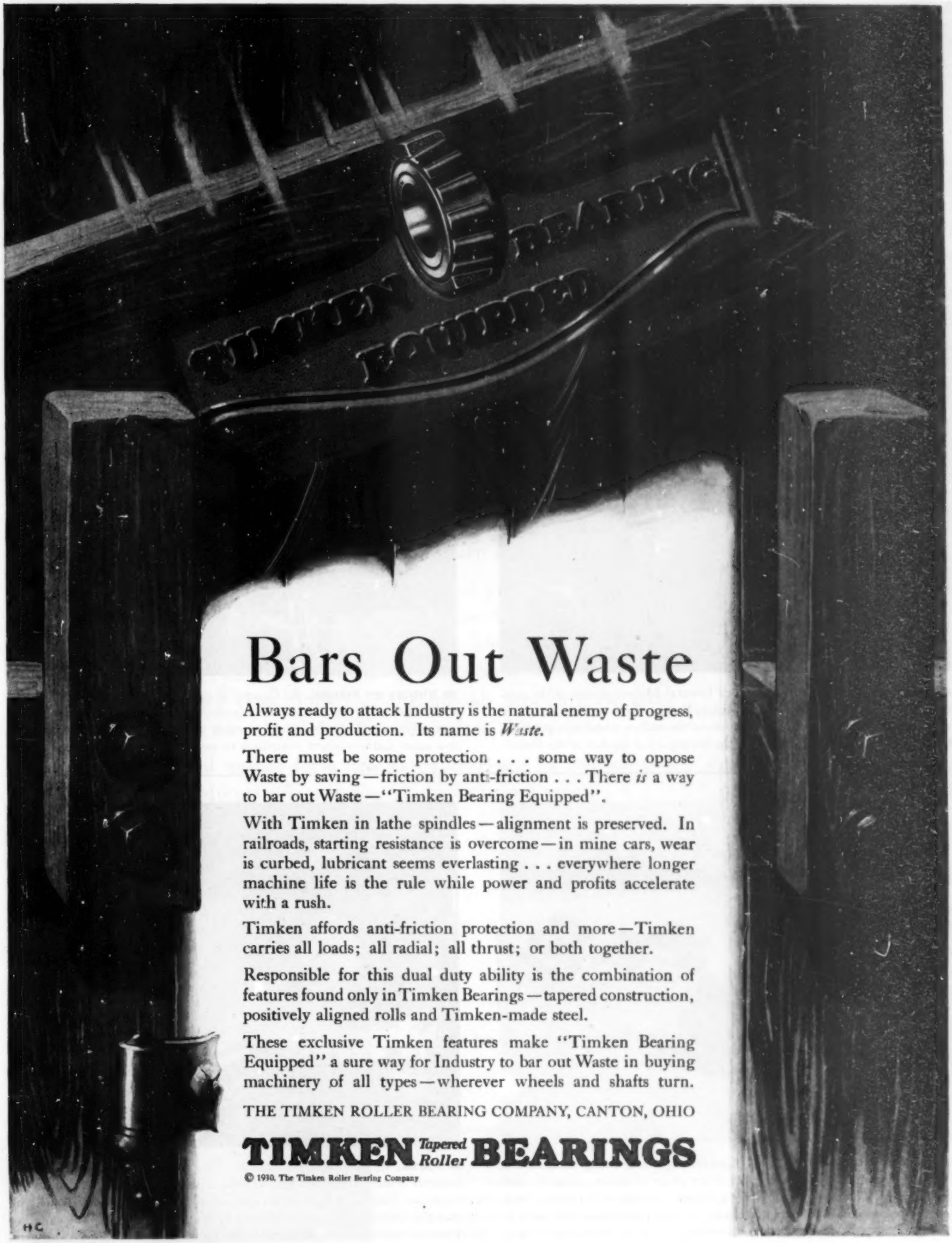
"That's the side I hold with myself," Charlie Boy interrupted in a judicial tone. "It's what I says to more'n one of 'em. 'Le's wait and see what kind o' conduck she's a-goin' to show us', I says. 'Maybe we got to condemn her, but, on the other hand, maybe we hain't got to do no sech a thing', I says. 'Jest watch her a while', I told 'em. 'Maybe she's a-goin' to turn over a new leaf'."

"Ee-ah?" Mrs. Sillery said, with an air of skeptical inquiry. "Maybe she be. Used to be a sayin' up t'our end o' town: 'Turn over a new leaf and maybe the side that comes up is wuss'n the one that's turnt down!' The way I look at the question ——"

"Listen here!" Mr. Boy interrupted loudly, and explained apologetically to the Captain, in a lowered voice: "Got to stop her someways or she'd never quit!" Then, for the benefit of Mrs. Sillery, he resumed his high-pitched monotone. "What I was sayin', 'Give her a chanst', I says, 'cause she might start in any time and turn over a new leaf'. Them's the very words I used today talkin' to Jeff Miller's mother, Ida, that married agin after she was sixty-eight, but he took and left her, so she's back. I see her down on River Road 'cross from Lodger's wharf no later'n nine o'clock this mornin'. Way it come about, I see that crippleman 't works fer Cornings down on the end o' the dock talkin' to the cap'n o' the rum-chaser that lays there sometimes, and I kind o' lolled around, tryin' to make out what the crippleman and the cap'n might be puttin' their heads together over; but I couldn't git no p'tic'lars, 'cause they was so quiet it was kind o' 'barrassin' to go stand right nigh 'em. So 's I come away I see Ida 'cross the street, and I says, 'Hello, Ida!' I says. So I ast her what's the time o' day and all, and her and me had this convasation I'm tellin' you 'bout, Cap'n. Ida, she says they's a good many wun't listen to nothin' a body could say in her favor; wun't hear to a word! But I says, 'Give her a chanst', I says. 'It may not look like it now', I says, 'but watch and see what she does', I told Ida. 'She might start in any time and turn over a new leaf', I told her. 'She might ——'"

"Who might?" the Captain asked sternly. "Who are you talkin' about?"

(Continued on Page 53)



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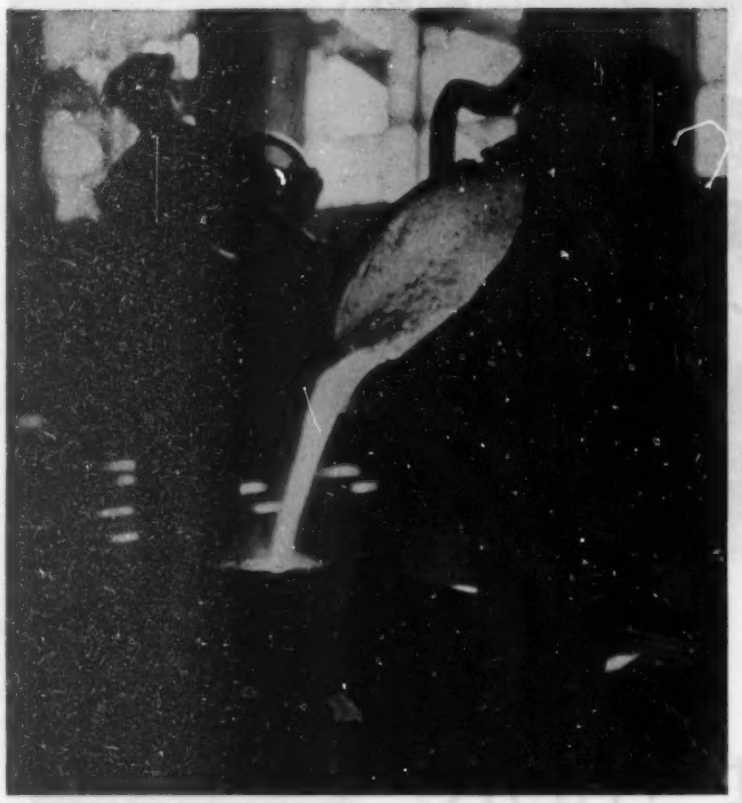

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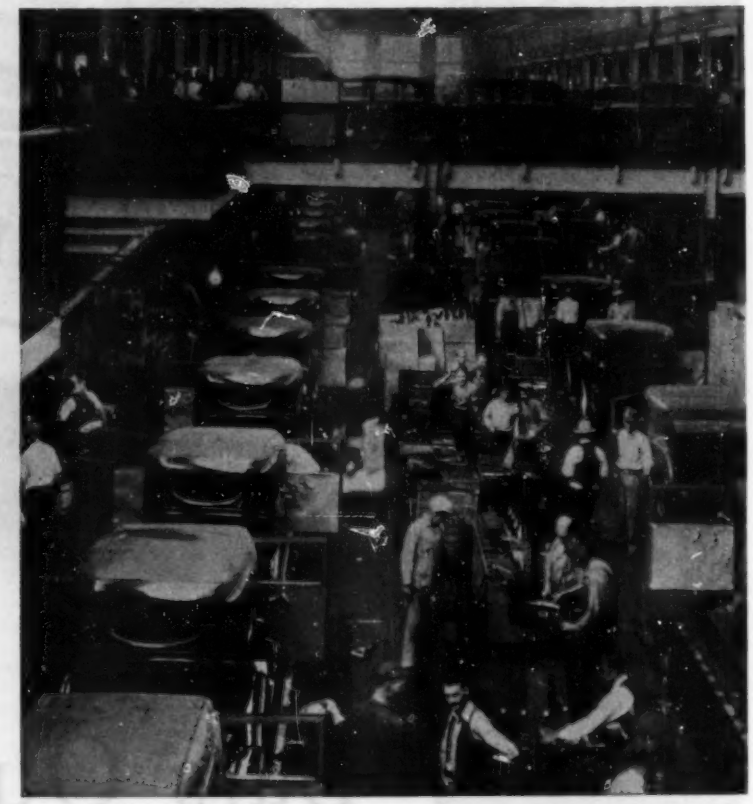

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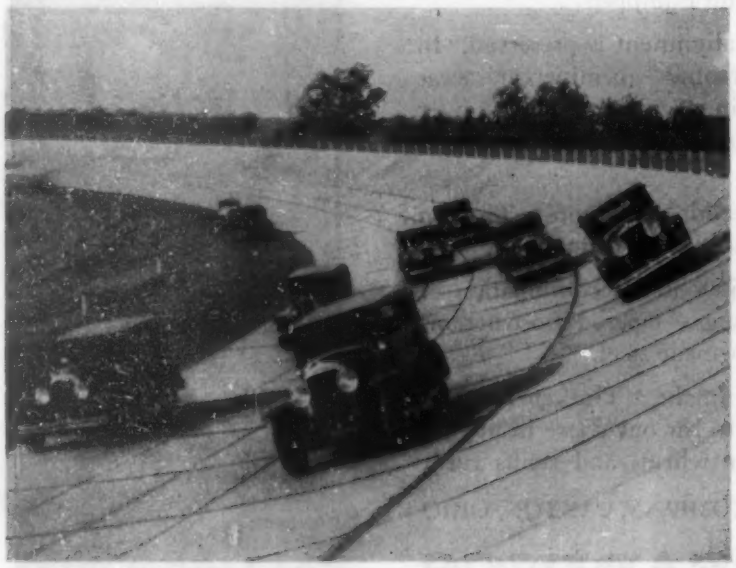

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745 Pontiac Coupe
765 Pontiac Sport Roadster
775 Pontiac 2-Door Sedan
795 Pontiac Phaeton
825 Pontiac Sport Coupe
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$1,000 Marquette 2-Door Sedan
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1,020 Marquette Roadster
1,020 Marquette Sport Coupe
1,025 Oakland Roadster
1,045 Oakland Coupe
1,060 Marquette Sedan
1,060 Oldsmobile Patrician Sedan
1,065 Oakland 2-Door Sedan
1,075 Oakland Phaeton
1,115 Oakland Sport Coupe
1,145 Oakland Sedan
1,195 Oakland Custom Sedan
1,260 Buick "46" Business Coupe
1,270 Buick "40" 2-Door Sedan
1,300 Buick "46-S" Coupe
1,310 Buick "44" Roadster
1,310 Buick "45" Phaeton
1,330 Buick "47" Sedan
1,510 Buick "58" Coupe
1,540 Buick "57" Sedan
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2,450 LaSalle Fleetwood Roadster
2,490 LaSalle Fisher Coupe
2,525 LaSalle Fleetwood Touring
2,565 LaSalle Fisher Sedan
2,590 LaSalle Fisher Conv. Coupe
2,590 LaSalle Fisher Coupe
2,590 LaSalle Fisher Town Sedan
2,775 LaSalle Fisher Sedan
2,925 LaSalle Fisher Imperial Sedan

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$3,295 Cadillac Fisher Coupe
3,450 Cadillac Fleetwood Roadster
3,495 Cadillac Fisher Town Sedan
3,595 Cadillac Fisher Conv. Coupe
3,595 Cadillac Fisher Coupe
3,695 Cadillac Fisher Sedan
3,725 LaSalle Fl't'd Sedanette Cab.
3,795 Cadillac Fisher Sedan
3,825 LaSalle Fleetwood Sedanette
3,995 LaSalle Fl't'd A. W. Phaeton
3,995 Cadillac Fisher Imp. Sedan
4,195 Cadillac Fleetwood Sedan
4,245 Cadillac Fl't'd Sedan Cab.
4,295 Cadillac Fleetwood Sedan
4,395 Cadillac Fleetwood Imperial
4,445 Cadillac Fl't'd Imperial Cab.
4,500 Cadillac Fl't'd Sedanette Cab.
4,595 Cadillac Fleetwood Sedanette
4,595 Cadillac Fleetwood Imperial
4,700 Cadillac Fl't'd A. W. Phaeton
4,995 Cadillac Fl't'd Town Cabriolet
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(Continued from Page 48)

"Why, this here daughter o' Long Harry's—Edny Pelter. I told Ida, I says, 'Maybe she's awful corrupt now', I told her, 'but if she turnt over a new leaf, why, then she wouldn't be', I told her. I told Ida ——"

"What?" the Captain roared suddenly and terrifyingly. "Told your grandmother, you porpoise! It's time I laid my cane over a few people's shoulders, and I'll do it if they don't learn how to speak o' their betters! Get out o' here! Both of you!"

He seemed about to advance upon the stricken pair; they went precipitately, scurrying across the room and into the hallway in order to leave by the side door, as was their custom, though Mr. Boy made an effort to cast about this flight the air of a routine departure, hurried merely as a casual incident.

"Well, good night, as I was sayin', Cap'n," he called in a polite, tremulous voice from the outer door. "See you tomorrow. Good night and ——"

A deep, volcanic roaring, incoherent, but suggestive of blasphemy, cut short the farewell. Mrs. Sillery and Charlie Boy went hastily upon their way; Captain Embury bolted and locked the door and returned to his fireside, but did not sit down. For a time profane rumblings and mutterings came from him; gradually they ceased and he began to pace up and down the spacious room, while an ever darker and darker frown upon his brow betokened an increasing disturbance within. About a quarter of an hour after the departure of the housekeeper and Charlie Boy, he struck the palms of his hands together with sharp decision; he put on his soft hat and a light overcoat, tucked his Malacca cane under his arm, went out of the house and down the street to River Road. There he turned in the direction of Pelter's, walking briskly and keeping his uneasy eyes upon a row of faintly visible patches of light—the lower windows of that ramshackle shape in the dark distance.

XXVIII

AT PELTER'S, Edna had come in softly. The wick of the lamp had been turned down a little, but still burned; the checkers and the board were put away and the sliding doors closed. Her father was upstairs in his room, she supposed, and probably asleep, though he might have gone to the village for another conference with his prospective partners, and of course it was possible that at any time before morning he would go upon a sea errand, even that he had already set forth upon one. But at noon she had seen the patrol boat steer into a main-traveled course that would take it far down the coast—even if Pelter should go to sea, she insisted to herself that she need not be anxious about him tonight. She went first to look at the fly-specked, little nickel-plated clock upon a shelf behind the stovepipe and was so disappointed by the information it conveyed that she stood still to listen to its ticking. "No, you're going all right!" she thought. "Disgusting, poky thing! Ten minutes of nine. Fifty-five minutes before I even dare to start. How long that is!"

Then, for the hundredth time, she began to tremble because of the very shortness of the waiting that seemed so long. Could he be counting the time as she did, sighing over the tedious length of it, trembling and growing breathless at the thought of its brevity? Ah, maybe he could, maybe he, too, had marked off the hours of the day and the dragging, flying minutes of the evening! At this very moment he might be looking at his watch and trembling as she trembled before the shabby little clock at Pelter's! He might!

She went upstairs, passed on tiptoe by her father's closed door, and, in her own room, after anxiously altering the arrangement of her hair, obtained a fresh reassurance from her small mirror. Then she descended, went out to the pier and began to pace back and forth upon its old planks under a clouded sky; but presently stood still, peering out at the water beyond the floats, where there was a vacancy, for the long slim motorboat was not at its mooring. Her father had gone to sea, then; but he would be safe, and this must be the last, or surely almost the last, of his night ventures. Tomorrow she would tell him the truth, and, as Captain Embury had said, "make it all right with him", for he would understand and forgive her. Tonight how much of the truth could she tell Gordon, and, if she could tell him all of it, how well would he understand? Tonight—perhaps it would be better to let the truth stay where it was, veiled and remote. Like a toper, hesitating and then abruptly ordering another bottle, she suddenly made the decision to protect her happiness for at least this one last glittering night. "He'll know soon enough!" she thought, and resumed her light and hurried pacing of the pier.

She resolved to remain outdoors and not to look at the ugly little clock again until she was sure that it would be ready, or at least almost ready, to show upon its face the signal that she might go; but presently there came to her ears a loud knocking upon the door toward the road. She entered the house, calling "Come in!" and Captain Embury, opening the door, made his appearance with an air of apology.

"Just happened to be walkin' by," he explained. "Often take the air of an evenin' like this, and saw the house was all lighted up downstairs, so I thought I'd just come in, though I knew, of course, you didn't expect to see me again so soon. I just happened along and thought I might as well ——"

"Of course, Captain! You'll sit down, won't you?"

"Well, don't know but I might," he said, acting upon the suggestion. "Clouded over since nightfall; breeze from due north freshenin' up some—makes quite a little chop a bit offshore, this breeze does. Dark, too, but the moon's up and if the clouds break some—they show signs of it, here and there—might make it brighter. Hard to tell. Well, I just happened by and thought I might step in a minute, though I was afraid perhaps you'd already started for that dance you had in mind to go to."

"No, it isn't quite time yet, not for a little while."

"I see." The Captain glanced thoughtfully about the room. "You wouldn't mind if I lit one o' these old Manila cigars o' mine, would you? Suppose not, remember' the kind o' tobacco your father uses in his pipe. Often see him buyin' it down at Pibuddy's, and I guess he gets tired o' my always askin' him the same question—what he's goin' to fumigate." Captain Embury lighted his cigar and chuckled as he went on: "Always laughs, though, like a good friend; there's hardly any better way to tell friendship than if a man keeps on all his life bein' ready to laugh at your old jokes. By the way, I suppose he's gone to bed, hasn't he? Upstairs asleep, most likely?"

"No; his boat was gone when I came back. But tonight I'm sure there isn't any danger for him. I'm sure there wouldn't ——"

"No, no," the Captain said hurriedly. "No danger. No danger at all. I just happened to wonder if he might be at home; that was all."

"Something you wanted to see him about?" Edna asked.

"No, no; nothin' special—nothin' at all, in fact." He paused, his attention seemingly caught by the altering blue shapes the smoke of his cigar was forming. "Well, I suppose these dances up at their new Casino are right pleasant? Pretty place, is it?"

"Yes, beautiful, I think."

"I suppose so. Lots o' nice, gay young people, all lively—and friendly—I suppose?"

"Yes, Captain."

"And the young man?" Captain Embury laughed placatively, still watching the smoke of his cigar. "I mean the one that has what the ladies used to call 'burnin' eyes'—young Corning. Since you and he have been seein' so much more of each other, I suppose there might be something like a pretty good understandin' between you by this time?"

"I—I'm afraid not. I'm afraid it can't be called that. He's said that he—that he cares for me ——"

"Yes. And you told me that you ——"

"Oh, yes!" she murmured. "Yes, I do! I do!"

"I see. But you wouldn't like to call it an understandin' between you, because he hasn't heard yet that your real name isn't Miss Shellpool. I see. What kind o' puzzles me a little bit—I just happened to be thinkin' of it—I was wonderin' if he did come to hear about that—some time, maybe—and his family, too—all o' those Cornings, say—and suppose maybe they'd found out about it—some time, say—and you didn't know they had—well, it struck me it might be kind of a danger, in a way, as you might put it, and maybe you ought to be a little careful about gettin' into it without takin' some measures beforehand to avoid it, possibly. You see what I mean, don't you, Edna?"

"Yes, of course. I've thought of it all the time; but it's a danger that doesn't exist more at any one time than at any other."

"No, of course that's so. As you say, it exists all the time and—and that naturally includes this time right now, for instance. I mean, for instance, this evenin' ——"

"Tonight?" Edna had not sat down; she had been leaning back against the new table; but at this she started, stood straight suddenly and spoke in a sharp, tremulous voice. "No, not tonight! I—I couldn't let anything interfere with tonight, Captain!"

"Well, of course I hope not. I didn't want to say anything to spoil your ——"

"No!" she repeated. "I couldn't—I couldn't let anything interfere with tonight!"

Captain Embury sighed a long sigh, and his expression became profoundly compassionate. "It'd be a shame to interfere with it," he said. "It'd be a terrible shame to interfere with it. I know—I can remember—what a few hours' happiness sometimes means to the young. They set everything upon it. They say, 'Give me this one night—and after that, let come what may!'"

"Yes! That's what I've been saying all day! It's what I'm saying now!"

"Of course it is. Well ——" He paused, glancing about him. "Haven't an ash tray anywhere handy, have you?" She brought him an earthen saucer; he tapped his cigar against its edge, thanked her and seemed thus to have found a proper prelude for a change of subject. "I was just wonderin', since you've been up at the Point among those people, you haven't happened—just by chance, maybe—to hear 'em mention your father, I suppose? Didn't happen to hear any of those Cornings or Gordons or any of 'em say something that would seem to show they had some idea what business he's been engaged in with this Charette? Didn't hear anything like that, did you, by chance, maybe?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, it's most likely a coincidence and nothin' worse," the Captain said musingly. "Don't suppose it amounts to anything at all, only—only there's just one chance in a thousand that it might. You happen to meet that lame man, Corning's secretary?"

"Mr. Tholineau? I've just met him. At their house day before yesterday, I think, at tea."

"Seemed friendly, did he?"

"Why, yes," she answered, staring. "Everybody did."

Captain Embury nodded, and his expression showed a slight relief. "Then it's most likely nothin' more than a coincidence. I just happened to hear that the lame man had a quiet talk this mornin' with the young fellow that's in command o' that patrol boat. Of course, such a thing doesn't necessarily mean anything at all—might be an old friend of his. Might be his brother, for all I know."

"Why, yes," Edna said quickly. "I don't see any significance at all in that, Captain. I don't even see a coincidence. Everybody goes to look at that boat when it's at the wharf—people get to talking to those men."

"Yes, of course they do, and there's no good reason to think that Corning's secretary had anything special to say to that young fellow. It only occurred to me that there might be something in it on account of some other gabble I happened to hear. Biddybody's gabble, it was."

"Gabble about me?"

"Not to your discredit," Captain Embury said quickly. "In the first place, there isn't any such thing to be gabbled about, and, in the second, you don't suppose I'd let anybody do that kind o' gabblin' before me, if I understood what they were tryin' to say, do you? No, no; this was just gabble that came through the help up at Cornings' and only concerned the doin's o' some o' that family."

"Something you heard since I left your house this evening, Captain?"

"Yes; so it happened. It just occurred to me that as you mightn't have started to go up to the Casino, I might maybe just as well walk down this way and ——"

She interrupted him sharply. "You mean you came on purpose to tell me something? You mean you want to say something to me that would stop my going there now?"

"Well—maybe. Well—yes. Edna, I'm afraid ——"

"Don't do it!" she said loudly. "Please don't do it, Captain Embury! Don't tell me anything that would keep me ——"

"You poor child!" he said, rising. "Edna, I'm afraid ——"

"No, no! Please don't! Captain, you mustn't!"

"You poor child! Edna ——"

"No, Captain, no! Please ——"

They were speaking at the same time, she entreating and the Captain sorrowfully persistent, when they were interrupted. There was a rapid clumping of rubber boots upon the wooden platform outside, the door was flung open and Hugo Wicks strode into the room, panting after a hard run. "Edna ——" he began; then, seeing the Captain, took off his rough cap. "Excuse me, Cap'n; didn't see you at first. What I want ——" He paused to get his breath. "What I come fer; Edna, do you know if your father keeps any rockets in the house? Got any rockets at all? Or even Roman candles? They won't do no good, but we want to use 'em jest to keep tryin'. Got any fireworks 't all in the house?"

"No, there aren't any. Why?"

"Sure your father never kep' any rockets?"

"There aren't any, I tell you! Why?"

"Then there ain't any anywheres!" Hugo groaned, wiping his forehead with his sleeve. "None of us got any. There ain't any in the village and none nearer'n New Yarmouth. Wouldn't have time to get none from there, anyhow."

"What's in distress?" the Captain asked quickly. "Who do you want to signal? Speak up!"

"It's 'count o' that rum-chaser," Hugo said. "She went out this noon like she was headin' fer Wenmouth like; but she'd put one of her men ashore. Nobody thought nothin' o' that, because he went right off with a suitcase in a summer taxi towards New Yarmouth, like he had shore leave; but he must 'a' sneaked back. He was up on the Point, come night, on them rocks front o' Cornings', where it's highest. Lin Seabury and Web Hazzard see him there and watched to find out what he'd do. Right about then, Long Harry come out o' the river; 'twas jest a quarter before nine o'clock; they couldn't see him, but knowed by the sound of his engine, and that fellow up on them rocks, he knowed it too. He had rockets, dang him! Because by the time Long Harry'd got three, four mile out he sent up three of 'em. Long Harry wouldn't notice 'em, steerin' with his back to shore, anyhow, and if he did happen to see 'em he'd think it was jest some summer people foolin' around. That'd be the trouble with our sendin' up some of 'em

(Continued on Page 56)

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now, if we had 'em; but my father thought it was anyways wuth tryin'. Might give Long Harry the idea somethin' was wrong somewheres."

"How do you know there's anything wrong?" the Captain asked impatiently. "Just because that man sent up ——"

"How'd we know there was anything wrong?" Hugo echoed. "My Godfrey! After he sent up them rockets, didn't that rum-chaser come slidin' back out o' nowheres and lay right off the mouth o' the habbuh? Layin' there now, right in Long Harry's track, where he's got to come to get in. She's a-layin' halfway between Mile Rock and the breakwater, and he hasn't got a chance 'less we can find some way to stop him before he gets in range of her, and God knows I can't think o' none!"

Edna, who had become deathly pale, uttered a sound, but it was only that—an incoherent monosyllable. The Captain put a firm hand upon her arm and said harshly to Hugo, "Aren't there any boats in Mirthful Haven? A man's got a right to get into his boat and go where he pleases, hasn't he?"

"Already done that, Cap'n—all there's been time fer. Lin Seabury and Web Hazzard only stopped to tell my father; then they run down to Finn Peters's and got him out with his old one-lunger. Lin Seabury went with him to lay out beyond Mile Rock, if they could get there in time, and Web Hazzard's boat—it's a mite faster than Finn's—he was goin' to try to lay farther out; but you can see yourself, Cap'n, how much chance they got tryin' to hail a man in the whole Atlantic Ocean, when they don't know what his course is, and him runnin' at the speed he does. Anton don't know the course fer tonight himself; said so on the telephone. My father's boat's got a cracked cylinder, so we couldn't go, and there ain't another layin' up t' the village that would get out the habbuh in time to do any good now. All the rest of us could think of was to try to give him an idea there was somethin' wrong—built a big fire down on the beach, but he'll most likely think it's jest a clambake." He turned to Edna again. "Dang it! You sure there ain't no rockets in the house anywheres?"

She stood staring at him, her hands pressed tightly upon her breast, and she tried to speak, but, being unable, shook her head; then turned, ran out through the open doorway, across the wooden yard and down River Road toward the sea. Hugo ran after her, though he could not overtake her, and Captain Embury followed, beginning to swear continuously under his breath.

XXIX

AGAINST the black sky the big bonfire flamed from the highest of the dunes, and an old, old dramatic fragment of inconsequent history was repeated upon the borders of an ocean that must have forgotten how many centuries ago its surface first broke out a red lane of leaping reflections from a smuggler's warning beacon. Captain Embury, making his way through the dunes, saw scurrying silhouettes between him and the flaring brightness, figures laden with ragged shapes of driftwood, and old Wye's hut, near by, and its irregular paling fence, made into a rosy nightmare of a habitation. One of the figures—a burly one—moved away from the fire upon the Captain's approach and came to meet him.

"Guess you better take command here, if you're willin', Cap'n," Freeman Wicks said. "Trouble is, Long Harry's b'en so cluss-mouthed he hain't never taken nobody into his confidence—not even old man Wye. If he'd ever jest only 'a' said to Wye to build a bonfire, case the rum-chaser showed up—but they never had no sech understandin', so we don't know whether we're doin' right or wrong. Henry Ma'sh and Hink and Ed, they're here now, but too late to git their boat out, 'cause it's cumbersome and hauled out o' water fer calkin'. Finn Peters's one-lunger hain't got much out beyond that rum-chaser yet—stopped on him a couple o' times and he had hard work gittin' her started up agin. You can hear him yet out there, if you face that way and hold your hands behind your ears. Web Hazzard seemed to be workin' off to westud, like 'sif he thought Long Harry might be comin' from over Old Bareface way. Trouble is, he's jest as likely as not to shoot right in halfway between 'em or from anywheres t' the east, and if he does they'd be 'bout one chanst in a million of his seein' 'em swing a lantern 'fore he got too cluss on t' the rum-chaser. Course, if either of 'em does git nigh him, all he's got to do is to heave his cases overboard and come right into the habbuh slick 's a whistle; let 'em ask him all the questions they're a-mind to! Trouble is, he'll either think this bonfire's a house afire, or summer folks rollickin', likely, but buildin' it and gittin' them two boats out, it's all we've had time to think of. Done the best we could. Can you think of anythin' else you'd like to tell us to do, Cap'n?"

"No," Captain Embury said, and looked up at the sky. The darkened sea and all the earth seemed to lie within a vast inclosure of low clouds, yet the solidity of their great mass was impaired by vague gray paths of muffled brightness; here and there, vaporish outlines were discernible, and to the eastward a thin hint of light stealthily increased—almost a silvery rim appeared. "Except pray," the Captain said. "Pray for a break in the clouds that'll let the moon through long enough for him to sight that boat himself. If he sees her before he's too close onto her, you can trust Long Harry Pelter to take care of himself."

"Couldn't sight her now, by Godfrey, Cap'n! Pretty black out there and we can't see her ourselves, though we know where she's a-layin'. We thought some o' shootin' off rifles or shotguns maybe; but it didn't look like any chanst he'd take note of it, with the chop agin him and his engine roarin' like it does. Do you think it'd be any use, Cap'n?"

"No. Just pray for that moon!"

They had reached the crest of the dune, near the fire; Henry Marsh and Hugo came to join them, while Marsh's two brothers and Wye and Edna continued to bring fuel and throw it upon the flames. Bareheaded, his wisps of white hair flying, Wye showed a startling activity; he ran back and forth with Edna between the fire and a diminishing pile of driftwood behind his shack. He was always beside her, talking incessantly. "Git wood! More wood! More wood! Lugged it home all summer long fer the winter. No matter! No matter! Pile it on! Pile it on! Pile it sky high, girl! Pile it sky high, 'cause your father ain't no man ever to let no other man take aholt of his arm and lead him away. He'll turn hell upside down 'fore they tech him or his boat! More wood! Pile it on, girl! Pile it on!"

"Pile it on! Pile it on!" she gasped, running beside him and repeating almost everything he said, though she did not know that she was doing so.

Upon the other side of the fire all five of the fishermen had now gathered about the Captain. "Don't see no use heapin' her up any higher, do you, Cap'n?" one of the older Marshes inquired. "Can't be no doubt but he'll be able to see her as fur out as you please. Only question is, would it maybe give him the notion somethin' might be amiss? Think so, maybe, Cap'n?"

The Captain glanced toward Edna; but she was running back again to Wye's yard and could not see him. He shook his head, and a complete silence fell upon the group about him; but after a time Freeman Wicks said in a low voice, "Who's yonder?"

A square-shouldered, short young man in neat blue clothes and a flat-topped blue cap had emerged from the cluster of sandy hillocks behind them, and Hugo Wicks recognized him as the member of the patrol boat's crew who had been left ashore.

"Him that sent up the rockets," he whispered.

The stranger approached the group and addressed himself composedly to Henry Marsh. "Think you're goin' to do a lot of good with that bonfire? Big idea, what?"

Henry looked at him for several slow moments, then turned to Hugo and said casually, "Hear mack'rel's up a couple o' cents over at New Yarmouth sence yestaday."

The young man from the patrol boat laughed and turned toward the Captain, whom he supposed to be a chance spectator wandered down from one of the cottages. "Beat hell, don't they, these birds? Probably if you've been here long you've had some experience yourself, sir, tryin' to get a word out of 'em unless your grandfather was one of their great-aunt's pallbearers! They know the water, though, and how to handle a boat—and some of 'em may hate each other, but let one of 'em get in a pinch out yonder, and you'd think he was twin brother to all of 'em! I'll certainly have to say that for 'em." He turned again to the fishermen. "No occasion for hard feelin's, boys; we're just doin' our duty, which is to keep contraband out o' the country. We knew there was a leak along about here somewhere and noticed this bird's boat once or twice, saw it was pretty good; but we took it for probably just a party boat. Sized her up; don't believe she can do better than thirty miles. We turn up better than forty, ourselves, so it's all right." He laughed again, amiably. "Perhaps you boys wonder why we didn't lay inside the harbor for him and make it easier for one of you to just stand out on the breakwater and tell him about it when he came up. You'll have to hand it to us for being at least that wise to the kind of birds you are, won't you?" Then, amused, he once more addressed Captain Embury. "If I keep on talkin' to 'em they'll begin to tell each other some more about the price of mackerel at New Yarmouth! Well, this here Mirthful Haven is a fine, lively, go-ahead, small city! We'd never have got this bird Pelter, if some of you people up at the Point hadn't shown a little friendliness."

"I understand so," Captain Embury said slowly, turning for the first time to look at the young man. "I understand that your commander had a hint from someone of considerable importance."

"Certainly did! Tip from the biggest man in the place, I understand he is. Sent up my rockets from right in front of his cottage; his secretary picked the spot for me—that high rock over on the cliff yonder. No harm in lettin' it out now, but we certainly got a good break." His eye wandered and widened with astonishment as it became cognizant of Edna, who was running toward the fire, bringing more driftwood in her arms, with the brilliant, rosy light of the flames full upon her. The young man edged closer to the Captain. "For heaven's sake! Who's that? Who's the summer dame in the party dress and what in hell is she doin' here?"

Captain Embury made no reply. Instead, he turned away and began to walk toward Edna, but stopped, with half the distance traversed, and looked at her. She had thrown her armful of wood upon the fire and was in the act of turning back toward Wye's yard, when suddenly her lips parted with the half-stifled cry that came from them, she lifted her hands to her cheeks, held them there, and her whole figure became rigid. Freeman Wicks said "Godfrey!" in a loud whisper; then all of the five fishermen, standing together, seemed to lean a little forward, like a sculptured group upon a pedestal that tilted slightly. From far away, from the unseen horizon, it seemed, there came a faint, ceaseless humming like the sound of a distant airplane.

The surf was so small that it made only a watery whispering against the rocks and along the beach. The distant humming became clear and distinguishable to all ears; and from nearer by, just then, other sounds were borne fitfully upon the air: drums in a tom-tom cadence, tiny clashings of brass cymbals, a thin stream of fiddling and the cackled laughter of a saxophone. An accompanying vocal murmur signified that many of the dancers were singing the air played

(Continued on Page 61)

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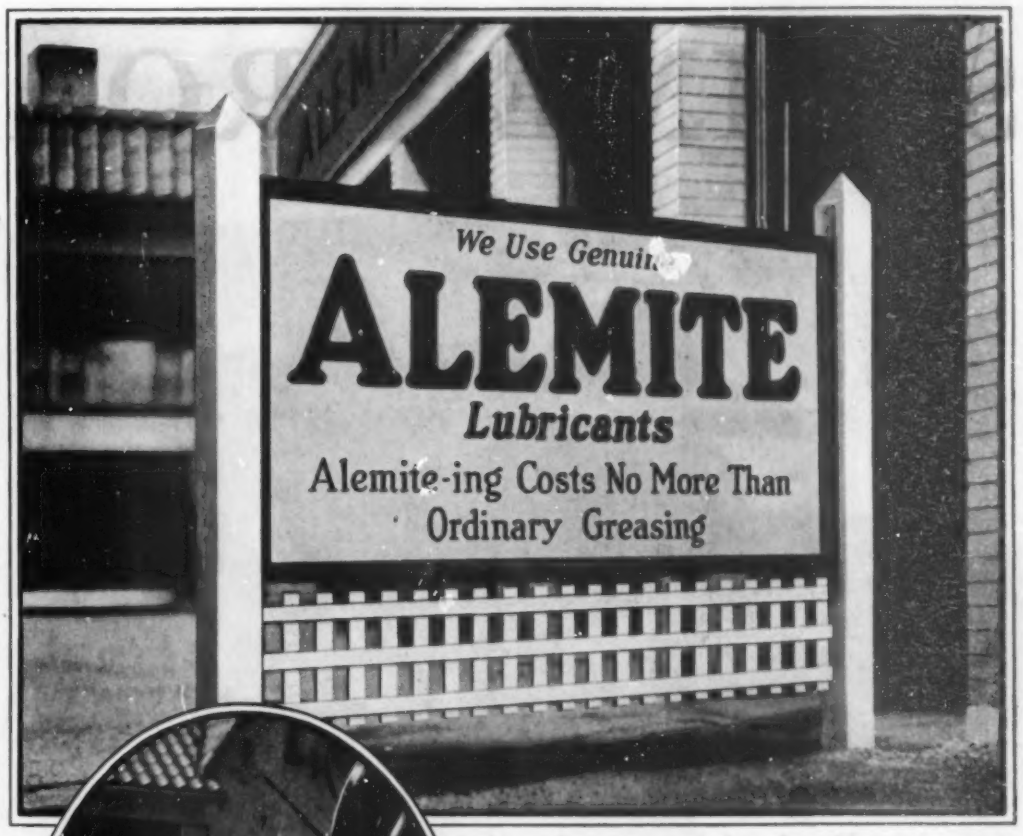

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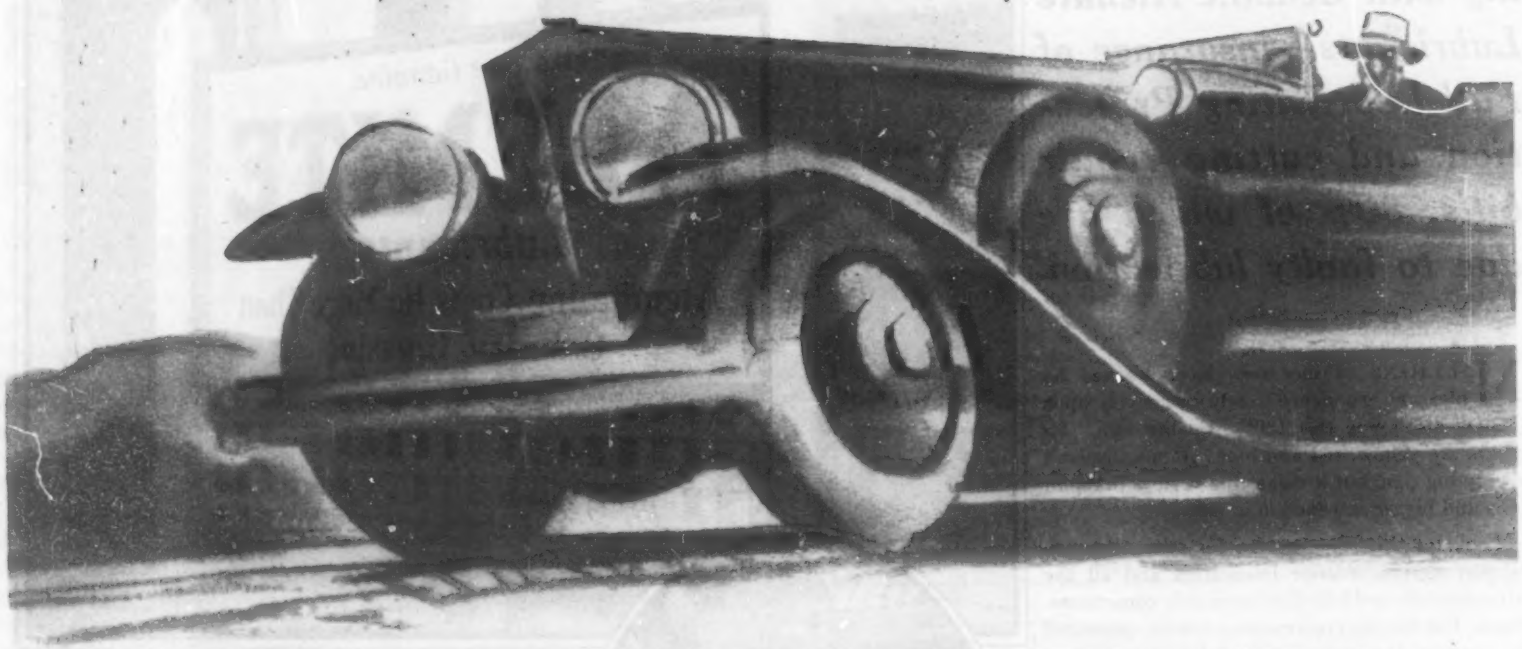

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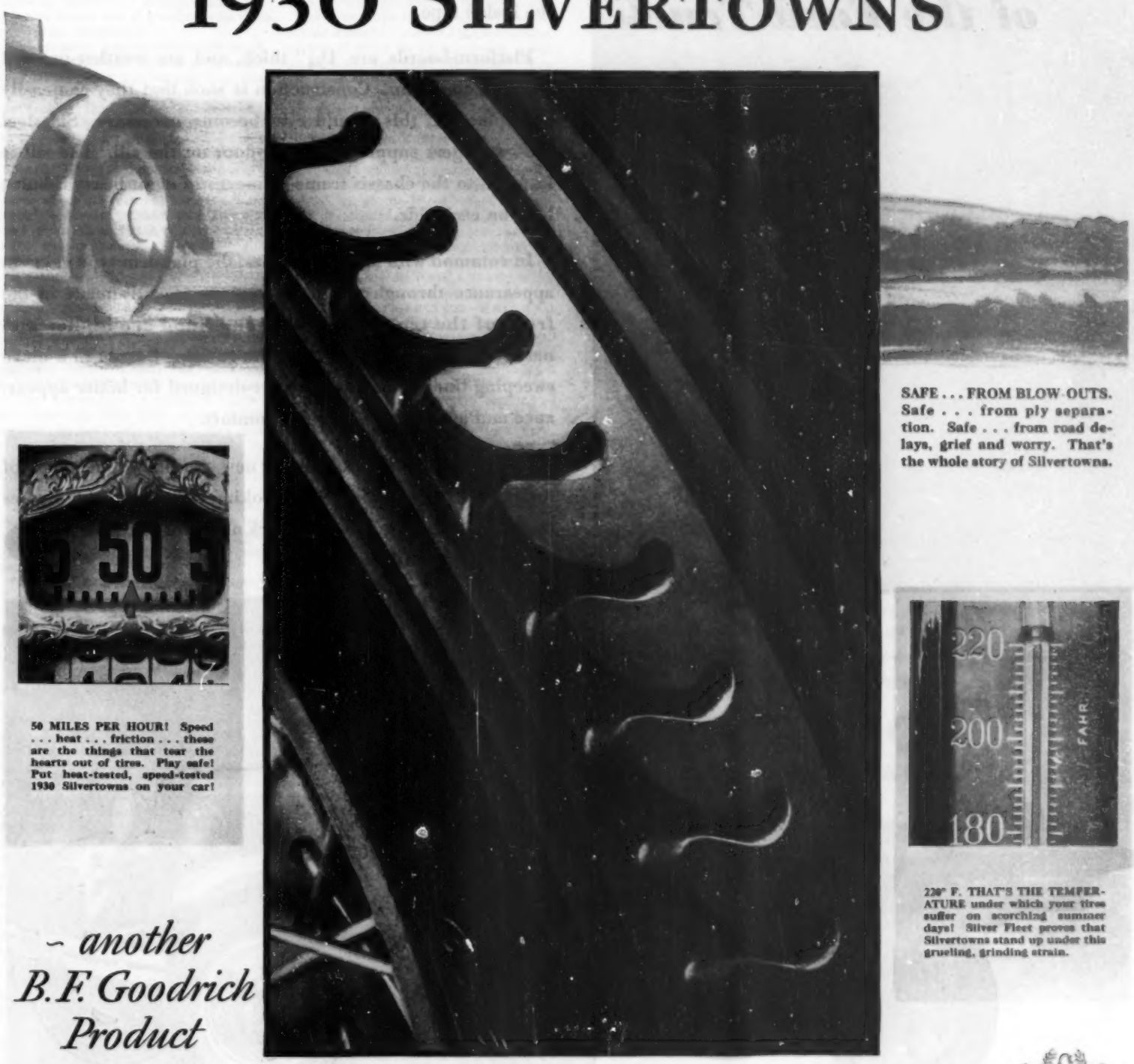

50 MILES PER HOUR! Speed . . . heat . . . friction . . . these are the things that tear the hearts out of tires. Play safe! Put heat-tested, speed-tested 1930 Silvertowns on your car!

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FAMOUS GOODRICH SILVERTOWN . . . made of stretch-matched, weftless cord, then water-cured for toughness. Its tread is unequaled for wear.

Sturdy bodies

are a feature of the Ford Truck

WITH their ample loading-space and carefully planned dimensions, the new Ford truck bodies meet a wide range of haulage requirements. The platform body illustrated is the foundation-unit for several types which are designed for many industrial, commercial and agricultural purposes. Among them is the standard stake body with stakes 26 inches high.

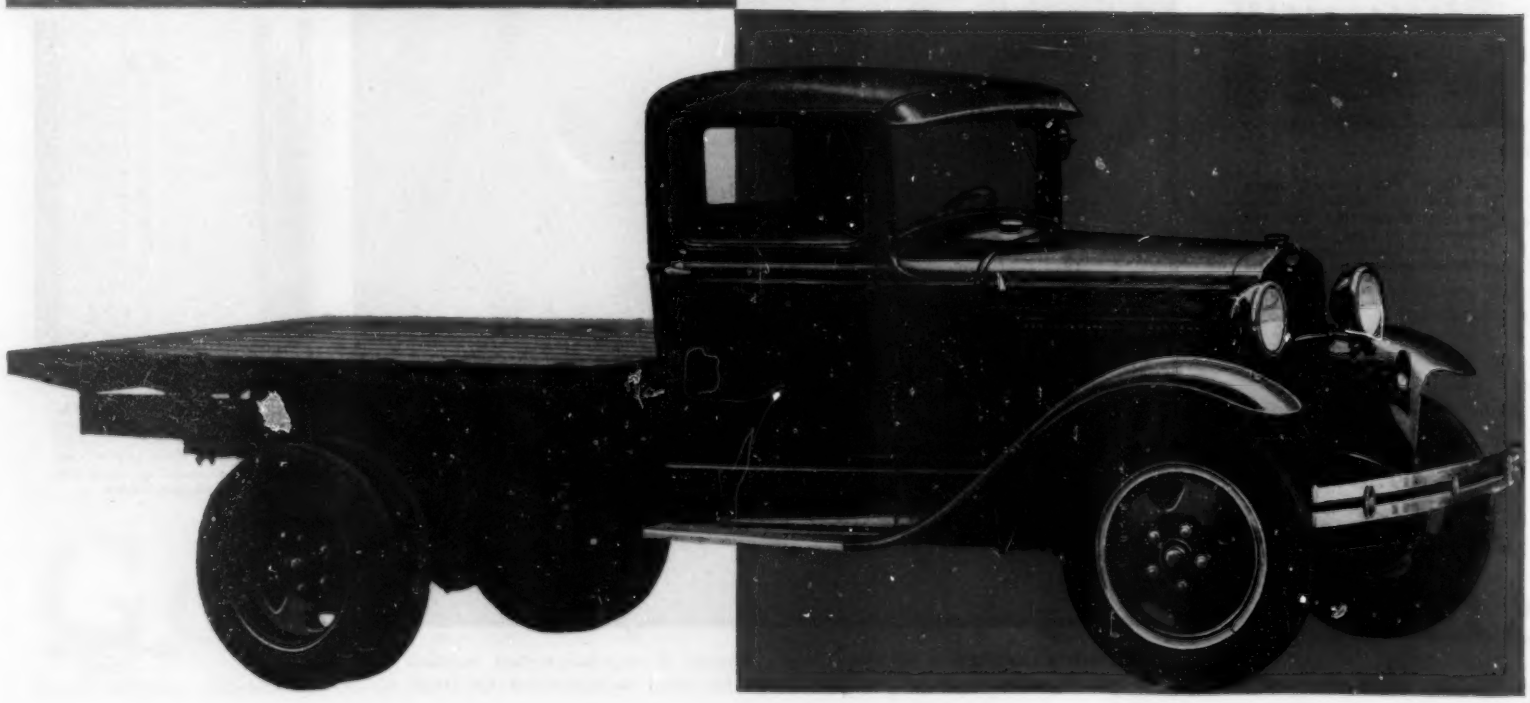
The platform body may be used with either the open or enclosed cab, both of which are equipped with Triplex shatter-proof glass windshields. The body is built of heavy, seasoned hardwood, enclosed in a pressed-steel frame. Stake sockets are of unusual depth. Those on the sides of the platform are of the inside type.

Platform-boards are 1¼" thick, and are weather-proofed before installation. Construction is such that they can easily be replaced if this should ever become necessary. Six steel cross-stringers support the body-floor on the sill. The sill is fastened to the chassis frame by means of eight heavy U-bolts, four on each side.

In common with all Ford bodies, the platform type gains in appearance through the improvements recently made in the front of the truck. Radiator and hood are higher and narrower. Front fenders meet the running-boards in a more sweeping line. Cabs have been re-designed for better appearance and afford the driver full comfort.

In addition to the important new mechanical features of the chassis, these strong, good-looking and serviceable bodies increase the value of the Ford truck and broaden its range of usefulness.

Ford



(Continued from Page 58)

by the orchestra, and the square-shouldered young member of the Coast Guard, recognizing the fox trot, began to sing also, enunciating the words with a clarity that proved how much they pleased him:

"Sweetheart, I never did see eyes so blue!
Sweetheart, tell me: Do you love me true?
Sweetheart, honest, I do love only you.
Sweetheart, I am right
Where you'll find me in the night ——"

He broke off abruptly, made serious by the rapidity with which that distant humming was growing louder.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "I don't know about this. That bird may have a little more speed than what we thought!"

To his right, as he looked out to sea, the dune sloped down to buttress itself upon the landward end of the great stone pier at the harbor mouth. He descended the sandy declivity and, with an air that had become somewhat restless and uneasy, walked out upon the narrow row of granite blocks that crowned the breakwater.

The incessant hum in the air was much louder now. It had become a deep and powerful throbbing, but, beneath it, quieter and yet deeper and more powerful, there was another throbbing, a subterranean, dull thunder that came from the engines of the long, dark boat lying athwart Pelter's path to the harbor mouth.

"Look!" Hugo said suddenly, and seized his father by the arm. "The rum-chaser's movin' closer in! You can see her! I see the light o' the fire twinklin' on a port window! She ain't an eighth of a mile off the end o' the breakwater. She's a-swingin' around to be head on to him when he comes. Don't you see her?"

"Yes, by Godfrey, I do!" Freeman Wicks groaned. "And by Godfrey Mighty, sounds to me like Long Harry's headin' straight in! Web Hazzard got 'way too fur off t' the westud, and Peters and Seabury never got nowheres; drifted off east. They can swing their lanterns till Judgment Day, he'll never see 'em! Listen how his engine's a-roarin'! He's cluss onto Mile Rock; the way he's a-roarin', he can't help but be! He's cluss on—no, he ain't; he's wuss'n that! By Godfrey Mighty, he's this side o' Mile Rock, and now it's all up to the feet o' the Lord!"

The air seemed to be filled with the deep unbroken throbbings of the two boats, and old Wye, close by the fire, lifted his ragged arms over his head and beat the air with gestures of warning.

"Hot dam you, Long Harry!" he cried. "Look at me! Can't you see me? You could see me if you tried, hot dam you! Look at me a-motionin' you to swing that wheel o' yourn! Put her over, hot dam you! Hard over!"

He began to leap up and down in the firelight, flinging up his arms, so that the tatters of his torn sleeves seemed to imitate the leap of the flames, and the contortions of his macabre, bent body, repeated in black upon the convolutions of sand behind him, were like the death dance of some grotesque and monstrous insect.

"Put her hard over, I tell you! Put about, you hot dam fool! Turn back with the wind; dun't come into it! Turn back, you hot dam fool, Long Harry! Turn back!" His utterance had become a screeching, shrill and falsetto, broken by mere momentary fragments of the deeper voice that had been his in his prime. "Turn back straight on your course while you still got the chanst, I tell you! Hain't you got no ears, you fool, Long Harry? Hain't you got no ears—hain't you got no ears?"

Freeman Wicks shouted suddenly and loudly, "Look out!" yet was unaware that he made this futile sound.

The darkness over the water had just been cleft by the patrol boat's searchlight pointed straight out to sea, and, precisely at the center of its startling circle of brilliance, there was revealed a lifted bow between two white wings of sprayed foam—Long Harry riding at top speed directly into the searchlight and not two hundred yards from his enemy. The dazzling white flare full in his face, and the knowledge of what was there, close before him, must have leaped upon him with an equal suddenness; but his action was almost as instantaneous. From the shore they saw the swift wide movement of his arms upon the wheel; his boat, head on, swung instantly into profile, heeling far over upon an abrupt curve to his left, careening through the white water so that it almost showed its keel. Then, straightened, it shot thundering upon its new course; the patrol boat heaved forward, rushing in pursuit; there was the sound of a voice bellowing through a megaphone, and the searchlight, never swerving from Long Harry, seemed to grow brighter upon him as the two boats tore the water of the channel, swept across it and bore toward the coast beyond the harbor mouth. Straining eyes from the sand dune saw Long Harry turn from his wheel for one instant to wave a beckoning, mocking hand. "Come and see!" it seemed to say.

Old Wye understood that gesture; he had not abated for a second the excruciated activity of either his voice or body. "Follow him, hot dam you!" he yelled. "Follow Long Harry straight into the Goat Yard, you sculpins! He'll show you! He knowed you was faster'n him—knowed too much to let you run him to sea! Follow him into the Goat Yard and tear your bottom out on them jaggy rocks, hot dam you? Can't neither of you cross that reef; but you draw more water'n what he does and he can go fur beyond what you can 'fore he strikes! There you go! Doin' what he meant you to! Fair into the Goat Yard, ain't you? Long Harry's showin' the whites of his eyes at you now, I bet, same 's he used to do! Followed a bad horse this time, you sculpins, and now he's got you! Watch what happens to you—watch what happens to you!" Then he leaped higher, flinging the tatters of his sleeves wildly overhead, as a splintering crash was heard from that water Long Harry had called a sea graveyard. "Struck, by Orry!" His voice broke into a vindictive cackling of laughter. "Struck, you sculpins! Follow Long Harry Pelter into the Goat Yard, would you? Struck, hot dam you! Struck!"

The patrol boat, too impetuous in so sudden and close a pursuit, had been betrayed into entering the somber maze of the Goat Yard at a furious speed. Its risen bow passed over a submerged flange of the reef, but the keel struck amidships, the bow banged down, propellers beat themselves out of shape, a shaft broke, the crippled boat scraped forward and was fast upon the rock. Yet a cripple may be dangerous; those strained eyes from the dune saw the searchlight vanish and, in the very instant of its vanishing, they saw Long Harry throw his dinghy overboard and leap into it. More, in that same last instant's existence of the white round light, the watchers by the fire heard a sound like the quick regular pattering of a Fourth of July bunch of firecrackers exploding in sequence along a common fuse; then no more was heard from the darkness of the Goat Yard.

"Had to kill him!" Wye screeched. "Had to kill him to git him, hot dam you! Hain't got no more sense than to kill a man 'cause he shows more brains 'n what you got!"

Edna turned from the sea and, with Wye staggering after her, began to run down from the dunes toward the bank of the harbor. "Lookin' fer a boat," Freeman Wicks said in a low voice, explaining her action, as he followed with the Captain and the two older Marshes. Henry Marsh and Hugo were ahead of them, trying to overtake Edna. "Guess she's right. Find a rowboat and git out to him quick 's we can. It's the only thing to do. Cap'n, as I made out, Long Harry see they was goin' to do some o' their hellish shootin' and got over in his dinghy to git out the way of it. He's an awful quick man, but they couldn't 'a' b'en a hunderd ya'ds from him when they done it. They could 'a' missed him, couldn't

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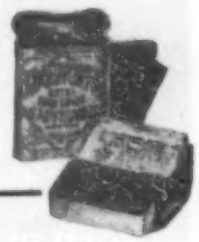

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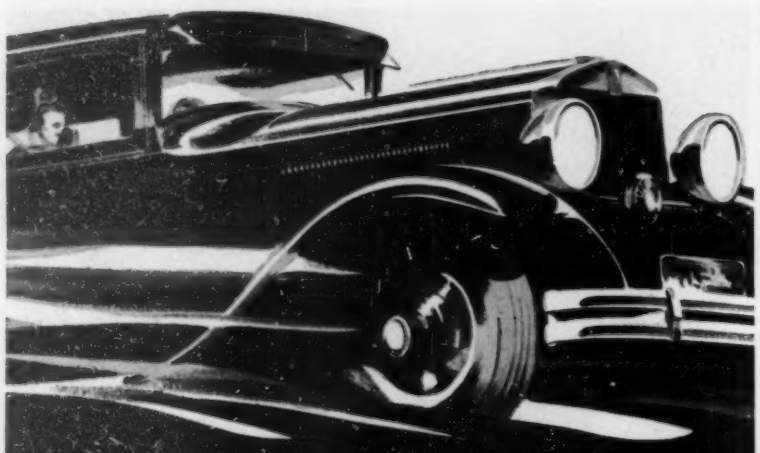

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they? They's anyways a chanst of it, ain't they, Cap'n?"

"At that—at that range?" the Captain said in a broken voice, and then, looking upward, cursed the moon. "Look at it! Out now—bright and strong—just too late. Ten minutes ago ——"

He stopped speaking, for they had come to the edge of the harbor at a little distance behind the breakwater. Edna, with Hugo and Henry following her, could be seen running along the shore in the direction of Pelter's; but suddenly Freeman Wicks called to them loudly: "Come back! Come back! Edna Pelter! Come back! Come back, all of you!"

From just beyond the breakwater he had heard leather-wrapped oars moving against oar locks, and then the light of the tardy moon made hazily definite the figure of a man in a small boat rowing into the harbor mouth; it was Pelter in his dinghy. The strokes of the oars were irregular, seeming labored, and, just as Edna and the two young men returned to the other group, he stopped rowing and bent forward, with his arms folded before him and resting upon his knees.

"What's he stopped rowin' fer?" Hink Marsh asked in a whisper. "Guess it's natural he's tired like, though, and the tide'll do it fer him. It's bringin' him in."

Edna called in a sweet, low voice to the silent figure in the rowboat. She used a word she had not spoken, in addressing him, a dozen times since she was a little child. "Father!" She waited a moment and called again. "Father!" When, at that, he did not speak or alter his attitude, she jumped down from the bank and into the water, splashed forward a few paces, wading, then launched herself toward the boat, swimming, and reached it in twenty strokes, for the tide had now brought it that close. She caught the bow with both hands, drew herself up over it and into the boat. She knelt close behind her father, bent forward, took the oars and began to row toward the shore, but, as they neared it, he made an abrupt movement, leaning back against her. She let the oars go and put her arms about him.

"Father, they didn't—you aren't ——"

But now the fishermen were all in the water, and Captain Embury with them; up to his shoulders, he was the first to reach the boat and begin pulling it to the shore. The bow grounded and there was a moment of confusion, of husky, lowered voices at variance.

"Let's git him out on the grass."

"No, we better git the boat up to Pelter's and take him in there."

"No, better let him stay till we git a doctor, 'cause ——"

"No, better carry him up to the fire where it's dry, then we can ——"

Captain Embury checked them with a word. "Hush." As he stood looking down in the pale light that fell upon the bedraggled girl, he saw how red had already become the wisps of drenched chiffon that hung upon her, and he saw, too, that Long Harry groped with a hand that sought his daughter's. She caught the wandering fingers and pressed them to her lips.

"Father, I wasn't at the Casino. I wasn't dancing ——"

"Goin' to let him lay here?" old Wye whimpered, shivering. "Ain't you a-goin' to ——"

The murmured suggestions broke out again; but this time it was Long Harry who checked them, and, like the Captain, he said only one word. He said it with difficulty, but in a natural, quiet voice. "Wait."

That was all. He moved his head a little forward to speak, then let it recline again, gently, upon his daughter's breast. But to Captain Embury, seeing the final change that came upon the tilted face, it seemed that Long Harry Pelter had said more than a single word. He had not wished to be moved just then, and Captain Embury, then and afterward, thought that what Long Harry said was, "Give me just a moment to die."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE LONG RIFLE

(Continued from Page 5)

When he had learned, partly from the child, partly from the young stranger, an inkling of what had happened, he expressed his relief. The expedition had been her own fancy.

"She would be better housed just now," submitted the young man. "Nobody rightly would mean to harm her, but men git rough in drink."

"She got away," agreed the gunsmith, "and I am obliged to you for your trouble. You're in town for the shooting, I suppose"—glancing with professional interest at the stranger's weapon.

"No, suh," the young man denied; "just travelin' through. I am from South Branch since sunup and knew naught of the shooting."

"Where are you stopping for the night?"

"Nowhere as yit. I aim to stop at the tavern."

"But man alive, you'll find no place there!" cried the old man. "Every nook and cranny is filled long since." He stopped abruptly, considered for a moment. "You must stay at my house," he decided. "Nay, I insist."

But his urgency was unnecessary. The young man accepted the proffer as simply as, it might be conceived, he would have accepted the good cheer of a dry cave in the wilderness. He deposited the woolly dog on the ground.

"Which way, suh?" he inquired.

The four proceeded down the earth road toward the canal. The little girl prattled eagerly at her grandfather about the horrid Tiger and his attempt at canicide. The stranger moved in his serene silence. Shortly they arrived at a rambling sort of structure, or series of structures attached one to the other. A small mill wheel indicated that the greater group of these were used as a manufacturing plant. The old man unlocked the door of a smaller wing and led the way to a cool interior of plain, old, polished wood, diamond-shaped panes, a dark table, a great fireplace, two benches and a number of easy-chairs. Ornament there was none, unless a score or more of guns slung on pegs about the walls might be so considered.

"Sit, lad, sit!" urged the old man, thrusting forward one of the chairs. "South Branch is distant and even young limbs must weary."

"I am obleeged to you, suh," acknowledged the youth. He deposited his rifle and portmanteau in a corner, removed his hat, perched himself upright and a little gingerly on the edge of one of the great chairs, his eye roving in deliberate scrutiny of his surroundings.

The old man hung his own three-cornered headpiece in the corner, disclosing the fact that he wore no wig. He was a small, compact old gentleman, with a stiff, upright brush of brown hair on a bullethead, and he moved with the swift, darting certainty of a bird. His speech, too, was swift and darting, and as voluble as that of his visitor was spare.

"My people are all abroad," he observed. "There is no keeping them at their tasks, so perforce and with good grace I declared holiday. You must take cold cheer."

He darted here and there, in and out a door on the right side of the fireplace, opening and shutting a cupboard on the left, clattering tankards and trenchers, with a continued buzz of movement like the sustained high hum of a bee. Behind it, as a bridge across to the hushed and aloof serenity of the room—a serenity into which the stranger had slipped as naturally as

(Continued on Page 65)

It was second-hand 29 years ago

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You bite into the genuine dental wax and make an exact impression of your teeth. Comparison with the clear diagrams quickly tells you which curve your teeth follow, which type brush to use.

Only Pro-phy-lac-tic makes special brushes for each of the three dental curves. Each is today's highest expression of the brush-maker's art. The special blend of live bristle gives a brush which never varies in quality. The tufts, cleverly shaped to clean the inter-dental crevices, are resistant to moisture and ever-anchored.

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(Continued from Page 62)

into a grateful and familiar element—beat the measured slow tick-tock, tick-tock of a tall clock in the corner.

"There!" cried the old man at last. "Draw up, young man! 'Tis but cold fare, but will suffice. I'll warrant ye've done worse in your time! A venison pasty, good bread of rye, honest ale home brewed; none of your raw spirits that is the drink of fools."

"I am obleeged to you, suh," said the young man, and unfolded his long frame from the great chair and took his place at the table.

"I have naught by which to name you," Farrell reminded his guest as they sat. . . . "Don, eh? A good Scotch name, I warrant. Nay, fall to, lad, and use your mouth for more grateful work than talking."

They ate; the stranger for most part in the calm silence that held no hint of awkwardness; the old man chattering as suggestively near to questioning as his notion of politeness permitted. The little girl, who had at first curled herself into another of the great chairs, at length slipped to the floor and sidled over to take her stand against the young man's shoulder.

"I hope you hurt that old Tiger when you kicked him," said she.

"Leave her stay," the young man interfered to her grandfather's admonition. "I like young uns. There's been a plenty of 'em in my raisin'"—a slow grave smile sketched his lips, and he reached a strong finger to touch her ringleted head—"but we ain't got no little ladies like this un." Beyond that, he volunteered nothing about himself.

They finished the meal. The old man produced clay pipes and tobacco. But before joining his host in the great chairs before the fireplace, the guest stretched his long legs, wandering about the room, examining attentively the weapons on the walls.

The old man watched him a moment, then arose to join him.

"You are interested in guns?" he asked.

"Yes, suh," acknowledged the other. "You see"—his manner almost implied an apology for intruding even so much of his personal intimacies—"we livin' on the border use 'em a lot, what with shootin' game and takin' keer of ourselves like when it comes to Injins and such."

"You have fought Indians?" pounced the old man.

But the younger withdrew into vagueness. "Injins is not bad folks in some ways," he submitted. "I got good friends among the Injins. But a man must take keer of himself."

"These guns are a sort of historical collection," explained the gunmaker, after a moment's bright-eyed contemplation of his visitor. "I have tried to show how they have developed. See, here is an old matchlock, and here a wheel lock. And this is a sample of the very first rifle with a straight-cut groove without a twist. And here is a bell muzzle that shot slugs, or even stones."

"They surely are a clumsy-lookin' contraption," marveled the young man. "A man wonders how they ever hit anything."

"They didn't, much."

"Man has a hard enough time gettin' along nowadays, what with shots that go wild even with good holdin'." The visitor turned finally to the chairs and the pipes. "But it's surely interestin' to me, suh; and I am obleeged to you."

He lighted his pipe thoughtfully, and somehow it became evident that he was slowly coming to a decision.

"I'm figurin' on somethin', suh," he said at last. "You're the first man I ever saw that made guns. I wouldn't wish to ask too much of you, suh, but ——"

"What is it, lad?" urged the old man.

"If it ain't no secret, suh, how kin you make a true bar'l? Many a time I've figgered on it—if it ain't no secret."

"Come with me, lad!" he cried, eager with the master's enthusiasm over his craft. He remembered the little girl.

"Time for your posset, child; and then to bed. . . . She is already a good housewife"—he turned proudly to his visitor—"and shall manage her own supper– and mine and yours, for the matter of that—as well as any woman grown. Make your curtsy to Don here, and kiss your old gran'ther, and run along."

He unlocked a door and the two entered the long low workshop, now deserted for the holiday. Through the clutter of tools and half-finished pieces, he led the way to a rack on which were stacked broad, flat bars of iron.

"Here are your barrels," said he.

The young man knit his brows. "You can't bore no hole in such," he objected.

The old man smiled. "Certainly not," he agreed. "Here." He exhibited a long slender rod. "That's what we call the core rod. First we heat the flat bar to welding heat; then we fold it around the core rod and weld it together; then we draw out the core rod. There's your barrel with the hole in it. It is rough, of course," he added.

"How come the core rod don't stick?"

"We weld only a few inches at a heat, withdrawing the rod each time, but even then, on occasion, it will not come away." The old man sighed. "Then we must cut it out with a cold chisel or throw it away. Next, of course, we smooth the new barrel as much as possible. Have to do that with a hammer for the outside and a hand reamer for the inside, like a carpenter bores in wood."

"Cain't you use a lathe?" asked the young man keenly.

"Doesn't run steady enough."

"Can you get her straight that way—by eye?"

"Pretty good. But look here." The gunsmith picked up a half-finished barrel from the bench and took down a long hickory bow from a nail on the wall. It was precisely like a bow used as a weapon, except that it was lighter, and its cord was but a fine silk thread. Farrell loosed one end of the thread, dropped it carefully through the barrel, and again attached it to the bow. He held the barrel to the light. "Look through it," he commanded. "Look at the shadow of the thread and you can see where it does not touch. That means a crooked place. We've got to straighten that out by tapping with a light hammer."

The young man turned his face slowly in admiration of this ingenuity.

"Always begin straightening in the middle of the barrel," chortled the old man, delighted. "Chase the rascals out at the ends!" he cried.

The stranger shook his head. "I'd sure hate to try to do it, suh," he submitted.

"It's as easy for me to take a kink out of a barrel as it is for you to make shavings off a pine stick with a sharp knife!" the gunsmith boasted.

His visitor turned the barrel slowly over and over, examining mentally the problem, rather than physically the thing he held in his hand.

"Yes, suh," he said at last.

"Here," said Farrell, leading the way to a long low bench, "is the most important part of all. Here's where we cut the grooves for the rifling."

"I do admire to see that!" cried the young man, with an approach to eagerness.

He saw a long cherry-wood cylinder four or five inches in diameter, in the surface of which had been cut four deep grooves that ran in a long spiral about the cylinder. They resembled the grooves in a rifle barrel, except that in this case, of course, they were on the outside. The cylinder was suspended in a framework. Midway in the framework had been fixed, rigidly and immovably, four projecting nubs that fitted into and engaged the four grooves. So if one were to push the cylinder forward on its carriage past the nubs, it must revolve at the rate and the pitch determined by the grooves in it.

"And that," explained Farrell, "is exactly the rate and pitch of the rifling we want in our barrel. All we've got to do is clamp our barrel in exact line, hitch our groove-cutting tool rigidly on the end of the wooden cylinder, and it is bound to cut grooves exactly the same as those in the cylinder. See?"

His visitor shoved the simple contrivance back and forth a number of times, noting the slow turn along the rifled guiding groove.

"Well," he sighed at last, "that is certainly a smart trick. I'll remember that. How long mought it take you, now, to rifle a bar'l?"

"Takes about a hundred cuts to cut a groove—about two hours," replied Farrell. "Then she needs polishing and smoothing. We use lead plugs for that mostly."

They proceeded slowly. Excited by his guest's intelligent appreciation, the old gunmaker expanded. He showed how the new barrels were plugged at one end for the tube, and how they were then browned by a mixture of aqua fortis, blue vitriol, tincture of iron and water. In sketchy pantomime the old man demonstrated how the locks were constructed and applied. At the woodworking bench he paused for but a moment.

"Curly maple—that's the wood," he stated dogmatically—"and you want to work her by hand. And stain her by hand with good honest soot and oil. Then you've got a job."

They returned to the living room. The young man picked up his own rifle, which he examined gravely in the light of new knowledge. Farrell stood at his elbow.

"I see you have one of Martin Meylan's," he observed. "Like it?"

"She holds her own," replied the young man noncommittally.

"What you done to the trigger guard?"

The stranger smiled his slow smile in modest deprecation.

"I expect I'm wrong, suh," said he. "I expect they's a right good reason why all the gunsmiths do thisaway and not thataway, and I expect they must be right. But just for me, suh—in my own use—this trigger guard suits me better."

"Made it yourself, eh?"

"Yes, suh. 'Tain't much of a trigger guard f'r looks, but it suits me better."

"Humph!" grunted the gunmaker, taking the weapon from the young man's hand and setting it in the corner again. He led the way to the pipes and chairs.

"I mean no offense, suh," said the visitor. "It's just my own idee for myself."

"Offense!" snorted the old man. "But you're right, lad! Do you know why every gunmaker in the colonies puts that foolish, cumbersome, fragile trigger guard on every gun he turns out? Simply because that is the kind they put on guns in Europe! No other reason! God knows why they wanted that kind there—thought 'em pretty, I suppose. Same way with a lot of other things. Gunmakers are pig-headed fools. They listen to no reason, but sit puffed in the arrogance of their self-conceit like toads, crying down those who ——"

He had arisen and was waving about his long pipe, but, catching the expression of honest bewilderment on his guest's face, he broke off in a calm as startling as his excitement, and sat down again abruptly.

"Tell me, lad," said he persuasively. "You spoke but now with a lukewarm indifference of the quality of your piece. What is its fault, and why procure ye none more to your fancy, since, as you say, your life may depend on it? Is the barrel not true? Perhaps we might remedy that."

"You mistake me, suh," the young man assured him earnestly. "The bar'l is true and finely made."

"It should be. Meylan is a gunsmith of reputation."

"I would not have you think otherwise. I but spoke aloud an idle thought. I know naught of these things, and would not set my poor notions against the experience of my worshipful masters."

"Worshipful fiddlesticks!" exploded the older man. "Did I not tell ye, lad, that gunmakers are pig-headed fools, copying slavishly what is patterned for them in Europe, and listening to no reason, but sunning themselves in arrogance? Come, lad. Your ideas?"

"They are without doubt impossible, suh, for I have no understanding of the craft." (Continued on Page 67)

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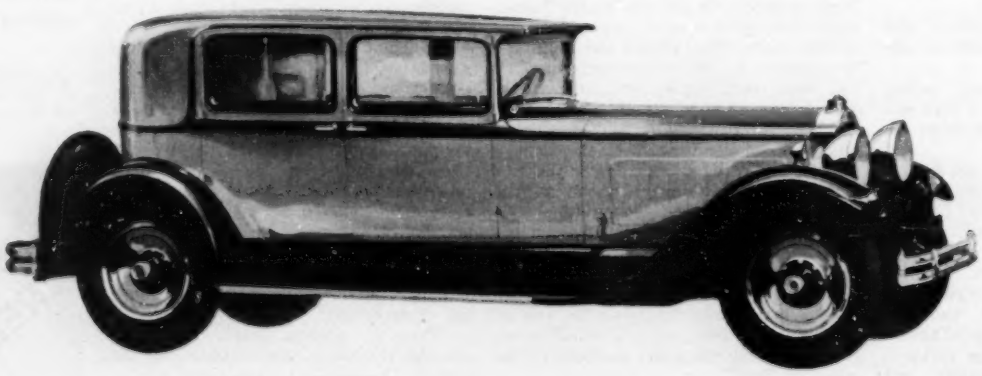

(Continued from Page 65)

"Perhaps! Perhaps!" Farrell waved this aside. "But let us pretend there is no impossible. I would know your ideas, lad! Speak them freely."

"Well, suh, I would have a piece that used not so much good powder and lead, for powder and lead are hard to come at in the wilderness, and it has seemed to me that a well-placed ball will do its work ——"

"Even a smaller ball," supplied the gunsmith. "There is naught of impossibility there; only common sense. Do you know the reason—the only reason—why all men contrive to use these great slugs? Because in Europe they know little of well-placed balls, and care less; because their only idea is to hit a regiment of men. And then?"

"Well, suh, a longer bar'l would suit me better, and, I think, most men who range the forests."

"Why?" snapped the old man.

"For better sighting. The woods are dark, and if a man would hold true in twilight, he must have his back sight far from his eye."

"That is true too. And there is naught impossible there, save that gunmakers are a pig-headed lot. And then?"

For the first time the young man chuckled aloud.

"Yere is where we touch the impossible, suh, for as long as I'm a-dreaming I will tell the whole. I would have a piece that would place the ball truer to where I hold; so that when I drawed my bead and pressed my trigger true, I would find my ball where my eye had rested."

"And you do not? You think you can hold your rifle truer than your ball can speed?"

"So can any good man," submitted the youth modestly, but with entire confidence, "for be yore bar'l never so truly made, and load you yore piece never so carefully with the best of French powder and priming of the finest grain, cast you yore balls never so cunningly, nevertheless, it may so hap that it strays, and no man can tell when this will befall."

"Why is this, in your opinion?"

"Nay, that I cannot guess," replied the young man good-humoredly. "It is, I must suppose, in the natur' of things, and we must bear with it."

The old man hesitated, weighing a decision.

"Nevertheless, even that might be compassed, in my belief," he said at last.

"Anon?" queried the other.

The old man leaned forward excitedly.

"Can you guard a secret?" he demanded.

"Yes, suh," said the young man gravely.

The gunsmith arose and left the room, to return after a moment bearing a rifle. This he withheld for a moment; then, as though finally making up his mind, he passed it into his visitor's hands and stood back in silence. It was a graceful weapon, strong without clumsiness, its octagon barrel nearly three feet and a half long, but so light that it would probably not have tipped the beam at more than eight or nine pounds. Its stock, of polished curly maple, extended its full length and was gracefully carved; its trigger guard was small and compact. Beneath the barrel, rings of brass held a long hickory ramrod. In the side of the butt stock opened a brass-covered trap. The lock was small, compact—about half the size of that on the usual gun of the day—and the clean small flint was held in leathered jaws.

"There's your long barrel and your spread of sights"—the old man could not keep silence long—"and your small strong trigger guard. There's your smaller bore. The balls run fifty-two to the pound instead of a score or less—you can carry three times the ammunition. The lock is as swift in action as a flash of light. See how smoothly the flint meets the frizzen! Throw it to your face, man! Held you ever so sweet a balance, nor one that steadied itself so in the hand?"

The young man obeyed, and the extended muzzle of the long weapon came to the immobility of a rock.

"What say you?" urged the gunmaker, surveying his visitor's stance and handling with approval, but shifting from one foot to the other with an impatience ludicrously like that of a small boy.

"It is a sweet piece," sighed the visitor, lowering it at last—"a sweet piece, such as I never thought to hold a-tween my hands." He examined its details keenly. "I think, suh, if you don't mind my sayin' it, that you will have to make you another loadin' rod of iron."

"Hickory makes quieter loading."

"I know. But forcin' the ball down the bar'l is rough work, and a broken rod ——"

The old man for the moment did not meet this issue.

"Is it not such a piece as you have dreamed?" he insisted. "Such as you described to me but now?"

The youth smiled, a slow gleam of humor.

"All but one thing," he reminded.

It was Farrell's turn to look his inquiry.

"These things you have yere," explained the woodsman—"and I do not deny they are a great leap ahead—all these things are but aids to a man's holdin'! But they do not place the ball."

"A-ha, lad!" the old gunmaker burst forth in a triumph for which it was now evident he had waited not too patiently. "That, too, I have compassed." He placed his finger alongside his nose with a comical air of cunning. "Tell me, lad, what causes the ball to stray when, as you say, the holding is good?"

"Nay, suh," replied the other. "How could I tell you that? It is, as I have said, in the natur' of things."

"Then I will e'en tell you! The first of these causes is a fouled and thereby roughened barrel."

The young man nodded acquiescence.

"That is true, in my own knowledge," he admitted; "so that, when time serves, I wipe out my piece very carefully after each shot."

"You can clean away thus the hard ash of burned powder," Farrell told him, "but you cannot thus remove the lead that is stripped from the ball, flake by flake, until the smoothness of the barrel is gone. The second reason is married with the third, and both have as parent the fit of the ball in the barrel. For if it sets not snugly in the grooves, the force of the powder in great part leaps past it and is lost; and if it does fit snugly, then it must be hammered home by force, and is thereby upset and malformed, no matter how shrewdly and gingerly one handles his rod. And a malformed bullet cannot fly straight."

"That is very interesting, suh," said the young man, "and part of it I had suspected, but not all. But I can see no cure."

"Here," proffered Farrell, "are the balls for this rifle."

The visitor took one of them in his fingers and examined it without comment.

"You see no difference from any ordinary bullet, save for the size. You are right—there is no difference. But look!" He dropped the butt of the rifle to the floor and inserted one of the bullets into its muzzle. In ordinary loading, it was customary to drive the ball several inches into the barrel by means of a short metal rod and a small hammer called a starter; after which it was forced home with the ramrod. In this instance, when the old man relinquished it, the ball dropped down the barrel freely, and as he reversed the muzzle it rolled slowly out again into his palm. He made no explanation, but looked expectantly toward his visitor. The latter knit his brows, knowing some comment was awaited.

"If you aim to hold it in with wadding a-top," he submitted at last, "I have tried that, and it flies wild as a hawk."

"Every child knows that—has tried that!"

"Yes, suh," agreed the stranger, "but it was all I could think of."

"Now I am going to show you something. And this is what you must keep secret. You must not tell a soul of what you are to see. Remember!"

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"I have passed you my word, suh," stated the young man with a quiet dignity.

The old gunmaker paused in his tremendous inner excitement long enough to pat the other hastily on the shoulder.

"No offense, my lad. I trust ye," said he. "Now see." He opened the brass trap in the side of the stock and from it took a piece of greased linen cloth cut in a round a little less in size than a half dollar. This he stretched across the muzzle of the gun, covering with it the hole of the bore. Next he laid the bullet a-top and pressed it into the aperture with his thumb.

"We are supposing we have charged the piece with powder," he explained. "Here"—he forced the ramrod into his visitor's hands—"push her home, lad!"

The young man, with the grace of long accustomedness, swung the butt of the weapon to the left and in front, and at the same time inserted the tip of the ramrod into the bore and applied strongly the thrust of his right arm. An expression of surprise crossed his face.

"She slides slick and smooth as a greased shote through a cornfield!" he marveled.

"And she stays there," supplemented the old man, snatching the rifle, turning it upside down and striking the butt sharply by way of demonstration. "Is not that quicker than the old way, and quieter, and need ye fear now that the hickory rod will break? And mark you; each new loading wipes away the burnt powder of the last shot, so that the barrel is ever clean. And the ball is left true and round as it came from the mold. And no lead strips from it to the barrel. And the linen patch, filling well all space within, lets not the force of the powder by. So there are your reasons for wild flight all answered!"

But the visitor was not wholly satisfied.

"And the ball still takes the twist of the grooves when the naked lead touches them not?" he commented doubtfully. "How can that be?"

The old man paused in his task, which was of abstracting the bullet by means of a screw worm which he had attached to the end of the rod.

"Nay, lad; that I cannot tell you. I have thought much on it. It must be, as you say, in the nature of things. But it does."

The youth pondered in his slow and deliberate fashion.

"And the ball flies true?" he asked at length. "I do not doubt you, suh," he hastened to add, "but I mind me my father's sayin'; for when one showed him a piece, and boasted of the hang of its stock, and the prettiness of its carvings, and the smooth dark brown of its bar'l, and the cunning of its make, he always said, 'Yes, she's purty, but she ain't worth a damn unless she shoots straight. Let's try her.' No offense, suh, but have you tried her?"

"I've shot her," replied the gunsmith briefly. He broke off, but was compelled to answer the other's waiting. "I can make a gun," he continued in a gruff tone, "but I cannot hold one true. A slight palsy—a shaking of the hand. But"—his voice rose to a vehemence almost of hysteria—"I'll stake my life that I am right, sneer and laugh these other pig-headed fools as they may! They know naught but what their fathers have told them, and their conceit is such —— But they will sing a different tune! Fools! Pig-headed fools!" He fumed, walking up and down with quick, uneven steps. Abruptly he came to a halt before his visitor. "Would you credit it," he resumed in a quieter and more reasonable voice, "when, as a brother craftsman, I sought to share the workings of my mind; when I strove to discuss reasonably the things we have discussed so reasonably here—and you are an intelligent lad, Don, with more sense in your noodle than all of them together—when I would have spoken of the need for a rifle fitted to American rather than European hands, I was set aside as one sets aside a presumptuous urchin and rebuked for conceiting myself wiser than the masters?" He snorted and again changed his mood.

"But tomorrow!" He chuckled and again laid his finger alongside his nose. "You must linger tomorrow, lad. You are welcome here. Tomorrow you shall see."

"You will shoot the piece in tomorrow's match?"

"Not I. But I forget. You are a stranger here, and perchance know not the significance of tomorrow. Know then that this is no ordinary shooting, but is an event to which, once each year, all gunmakers bring their best and truest pieces to the trial; so that he whose rifle carries away the palm is winner of the golden medal of the craft, so that all men come to him, and his business gains great increase and himself reputation."

"But, suh," suggested the young man diffidently, "you yourself but now said ——"

"That I cannot hold true," agreed the other. "But it is an article of the contest that the maker of the piece may engage another to stand for him; and for that reason it is customary in the craft to bespeak skilled men to shoot for them at the butts. Few gunmakers test their own rifles. And I"—he chuckled again, and rubbed his hands together—"I have been beforehand and have compacted with John Gladden, of whom, even in the borders, you may have heard."

"His name has reached my ears," acknowledged the young man. "I should greatly admire, suh, to see so notable a marksman perform."

"You shall!" cried the gunmaker. "You shall! Tomorrow! And with the best shooter and the best rifle in the colonies, it shall go hard if I do not thrust their sneers a-down their very throats! And I'll tell you this ——"

The tall clock in the corner clucked in its throat, hesitated, then struck solemnly. The young man glanced up, startled, at the level shafts of light.

"Yore pardon, suh, for interruptin' you," he cried, "but I must be excused. I have made a promise which I am tardy in fulfilling. It will not take me long, and I beg you to be patient, for I would hear more of these things on my return."

So saying, he snatched up his hat and hastened from the room.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DOGS ON PATROL

(Continued from Page 17)

long, lonely stretches of the Mexican border. Illegal entry of aliens from Canada seldom is furtive. On the southern border, however, it is largely by stealth. However expert the man, he is blind compared with a dog in reading trails and detecting caches and hide-aways.

One hears little of bloodhounds nowadays. I know little about the breed, but I get the impression that they are less and less relied upon to track criminals, lost children and missing persons. Whether the fault is the dog's or man's, I do not know, but our experience with shepherds leads me to suspect the latter. Breeders put all their emphasis on the bloodhound's nose, so I am told, but are they breeding the ability to use that nose?

Wigger Catches a Burglar

What does one breed into a dog? No one knows for certain, heredity still being one of the larger mysteries which God appears to have reserved. Bigger and better noses can be accomplished, but to what result? We all have hands, yet not all of us play the piano or the violin. A stock-model nose coupled with brains, a disciplined curiosity, an interest in trailing, is more to be desired than a supersense of smell in a stupid head.

Any dog can follow a scent. He demonstrates it by always finding his master if the latter is on foot. But few dogs will concentrate on the scent of a stranger. Why should they? There is no incentive. Every foot they cross other scents as interesting or more so. They wander from one to another aimlessly, picking up unrelated bits of gossip which man cannot read, and most of it of no interest to him if he could.

Some shepherd dogs make extraordinary trackers, but they are only of value with an equivalently trained man. In trailing, the dog and the man are two halves of a whole. It must be a perfect partnership, attained only after years of working together. It is not a job for just any dog or just any man.

Given the desire and ability to trail, the dog still must be worked on a long trailing leash by his master. The reasons are many. On leash, the master quietly may prevent him from working too fast and too carelessly. Again, the man could not keep up with a free-running dog without being winded; or, the man being distanced, the dog is left unprotected and might be shot by the criminal. Even if a free-running dog could be depended upon always to stick strictly to his knitting, how is he to report his evidence? The man is there, not to influence him—for, having no faintest idea of the dog's mental processes, he knows it would be fatal to interfere—but to watch and interpret the animal's actions. It is a misconception to think of a trail dog as an accuser. The animal draws no deductions; it merely points out facts which have eluded the human senses.

There was a burglary in the countryside of Vaud, and our original trail dog, Wigger von Blasienberg, went to work with his policeman. The countryfolk were agreed that the burglar must have passed down the road in front of the shop. When Wigger picked up the trail in the shop and started across the fields, the onlookers protested that he was not on the trail and asked the policeman to recall his dog.

The policeman knew his dog too well. After nearly a mile, Wigger left the trail a moment, digressed a few feet into tall grass and retrieved a crumpled envelope. Resuming the trail, he followed it to a state road, sniffed at a tree and called it a day. The policeman examined the ground and saw that a bicycle had been parked there. The thief had ridden away and the dog could do no more. But on the crumpled envelope the burglar had tossed aside was found an address which led to his arrest and conviction. Had the policeman overruled Wigger's first report, the crime probably would not have been solved.

Searching for Buried Treasure

Wigger, on command, once searched a plowed field and dug up a lost purse covered under six inches of earth where a farmer had dropped it in plowing. A city official of Lausanne lost a valued heirloom compass while hunting. He knew approximately where, in a woods, it had disappeared, but could not find it after a long search. A gendarme dog, given the job, scratched the compass out of a pile of leaves at the base of a tree.

To search a given piece of territory, a police dog quarters the ground, working from left to right. It reports not only the presence of strangers but announces any unusual object above or below the surface. Smugglers often bury contraband in agreed spots along the border, for confederates to pick up later. The combination of recently broken ground and the scent of human footprints invariably arouses the dog's interest. These dogs also are taught to fetch on command. If the patrolman has lost anything on his route, he sends his dog back for it. These are games of hide and seek to the animal. (Continued on Page 70)

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"SERVICE" MEANS MORE THAN A SMILE

BY HARRY T. DUNN, PRESIDENT, THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

If automobile tires never required attention, one might be content to accept the tire salesman's smile as "complete service". ⋙ But the finest tire ever created must be periodically tested, inflated, inspected. Tires have to be put on, removed, and in some cases, repaired. ⋙ In other words, the tire buyer rightfully expects *service* from the tire merchant. If he doesn't get proper service, both tire merchant and tire maker lose prestige. Service always was, is, and will be a vital factor in the selling of tires. ⋙ That is why the Fisk merchant is "hand picked". Fisk appoints independent merchants whose *lives* are devoted to the communities in which they live; to men who *personally* feel obligated to their customers; to men who are in a position to handle service matters according to each individual case; to men who *own* the businesses they are operating. This definition of Fisk *service* methods is the expression of a policy culminating from more than 30 years of tire experience. ⋙ We are, as quickly as possible, disposing of 23 experimental retail establishments which we are now operating in various communities where no dealer of Fisk qualifications has been up to this time available. These will be placed in the hands of capable, independent merchants as rapidly as possible. ⋙ To the Fisk tire merchant in *your* community, "service" means more—far more—than a smile.

(Continued from Page 68)

The United States is so thoroughly motorized that few criminals move on foot, and the frequency of paved roads on which heavy traffic and the smell of oil, gas and rubber soon efface foot tracks is a handicap we do not have in Switzerland. Yet trained dogs might be of inestimable service here in tracking lost children and missing adults. I wished that I might have had Wigger to put on the trail of a girl who disappeared from an Eastern college last year. After months of suspense for her family, harrowed by this rumor and that, the girl's body was found in a lake on the college grounds—and a competent trailing dog would have indicated her fate within a few minutes.

Most women are uneasy about driving alone in the country and many are under the necessity of doing so. A trained dog would provide them more protection than would a man, and sometimes better company. A dog, of course, is the normal protector of a home. If it fails to frighten off intruders or if it terrorizes chance callers, the fault will be found to rest with the master almost always.

I have a friend who lives outside Philadelphia in a region of estates. Like many of her neighbors, she pays a private agency to guard her property. Hearing, or thinking that she heard, prowlers about one night, she telephoned the agency. Twenty minutes or so later the roar of a motorcycle was heard. A patrolman rode up with the maximum of noise, gave the ground a look, found nothing and roared on his way again. If there were prowlers about, they were given a most considerate warning of the guard's coming and going—a notice no police dog would have given.

I do not, however, advise a trained police dog in a private family, and we never let one of our dogs go out for such purpose unless the master has been trained with the dog. A trained animal is a cocked revolver and should be handled with the same care. Not every German shepherd dog is a police dog, I hope you understand. In fact, the trained police dog scarcely exists in America. An untrained one is much like any other dog. It may be brave or cowardly, good-tempered or bad, intelligent or stupid, depending upon its breeding and its human contacts. All are called police dogs in America, but only the trained one is entitled to the name. Other breeds can be and are trained to the same end; the German shepherd happens to be the likeliest candidate.

Spare the Rod and Spoil the Dog

This dog has been shamefully abused in America, by both its friends and its enemies. In the first place, it has been bred here almost exclusively for bench or show purposes. With all the emphasis put on appearance, and an artificial standard of looks, at that, the breed has suffered in more important qualities. There is nothing incompatible between beauty and intelligence in dogs any more than in humans, but it takes twice the knowledge to breed for both as to breed for one or the other.

The United States is overrun with animals ironically called police dogs which have the spirit of rabbits. They slink off with their tails between their legs, cower under the sofa, are ostentatiously stupid, shiver with nervousness and are, in general, a disgraceful parody on the honest working stock from which they sprang. Yet their pedigrees may be breath-taking.

Then an occasional trained dog falls into the hands of a private owner, with neither knowledge nor judgment. As part of its education, the dog has learned to attack on command. The delighted owner calls in his friends and shows off this new toy. The animal quickly realizes that nothing else so pleases his master, so the next morning he bites the butcher's boy and, instead of shooting the owner, the dog is shot. This same papa would not think of encouraging little Willie to show off his prowess with a revolver.

Or a trained dog accustomed to a disciplined, intelligent, interesting régime of work is sold to a family where a dog is a dog. They spoil him one hour, neglect him the next. Most of the time he is free to roam as he pleases.

Any dog wandering the streets is like a boy loafing on a street corner—a potential public nuisance. All the more so with an animal educated to disciplined work. He sheds his discipline without shedding the memory of his training.

Dog haters have concentrated their phobia on the German shepherd as, by report, the most formidable of the species, and their imagination has known no bounds. Four times this year within a month it has been reported circumstantially to the police of Nassau County, Long Island, that a police dog left to guard the infant child of its owners had killed and partly eaten the baby. Exactly a similar story is periodically current in Bern, Switzerland.

Why a Dog Bites

Can you conceive of a more horrible canard, yet it was devoutly believed, for only one of the calls was anonymous? Needless to say, there was not the remotest basis for any of the reports, the police found. Apart from the fact that parents do not leave infants in houses without other human occupants, no police dog had so much as snapped at a child. The rare dog that does snap at a child usually will be a peevish, wheezing, overstuffed lap-size animal, its disposition ruined by too much food and too little exercise.

While I was lecturing in Pittsburgh recently on the Seeing Eye dogs, a blind man in the audience asked me about the general rule against dogs in hotel and apartment-house elevators. "I am glad you asked," I told him, and related an experience of Dr. Robert Blair, who is blind and is led by a Seeing Eye dog.

The doctor called on a friend at a hotel one day and was told that his dog would not be permitted in the elevator. He wanted to know why. The hotel employe explained courteously and in detail. The rule had been passed the week before, following an unpleasant incident in an elevator. A woman guest had entered a car, carrying a small dog in her arms. Another passenger attempted to pet the dog and had been snapped at. The operator then asked the woman to leave the car; she objected emphatically and, the employe added confidentially, had expressed her indignation by spitting in the operator's face.

"Ah, I see!" exclaimed the doctor. "You mean that ladies no longer are allowed in your elevators."

A sound dog bites aggressively only because he has been taught to do so. The dog that bites, bites only from fear—to protect himself. When properly taught to attack, he does so with complete impersonality. He has no feeling against the man. He is not savage, does not bite, but merely takes a firm hold unless the man tries to run. It is an exercise he has been taught as another dog might be taught to bring in the evening paper. As he attacks only on command, so he releases instantly on another command.

Policemen who work with our dogs never are permitted to give a false command to attack or to exhibit this accomplishment off duty. A Swiss government official once came to Fortunate Fields to inspect our methods, and we took him on a tour of the Vaud police dogs. They were so quiet and inoffensive that he would not believe they could be depended upon to attack. I had to put a padded suit on one of my men the next day and demonstrate how our visitor would have been seized at a policeman's command.

All our dogs at home are police-trained. They bother no one going or coming, for we never confuse them by mixing work and play. One would no more attack a visitor without being told to do so than it would trail a lost child on its own initiative. Like a gun, they work only when the trigger is pulled.

Getting angry got me into this work. I owned a German shepherd dog, Hans von Saarbrucken, for twelve years—bought him from a dealer. Purely by luck, I got a good one.

It was Hans that taught me what a dog could be, and it was the contrast with the cringing, stupid, neurotic animals some of my friends and neighbors called shepherds that annoyed me.

Development, creation, always have interested me. Wherever I have lived I have planted and tended a garden. My first husband, Senator Walter A. Wood, and I ran a dairy farm at Hoosick Falls, New York, before the war. Many breed fancy dairy stock of little utility to the farmer. We bred for milk only, with grade cows to thoroughbred bulls. My husband died in 1915 and I carried on until 1917. As proof that it was a practical enterprise, I sold the herd at a 30 per cent profit.

Cows had taught me a little biology; but in breeding grade cows to thoroughbred bulls, with milk the all in all, it was impossible not to improve the strain. When I tried to breed shepherd dogs I followed the popular error of supposing that if one breeds a champion to a champion, one gets a litter of champions. I got a litter of mutts.

I saw in the shepherd dog a Niagara of energy going to waste, an intelligence waiting to be used intelligently, a public servant and useful citizen. At my breeding and training station in Switzerland we have been working for seven years to develop this energy. Our dogs go out from six departments as police dogs with the state police, Red Cross and liaison dogs for the Swiss army, criminal trailing and frontier-guard dogs, prison and railroad-yard guards and, most important of all, as guides for the blind.

The location in Switzerland came about through personal considerations, but it happened to be convenient to the native heath of the German shepherd dog. I studied what and where I could, and sent for Elliott S. Humphrey, an American expert in animal breeding, who had just finished a piece of work for a New Hampshire breeder of Arab horses. Though skeptical of the practical value of dogs, he taught me all one winter.

"Why don't you go into something useful?" he demanded. I asked so many questions that he told me he would not work for me for a million dollars a month, I believe the sum was. In the spring, that great homewoman of the Genesee Valley, Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth, called him back to her work with the United States Army Remount Service, but three years later he returned to Switzerland as our general manager. The pay is something less than a million dollars a month, but Mr. Humphrey has been converted in the interval to dogs as citizens.

Personal Touch in Dog Raising

To breed for any given result, I have learned, the breeder must know exactly what he seeks and not be diverted by the well-meaning advice of this person or that, of which he will have an abundance. The ancestry of the male and female must be known for several generations, not merely on paper but in fact. The animals' defects are quite as important hereditarily as their virtues. It is easy to learn the latter from former owners, but next to impossible to get a candid report of the former. Finally, one must know what breeding is. It is not an exact science; nothing creative is, that I can think of, but it has well-defined principles. Dr. Charles B. Davenport's Principles of Breeding has taught me most of what I have been able to assimilate.

Having bred good dogs, and bred for intelligence, courage and stamina, the breeder has yet to rear them to the same ends. Nearly all shepherd dogs in America are bred and reared in kennels on a factory basis. Our pups are put on farms in pairs, to grow up naturally and develop individualities. The standardized kennel products remind me of orphan-asylum children. There is a vacant look about them. A dog must attach himself to an individual or to a family. In kennels, one dog must share the affections of two or three persons with a hundred other dogs. That is not enough affection to go around.

Every three months of the growing period Mr. Humphrey or I visit, study and chart the dogs minutely as to physique and mentality. We know them well when, at fourteen months, they return to us, rowdy, healthy young animals, and begin their training—though that is a poor word. Any dog may be trained to a variety of tricks, but it stands on its head or jumps through a hoop not because it is fun for him but out of fear of punishment or hope of immediate reward. Education is a better word for what we are after. Our dogs are taught to do a thing, not because it is the master's whim but because it is the pleasantest thing to do. They must never suspect that it is a chore, but a game. If it is necessary to punish them, the punishment must be identified with the misdeed, not the master. The latter is there to praise, protect and comfort them. By association of ideas, they discover that as long as he is about nothing disagreeable and much of interest happens to them.

Upsetting a Gentleman's Code

The young dogs are first interested in attack by giving them a sack to worry. If they are not interested, as some are not, their interest must be aroused by ingenuity. How long it takes to teach a sound dog to attack would surprise you. It is an unnatural act to him. By heredity and environment he is a gentleman, with a gentleman's code. Slowly the idea is expanded until he is taught to seize a man wearing a padded suit.

This protection is not because the dog seizes the man with intent to hurt him, but because Nature gave the dog a sharp seizing apparatus and the man a tender skin. To insure that the dog understands that it is not the suit but the man which must be seized and held, we make a practice of leaving the suit on the ground after the exercise.

To my knowledge, no working police dogs are bred in America. This hard-working citizen, developed out of three centuries of natural selection for hardiness and intelligence on the German sheep ranges, and which ends a long day's work by sharing the shepherd's bread and cheese, has become a fad and a social parasite here, often demoralized by neglect and artiness. There is more intelligence in one eye of one of these workmen than in the whole body of the usual bench champion. But there is plenty of good blood over here, though scattered widely among individual owners, and there is no reason why others cannot do here what we have, for example.

"It is unnatural for man's companion to be turned against man," is the common objection to the use of dogs in crime prevention. The argument is specious. It is the criminal who has turned against man, not the dog.

I have had a well-meaning woman literally shake her fist in my face and demand by what right I deprived a dog of its liberty. I have been asked pointedly whether I observed the eight-hour day with my dogs. So little do they understand a dog.

Some of the same persons ride polo ponies to exhaustion and rowel them cruelly for no other purpose than their own amusement. Their sons go to work daily, as a matter of course; even their daughters may be useful.

Why assume that a dog is happy only when lying on a rug and scratching its fleas? Could it be that the dog is only bored by its human society?

Some native philosopher once observed that it was just as well that a dog had fleas; they served to keep its mind off the melancholy fact that it was a dog. Fleas may be a necessary counterirritant to an Indian mongrel, but in better society a dog need have neither fleas nor the necessity for forgetting what a dull world people have made.

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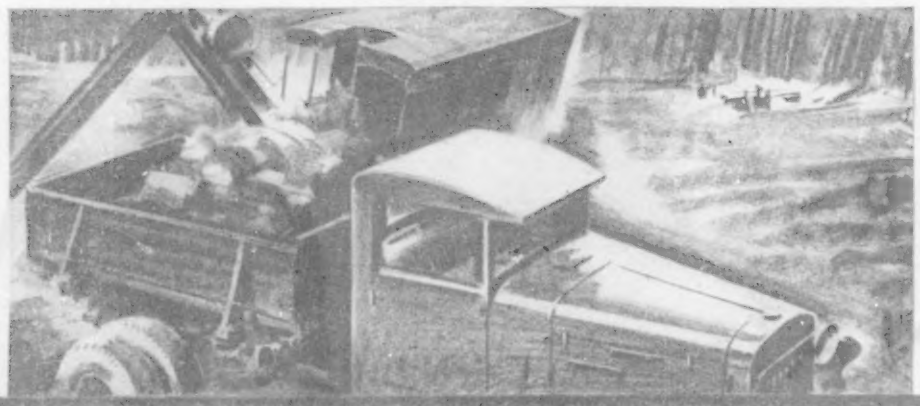

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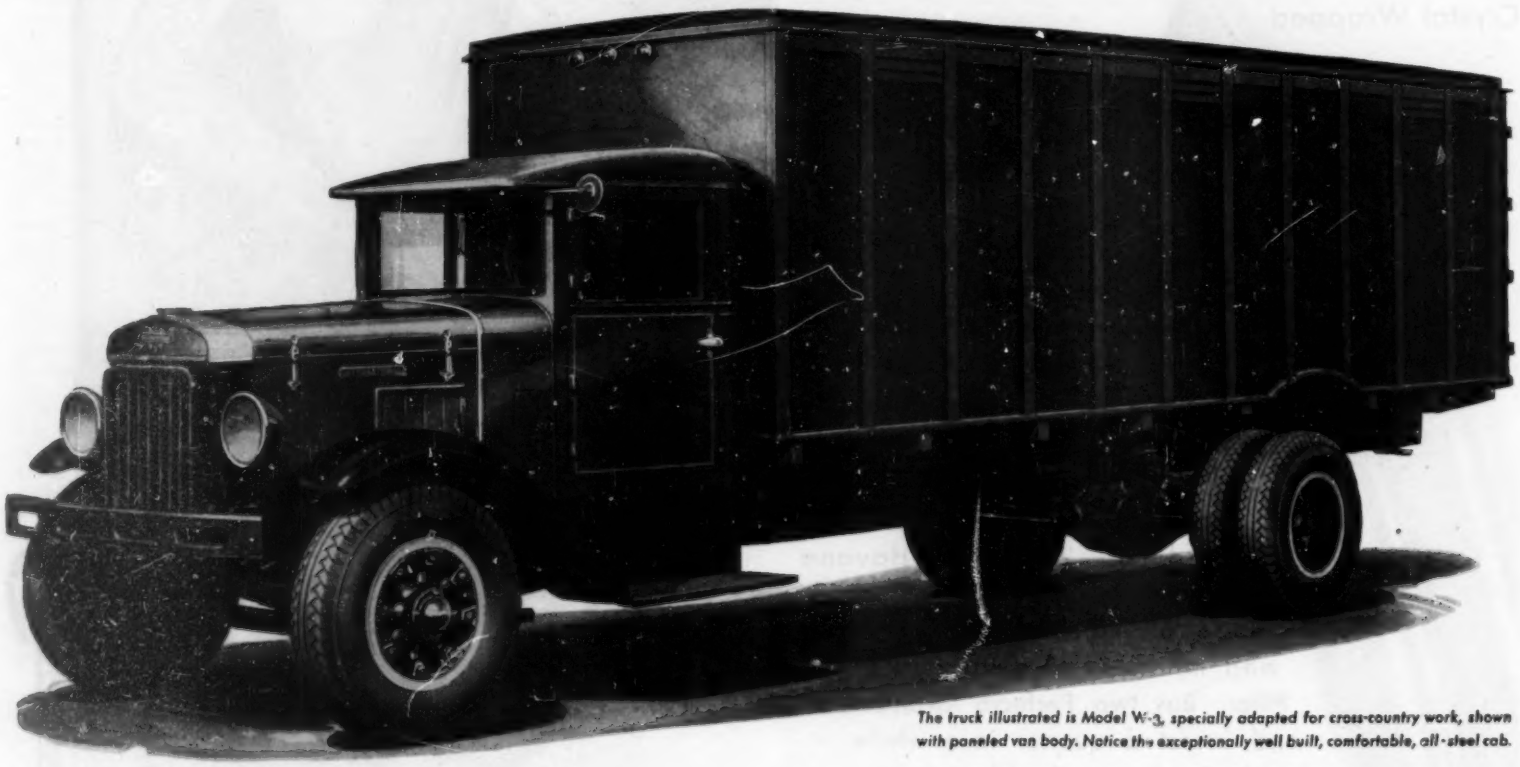
(Rated Capacities from 2½ tons up)

RUGGED ▾ POWERFUL ▾ MODERN



The truck illustrated is Model W-3, specially adapted for cross-country work, shown with paneled van body. Notice the exceptionally well built, comfortable, all-steel cab.

BRIEF FACTS

Wheelbase: 13 different lengths, fitting every job and load.

Engine: Valve-in-head; overhead camshaft; powerful, simple, and unusually accessible.

Clutch: Single plate with built-in vibration damper.

Transmission: 5 speeds forward, 2 reverse.

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The new heavy-duty line and other International models, ranging from ¾-ton up, are sold and serviced by 180 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada and dealers everywhere.

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You'll want to get acquainted with this new line. See these trucks at the nearest showroom or ask us to send you a folder.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

COUNTESS OLGA'S DANCING SLIPPERS

(Continued from Page 13)

got those diamonds now, even if she is supposed to be engaged to Clough."

"I can come pretty close to it. Clough's paid fifty thousand francs to Georges Plombin to smuggle 'em for him, and I've trailed Plombin to Cherbourg this morning on Barco's train. Trump that."

"I'll do my best for you, Charlie. I'll put the steward on the job."

"All right, you do your best. Be seein' ya."

"Good boy."

Harry Prout, with his trousers creased to an edge and brushed to a meticulous distraction, his clean linen jacket snugged tightly to his hips and carefully buttoned so that not a wrinkle showed, his hair slicked and his face glowing with a rare soap sheen, stood before the door of Suite B and fought down a desire to flee to the deepest bunker and hide.

Somehow his damp knuckles rapped upon the panels.

"Come."

He was in her presence at last.

There she stood, tall and slender in her Nile-green kimono, with her hair brushed wildly back from her ears and forehead—still brushing it furiously with a whalebone brush.

"The towels, ma'am."

"Thanks, steward."

He went into the bathroom. The door opened behind him and young Mr. Baudry came into the cabin.

"Well, Olga, my love, light of my life, it went over like a Dempsey left to the button. I haven't seen the frogs get really wild since the old Seventh Field Artillery pulled into the basin at St. Nazaire in August of '17. They out-frogged themselves. Of course I thought they should have given you the Legion of Honor, but the show went over; they ripped up the seats."

"I'm glad it's done," said Olga. "Look at this junk, Johnnie." She swept her white hands before her. "Perfume, clothes, hats."

He nodded. "I sent all the wine to the bar and the other stuff I gave to the chief steward. The flowers are all over the lounges, and I'll have them in the saloon tonight. I'll take care of the acknowledgments."

"But this stuff," said Olga. "Smell it." She uncorked a quart flask of Rose de Noir and held it to his nose.

He shook his head.

"No, won't do. Stick to the smell water that Russian made for you. This stuff has no trade-mark value." He poured out the perfume and threw the flask in the wastebasket. "Clothing fit?"

She laughed. "Marie has taken the gowns down. She's packing them in the trunks now."

"Slippers, eh?" Johnnie Baudry opened the green morocco case. "Grimpé's compliments."

"I don't like them."

"Oh, well, all in *l'après-midi d'un* press agent." He smiled. "What's Olga going to do without her nice tame press agent?"

"Oh, Johnnie, you're not going to chuck me entirely, are you?"

"Well"—Mr. Baudry pulled the knot of his cravat slightly tighter and faced himself in the mirror—"I don't know." He turned sideways and surveyed the line of his chest and patted his flat abdomen. "When a man gets to be a famous playwright, he has a right to work at it. Ten thousand from an American producer this week and the flicker-chatter rights unloaded for one hundred and fifty thousand iron children."

"Then you are going to leave me?"

"I sort of fancy myself in Miami or at the Sevilla Biltmore in double-breasted whites, or perhaps I'll take a relapse at Asheville or White Sulphur and climb a horse. 'See that handsome young chap?'—whisper. 'He's Johnston Baudry, the author of Love's the Thing.'"

"Oh, but you wouldn't like that, Johnnie!"

"Dunno; I never tried it. Might."

"Well, I don't know what I will do," she said. "I don't want you to go, Johnnie. It'll be awful, not having you around any more."

"Thank you, fair lady—thank you. I'd stay, you know, Olga. But I'd lam this Clough guy sooner or later, and then where'd I be? You watch out, baby. The Hollywood office'll marry you to him yet. They have to sooner or later, after they wear out the engagement hit and run. The public demands it. . . . Well, on my way. Eight for dinner—that gives you an entrance. 'By, sweetheart. Me for the pool."

Olga Barco stood looking at the closed door for a moment after Johnston Baudry had gone. Harry Prout, in the bathroom, finished his slicking up, racked the towels and came back into the dressing room. Olga turned her head and looked him full in the eyes. Harry Prout believed his last moment was at hand. He couldn't understand why he still lived, once those bright orbs were fastened upon him. He felt himself fumbling all over. His hand fumbled to his forelock. His lips fumbled meaningless "Yes, ma'ams." His knees fumbled together.

Then she smiled, and the warmth of the smile enveloped him. His face cracked into a grin and he knew he would live.

"It's a great life," she said.

"Yes, ma'am, it must be; yes, ma'am, indeed."

She reached for a cigarette. He struck a match for her.

"Like to trade?"

"Trade, ma'am. I don't believe I—I mean to sye—I—I—trade, ma'am?"

She laughed and put her hands on her hips. "I suppose this is a big moment in your life?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. It's a great honor to carry you. I shall always remember it. I've seen your fillums, ma'am, I 'ave, and they was wonderful."

She laughed again. "So you think so?"

"Oh, I knows so, ma'am!"

She stood looking at him until he commenced to fumble once more.

"The—the towels are racked, ma'am, and I've slicked up a bit. If there's anything else, I'll ——"

"Yes, thanks, steward—thanks."

He managed to get out somehow. He was mopping his brow in the locker when Collins poked his head in.

"Mr. Gavin wants you in his cabin."

The purser looked up as Harry knocked and entered.

"You have the Countess, Prout?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Good. Get this now: I'm not suggesting a thing. Roland Clough bought her twenty-eight diamonds in Paris. He's going to marry her, they say. These are to be a wedding or an engagement present. The Treasury Department man traced the stuff to Cherbourg and told me about it. Clough hired a man in France to get these diamonds through without paying duty. It's an even break that they are on board now, and there'll be an awful smell in New York if they aren't declared or found."

"You mean, sir, that you think the Countess 'as got 'em now?"

"It's a possibility."

"Oh, no, sir; she wouldn't think of smuggling."

"You never can tell what a woman will think of."

"But not her; she's too kind and good."

The purser smiled. "Well, keep your eyes peeled."

"But she wouldn't ——"

"Listen, Prout. I know she's Olga Barco—I go to the pictures once in a while myself—but don't forget that she's just a woman. Why, she might be doing it just for the fun of it. She makes enough to afford a fine."

"Oh, no, sir; no, sir. Please don't say that. I feel certain, 'ere in m' 'eart, sir, that she's too fine and good for anything petty and mean like smugglin'."

"Well, see if you get anything."

"Very good, sir, but I feel certain she ayn't got 'em."

"That's all."

It was eight o'clock. Harry Prout finished swabbing the baths and brushing up Cabins 206 and 208. He racked his towels for morning, turned the beds, locked the doors and crossed with his pan to Suite B. Marie, the maid, was clearing up the last of the Countess' dinner-dressing débris.

"I beg yer pardon, miss."

"Oh, it's the steward?"

"Yes'm."

"What a mess," said the maid.

"Is it always like this—presents and what not?"

Marie looked at him. "Haven't you seen it before?"

"Well, not like this, miss."

"It wouldn't be so bad if you could use the stuff."

"But why can't you?"

"Why can't we? Well, some of it you can, of course, but the most of it, no. The firms just give what they make—for the advertising they get—they use the advertising anyway. Take the shoes now. The Countess always has Ferronier, in New York, make her shoes. She wouldn't for the life of her wear any others. And I'm not her size. I suppose my sister can use these; she's got a smallish foot. Fourteen pairs of them." She pointed to the green morocco case. "You might put that up on top of the wardrobe for me."

Harry picked up the Grimpé case.

"Here, wait a moment. There's not half enough room on the shelves for the shoes we have. Give me the case a moment." Marie opened it and dumped the Grimpé slippers on the floor. Into the case she put fourteen pairs of Olga Barco's own shoes.

"Now put it up."

"But what'll you do with these?"

"Trunk, I suppose."

"There's a bathroom shelf."

"Lovely things," sighed Marie. "Oh, well. Where's the shelf?"

Harry Prout picked up an armful of the dancing slippers and pushed open the bathroom door. "There; if you'll 'and them up, miss." He stood on the edge of the tub and started to range the slippers along in a row on the shelf, counting as he did so: Eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-two, twenty-six, twenty-eight slippers.

Harry Prout always liked things to come out even. Slippers would come out even anyways; they had to, because they came in pairs. Twenty-eight. He got down and dusted his hands together.

"I'll just brush up around now and get on with my bed turning."

Reverently Harry Prout went over the carpets with his dustpan and brush, collecting bits of wadded paper and string, flower petals and what not that had not found the wastebaskets on the first cast. Marie finished hanging up the things La Barco had left. Harry attached the small brush to the cleaner tube and snapped the switch. Marie closed the wardrobe doors and went down to her own dinner in the second-class saloon.

Mr. Gavin was always that way—'ard an' businesslike wiv the passengers. But not 'er—not Olga. Why, look at 'er in Pearls of Price, findin' the jools 'erself, and 'er wiv that Eyetalian feller after 'er all the while, tryin' to catch 'er an' tyke 'er to 'is 'ome in the 'ills, an' 'er carryin' on an' puttin' the orficers on 'is trail. Harry Prout shook his head. Not 'er; Olga was too fine and good to be smugglin' things like. Twenty-eight diamonds. 'Ow did they know there was twenty-eight of 'em? Twenty-eight was an ordinary number, it was. Jools should come in threes or sevens or nines, not in twenty-eights.

He shook his head and snapped off the vacuum cleaner. Carefully he turned down the bed for the night, smoothing the pillows with reverent fingers, flicking at a dust speck on the brass of the bed, snapping on the reading lamp and putting the port frames on their rubber stop clamps.

But suppose she really 'ad them. Look at Mrs. Seton—'ad 'em an' didn't know it. Roland Clough 'ad bought 'em for 'er, an' the purser thought they was aboard. Harry didn't like Roland Clough in the films very much. Too 'andsome like an' slickey. An' 'e was going to marry 'er. Young Mr. Baudry didn't like 'im either. Suppose 'e was playin' the villain like an' lettin' 'er bring over the diamonds all innocent, an' gettin' 'er caught by the authorities. Harry Prout stiffened and clenched his fists. No, not Olga—not 'is Olga!

A white card lay on one edge, propped against the base of the wardrobe. Harry picked it up. It read: "*Présenté à la Comptesse Olga Barco avec les compliments de la Maison Grimpé et Fils.*" The maid had let it drop from the morocco case. Harry dusted its beveled gold-leaf edge with a careful finger and put it on the dressing table on top of a pile of pink radio flimsies. The one-word signature of the top flimsy caught his eye: "Rollie." He looked behind him and bent closer to read the message:

"BON VOYAGE SWEETHEART STOP AM WAITING YOUR ARRIVAL EAGERLY STOP SAW THE RUSHES ON SIDEWALKS OF PARIS STOP LOOKS LIKE A WOW STOP YOU WILL GET A LITTLE PRESENT FROM ME IN CHERBOURG FROM GRIMPÉ FILS AND I WILL HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU IN NEW YORK THAT WILL KNOCK YOUR EYE OUT STOP MUCH LOVE

"ROLLIE"

There was a crap game going on in the Glory Hole when Harry went forward. He never gambled himself. He hung up his jacket and pants, and climbed into his berth for a last gasper before sleep. Collins had the dice.

"Come, babies, dance for poppa! Two fives for me; fives twice! Whamo! Fifty-six—half it, babies—twenty-eight—four and six does it!"

"Twenty-eight." Harry Prout took his cigarette from between his lips. Twenty-eight—there it was again. Twenty-eight—twenty-eight diamonds—and something else—twenty-eight something else's—slippers on the bathroom shelf—that's it! Funny 'ow that number kept poppin' up.

He put his cigarette back between his lips and, with his hands behind his head, lay staring for a moment at the bolt-studded overhead. Rollie—that'd be short for Roland. He sat upright. Roland Clough, the 'andsome bloke wot she's supposed to marry. 'E'd given 'er the Grimpé slippers, 'e said. Something funny there. The Countess 'adn't seemed to think 'e 'ad when she spoke to young Mr. Baudry. An' the maid 'adn't thought so. Harry Prout pulled a crumpled piece of paper and a stub of pencil from his pocket. His forehead puckered as he tried to write from memory: "*Présenté à la Comptesse Olga Barco avec les compliments de la Maison Grimpé et Fils.*"

"There." He leaned over the edge of his bunk. "Hy, Duffy! 'Ave a look at this. Frog ayn't wot you might call a readin' langwidge to me. Wot do you myke of it?"

Duffy took the paper in his grubby fingers.

"It says 'Presented to the Comptess Barco with love from a bloke named Grimpé and his son.' Collectin' bleedin' soovenirs, 'Arry?"

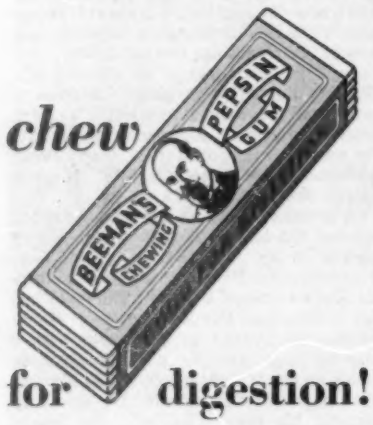
"Then they was given free?"

"Yuss, on the 'ouse like."

"Well, that's very funny." Harry Prout lay back again. Twenty-eight diamonds an' twenty-eight blinkin' slippers, an' the bloke wot is givin' 'er the diamonds says 'e give 'er the slippers, too, an' on top o' that, the slippers come free like. Very funny—very funny. But you carn't go 'iding no diamonds in no slippers, an' that's that. You just carn't. There ayn't no plyce for 'em.

Listless *after* lunch?

chew



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HURRIED? Something on your mind? Eat too fast? Eat too much? Then your digestion needs help. Try Beeman's, the Pepsin Gum!

Millions of people have known the gentle aid of this delicious chewing gum, perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago.

Millions of careful people who chew gum as an aid to digestion have selected Beeman's first, last and foremost.

Millions love its keen, fresh flavor, its satiny smoothness, its mellow quality, and its kindly aid to digestion.

BEEMAN'S

PEPSIN GUM

aids digestion

Harry Prout pinched out his cigarette and laid the half-consumed butt on the ledge of the I-beam overhead. He lay back and closed his eyes.

For the next two days the slippers on Olga's bathroom shelf bothered him. At various times when he was swabbing up in the suite he probed the toes of each one of the twenty-eight with a long pencil and found nothing. The soles were too thin to allow of anything being put between the leather—anything like a diamond. But there was some connection; numbers didn't just happen like, and it weren't natural that a present should be given by two people.

The day Harry Prout took the declaration forms around, young Mr. Baudry received a radiogram. He came into Olga's lounge while Harry was still there.

"Listen, sweetheart," he said. "Come clean now. This is from the New York office. Signed by the chief himself." Mr. Baudry rattled the pink slip:

"MAKE FULL AND COMPLETE DECLARATION ALL FOREIGN PURCHASES STOP DUE TO RECENT UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS RICH SOCIETY WOMEN TO SMUGGLE CLOTHING AND JEWELS WE CONSIDER ANY PUBLICITY IN THIS RESPECT CONTRARY TO CHARACTER PUBLIC EXPECTS OF OLGA STOP CANNOT EXPRESS SENTIMENTS TOO STRONGLY THIS RESPECT STOP DECLARE EVERYTHING AND TAKE NO CHANCES"

"But I'm going to declare everything."

Mr. Baudry tilted her chin and looked into her eyes.

"All right," he said; "go ahead and do it."

Harry Prout looked at them over his shoulder and stepped into the bathroom.

Olga said, "You don't believe me?"

Mr. Baudry said something that Harry couldn't quite hear. He could see, via the bathroom mirror, Olga's reflection in the long cabin mirror. She stepped backward again, but young Mr. Baudry followed her and took her wrists in both his hands.

"Darling, sweetheart," he said softly, "declare everything, right here and now."

"Oh, Johnnie!" She turned her head from him.

"Everything," he laughed.

"Don't hold my wrists; you're hurting me."

"No, I'm not," he said. "What's it to be—a stuffed shirt because the public demands it, or bright boy?"

"Can't we wait a little while?"

"No." He shook his head. "And you don't want to, sweetheart. I've got it all planned. We take the ship-to-shore plane at dawn tomorrow, and they don't know a thing about it until we telephone them."

"But it breaks my contract."

"Don't be a little fool, Olga. It expires on the first anyway, and they'll renew you at four times the figure, married or not, after Streets of Paris."

"I'm not thinking about the money, but I've always played fair with the chief."

"He'll understand—and, after all, look at the story in it! I'm a famous playwright, m' love, you know. I'm not Johnnie Baudry, the boy press agent, any longer. We've graduated. No more argument."

"Oh, Johnnie ——"

"Good!"

"Johnnie ——"

"Better!"

There was silence in the lounge.

Harry Prout coughed presently, and after a moment he came out of the bathroom. He was not noticed. He crossed to the cabin door, opened it and went out. In the passage he stood, hands clasped together, face beaming. In his best astral moments in the cinema, he had not done it better himself. Love—young love—breaking through all the barriers, surmounting all obstacles. He went through his day's work in a roseate glow, to the sound of distant temple bells chiming beyond the hills. "I 'opes they'll be 'appy—so 'appy," he kept thinking, and somehow "they" in his thoughts were himself in his heart.

But as the day wore on a gentle sadness crept into his soul. It was just like a fillum, it was. His Olga coming aboard that way, and him sort of 'oping like, an' her tyking the other man an' leavin' 'im out in the cold like, wiv 'is sadness and 'is loneliness and the vista of the long, empty years ahead. Just like a fillum, wiv him being the strong, silent man who would see them off on their 'oneymoon an' wish 'em godspeed, an' then go off to Africa to shoot lions. An' only a-comin' back to be godfather like to their children. Ah, well, he would be true to her memory always, keeping her in his heart by the side of his lonely campfire on the veldt; always ready at a moment's notice to go to the ends of the world in her service.

"Prout, the purser wants you."

It would come like this: His safari would be winding its way through the jungle one day, his porters in a long, sweating line of ebony figures behind, his gun bearers at his elbow, when ahead he would see a lone runner coming toward him. He would push his topee back and wait. The runner would kneel at his feet and hand him a crested ring—just that—his own ring that he had given her, telling her to send it to him if she ever wanted him.

"Prout; hy! The purser wants you!" Somehow he was in the office and Mr. Gavin was tapping a declaration form.

"Not a jewel on it," he said. "Got anything?"

"No, sir, I carn't say I 'ave, sir. Might I look at the form?" He glanced through it and shook his head. "She's myde a fairly honest one I should sye, sir. Furs an' silks an' lyces and perfume."

"Yes." The purser nodded. "She turned over all her invoices and asked me to declare for her."

"Then, sir, tyke it from me, she ayn't got those diamonds."

"Well, let's hope not. That's all."

Harry Prout's rounds were finished until the ten o'clock light round. He went up to Brophy's cubby in the bar for his glass of sherry. With the warmth of it in his stomach, he sat for a while thumbing over Brophy's magazines, but there was a restlessness in his soul. He went out on deck presently and stood looking at the stars overhead. The smoke from the funnels lay far over to starboard in a straight, black smudge. He went forward to Number 12 boat and stood with his elbows on its weather cover, chin cupped in both hands.

Then she didn't know nothing abaht them diamonds. And they was a last piece of villainy that Roland Clough was saving till the end—savin' to spoil their happiness. 'E would wyte, just like they did in the fillums, till the larst minute. Then 'e would sye: "Orficer, arrest this woman, for she is a vile smuggler."

But where was them diamonds? If 'Arry could only think that out, 'e could save her for her lover yet. His brow wrinkled in deep thought. The slippers, somehow, kept coming back to mind. They 'ad something to do wiv it, but wot? Wot I arsks you—wot?

There was the sound of voices coming down the wind of the ship's passing.

"It's dark," said a woman.

A man said, "Here, take my hand."

"Oh!" said the woman. "I've twisted my ankle, Billy. . . . No, not badly, but I've taken the heel off my slipper. You'll have to help me."

Harry Prout stiffened suddenly as the couple passed behind him, the girl laughing and limping grotesquely.

"'Eels!" breathed Harry. "In the 'eels, of course." He scuttled forward to the starboard companion and went below. Five minutes later he was in Olga's bathroom. Carefully he ran his fingers over the polished heel of one of the cherry-pink slippers. The surface was smooth and untouched, but there was a very slight wrinkle on the edge of the strip of kid that covered the inside surface under the instep. He pressed his fingers firmly on the kid and felt a pebbly bump underneath, almost unnoticeable.

"They've bored 'oles in the 'eels, put the stones in, an' filled 'em up agyne wiv glue or wax, and pasted the kid down over it!"

He took each of the slippers in turn and felt for the bump. The pebbly roughness was there—under that kid strip on the inside of the heel of each slipper.

"There it is! Wot bleedin' villainy! She doesn't want the slippers, an' yet she 'as them 'ere, an' she doesn't know that each an' every one of them is blarsting hevidence agynst 'er!" Harry was trembling. He let himself out of the suite and went to his locker to think.

"If I tells Mr. Gavin, hit won't do no good, because 'e carn't do anythink, an' 'e won't 'ave anythink that looks like snoopin' on passengers. If I tells 'er, hit'll worry 'er, an' we don't want that. If I tells Marie, she'll tell 'er."

He tossed all night in his bunk with his problem, and at dawn he knew what he would do. He shaved and washed carefully and had his breakfast in the pantry. Then he went aft to see the plane off.

His Olga was beautiful in the morning light, standing there with the sun flaming on the rhinestones of her hat ornament and her slipper buckles, with the wind whipping her traveling skirt, with her green leather coat belted tightly about her lithe figure. And young Mr. Baudry, in tweeds, standing beside her, all smiles.

One of the mechanics handed up the mail bags to the other one, who lowered them into the forward compartment and closed the trap. Crowds of passengers were on B and C decks above, watching. The pilot helped Olga into the passenger compartment. She turned as she was stepping through the tiny door in the plane's side—turned and waved one gloved hand—and it seemed to Harry, in the after gangway, that her smile and the wave of her hand were for him alone. The purser gave her a small bouquet of violets. Mr. Baudry climbed into the plane with two other passengers. The door closed.

One of the well-deck donkeys coughed and the long arm of the launching crane moved upward and to port while the mechanics steadied the pontoons and cleared the rail. The crane swung outward and down as the liner lost headway completely. The pontoons touched water. There was a whine as the inertia starters churned into action—a whine that increased in volume to a scream and died suddenly in the bark of the heavy motors. For a few moments the tiny plane bobbed astern of the liner, the sun crashing in a thousand silver splinters from the whirling propeller blades. Then it moved, leaving two white paths behind it. It came on faster, racing up abreast the bridge while the passengers ran forward.

Suddenly it was off the water in a long low climb, circling backward for altitude, coming toward them at the end of the turn and howling overhead as a white-gloved hand waved once again. Then it was a tiny speck and the liner picked up headway once more. She was gone.

Marie was packing. The bed and the chesterfield in the lounge were piled high under the filminess of gowns and evening dresses. Hat boxes were pyramided along the walls when Harry Prout, his rounds finished, knocked and opened the door.

"Beg pardon, miss. Could I be of any hassistance? I ayn't wot you might call unused to hit. I've 'elped pack 'undreds of lydies' things in m' time."

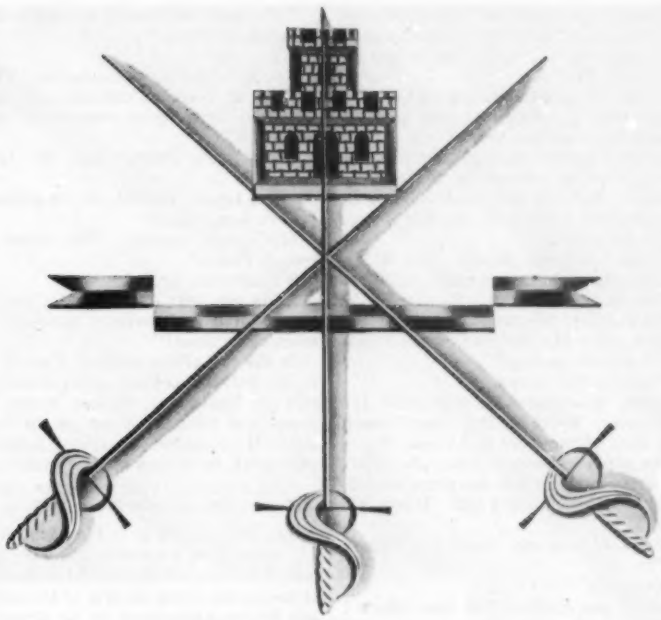
"You might open that for me."

"Yes, miss." Harry Prout snapped the catches and pushed back the two halves of the wardrobe trunk.

"See, miss; like this, ayn't it?" He lifted an evening gown and hung it gently from the arms of a T hanger, folding it without a wrinkle and pushing the hanger home on the nickel runners.

"That's right," said Marie. "You ought to get a job as a lady's maid."

"Oh, I've 'elped often." Harry Prout grinned. He shook out the denim coat bags, and holding the hanger with one of Olga's fur deck coats on it in his teeth, pulled the bag up over it and drew the catch. He drew out the drawers from the other half of the trunk and piled them on the floor beside Marie, who was folding lingerie. *(Continued on Page 76)*



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(Continued from Page 74)

"This, ayn't it?" he asked, picking up a flask of lavender sachet from the dressing table.

"My goodness," said Marie.

"Oh, I've 'elped," said Harry as he dusted the sachet into the drawers. "Shoes next. I can do them if you like while you 'ave your tea. I won't crush 'em. I knows exactly 'ow they goes." He pulled out the shoe drawer and filled it with Olga's slippers from the bottom of the cabin wardrobe. He opened the other trunk.

"I'll be back in twenty minutes," Marie said.

As soon as she closed the door, Harry Prout straightened up, listening. After a moment, he pulled a folded pillowcase from under his white jacket and dodged into the bathroom. From the shelf he swept all the Grimpé slippers into the pillowcase and stepped carefully back to the cabin door. He opened it. The passage was empty. Hurriedly he crossed to his locker and stuffed his bundle into a far corner, under the day's linen.

The packing was practically finished when Marie came back. Harry was bending over the straps on one of the valises.

"You certainly are a fast worker. Did you remember those slippers we put in the bathroom?"

Harry Prout scratched his head. "I packed 'em," he said slowly, "somewhere, but I've packed so much I just misremember where."

"Oh, it's all right. If you'll close the trunks now."

Sometime after midnight a white-jacketed figure with a large bundle under his arm made his way aft and below to E Deck, crossed the after well deck and climbed the ladder. Keeping to the shadow of the deck houses, he passed the laundry and the engineers' mess.

For several minutes he stood at the after rail, reaching into his bundle and dropping things from it to the boiling wake far below. Then he folded the empty pillowcase and tucked it under his jacket. He moved over toward the whining brass wheel of the taffrail log and stood staring out across the empty ocean.

The liner docked at ten the next morning. It was in the papers that came aboard at Quarantine:

Olga Barco married to Johnston Baudry. Couple Leave Liner by Plane.

Harry Prout read it as he went forward and took his place in the baggage queue. "So," he thought. "Well, I 'opes they are wery 'appy."

Two of the customs men passed him with a third man in civilian clothes, and ten minutes later Collins tapped him on the shoulder. "Purser's office, Prout."

He left the line and went up to the saloon entrance. Outside the purser's office he snugged down his jacket. His hands were wet at the palms.

"Prout," said the purser, "this is Mr. McClintock, the assistant collector."

"Yes, sir."

"He wants to talk to you."

"Steward"—McClintock frowned—"you had Barco this passage?"

"Yes, sir; the Countess, sir."

"Good. What about the diamonds? It's a push-over. We're holding every blessed thing she's got until we find them. We've got the goods on her this time. She didn't have them on her when the plane landed, so they must be aboard still. Where are they?"

"If I told you, sir, would you believe me?"

"Naturally."

"And if you couldn't find them where I told you ——"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Wot I syes, sir, beggin' your pardon. I've been wiv the line twenty years, sir, an' there's them as'll tell you 'Arry Prout don't lie, sir. The Old Man'll tell you that, sir. And Mr. Gavin 'ere'll tell you too."

"What's on your mind, Prout?" The purser looked up at him.

"Well, sir, a steward sees a lot of funny things, 'e does, an' 'e's got a lot of loyalties to figure—his jooty to his line an' the government an' to his passengers. I knows where them diamonds are, sir. I don't feel I can explain 'ow I knows or 'ow I found out. I just knows."

"Where are they?" McClintock asked him.

"At the bottom of the sea, sir."

"What?"

"It's true, sir."

Mr. Gavin nodded. "If Prout says so, it's true."

"She lost her nerve, eh, and jettisoned them?"

"Maybe you could find out why if you arsked Sparks for a copy of a radiogram that was sent to Mr. Baudry three dyes ago."

"The one that warned her not to try to smuggle anything?"

"Yes, sir."

"O. K." McClintock shrugged. "We're washed up then; a hundred and twenty thousand bucks gone overboard. It's a great life."

"That's all, Prout," said Mr. Gavin. "Thanks."

"And, beggin' pardon, sir, the gentlemen believe wot I syes?"

McClintock nodded. "We know your record, Prout."

"Thank you, sir."

"Can you beat it?" said McClintock—"a hundred and twenty thou—— My morning's ruined!"

In the cool of the evening, Harry Prout, in his salt-and-pepper, going-ashore suit and his bowler hat, walked across West Street and took the street car to Broadway. He consulted the folded newspaper once more, to be sure of his destination:

Olga Barco in Playthings of Chance, Goldfarb's Twenty-third Street Theater.

The spell settled upon him, as it always did, rising from his toes to the roots of his hair, in a slow, lethal tide that set his blood to racing and dried his eyes at the corners. His fingers were damp as he shoved his money under the grille and took the ticket.

A news reel was on as he sat down—the Italian cruiser Vespasian being launched at Spezia, and then:

New York, N. Y. Famous Picture Star Marries.

They were standing there before him, laughing and saying things. Olga in her belted, leather coat, just as she had left the ship. Young Mr. Baudry was handing her up the steps of the train, smiling. The train was moving. She was at the window, waving a last good-by.

Harry Prout closed his eyes and traveled with them for a moment in his imagination. They were in their compartment. They were in each other's arms. And he, Harry Prout, had made it all possible. If it hadn't been for him she would be in jail now, with Roland Clough gloating over her and twisting his mustache.

Harry opened his eyes to the screen.

Olga Barco
in
Playthings of Chance

His astral self gathered itself within him, braced for the leap and projected itself upon the screen as Prince Serge Russiloff, with saber and boots.

In a compartment of the Southland Limited, Mr. Johnston Baudry exhaled slowly and took his cigarette from between his lips.

"Marriages," he smiled, "are made in heaven, but the assembly plant is here on earth. How I dislike rhinestones on slippers!"

Olga looked at him. "I'm sorry, Johnnie. I won't wear them again, sweetheart. I should have told you before. They aren't really rhinestones, darling; they're diamonds."

"They're what, Mrs. Baudry?"

"Diamonds, sweetheart. You see, Roland was going to give them to me. I bought them in Paris, and he had a silly man put them in the heels of some slippers for me to smuggle them in. I had the man take them out and put them all on the outside of the heels of this pair. It was much better, dear, really. If you try to hide things, you'll always be caught."

"Then they're the stuffed shirt's rocks?"

"Oh, no, dear. They're mine. Rollie was broke and I loaned him the money."

"Yeah. Well, they're mine now." Mr. Baudry opened his check book. "For a wedding present. How much?"

"Darling!" said Olga.

"Hey, you've blotted the check!"

"Sweetheart!"

"Blot it again."

Prince Serge fumbled under his seat for his bowler hat and was swept along with the crowd in the aisle. The exit doors opened and he stood in the raucous tumult of Twenty-third Street, with the spell of the last kiss on him and the dying echo of the revolutionists' shouts in his ear as he and his Olga passed the frontiers of Transylvania to freedom.

The crowds in the street jostled him.

"Strewth," thought Prince Serge, "if I could only tell them 'oo I am, they would fall prostrate before me."

Prince Serge put on his hat. He raised his hand for a street car.

"But no," he thought, "it is my secret to 'ave and to 'old deep-locked in m' 'eart forever."

He decided against the street car and turned west to walk back to the ship.

"I 'opes they is wery 'appy."

GUNMAN

(Continued from Page 28)

All branches of the police are thoroughly roused by this latest and greatest defiance from the underworld. Thorough investigations are promised, and if the attitude of police officials can be taken as an indication, the perpetrators of the crime will be ruthlessly hounded to their lair, and just as ruthlessly made to pay the full penalty of their crime.

The Hour Has Struck

The time has come when the people of this city must choose between mob murder and orderly government. The Morning Post does not hesitate to devote its editorial columns to dispassionate analysis and common understanding of the crime problem our city faces.

The unbelievable attack upon the home of Antonio Scarvak, which took place during the early hours of this morning, is the most sensational law violation in the history of this government. Unbelievable as the attack may seem, it is not going too far to say that it was inevitable. Indications now are that it was perpetrated by a foreign society intent upon exacting tribute from a man of foreign birth who has attained success and prosperity within our city. Whether or not this be the truth of the matter, there is more to be considered.

The willingness to attempt such an outrageous violation of all laws indicates a contempt of law which is America's greatest psychological problem. That there are in our midst men who scoff at every statute enacted by our people, and at every attempt to enforce these statutes, is a fact demanding the best and conscientious thought of our country.

The problem is not this city's alone. What hangs in the balance is the whole structure of American law and the whole principle of self-government.

No doubt the police will bend every effort toward the capture and punishment of those responsible for this terrible crime. Summary justice for the culprits is of first importance. But after every one of them has been apprehended and punished, the matter should not end.

When a man determines to murder, how is it possible for him to lay hands upon a machine gun?

When a group of savages in high-powered motor cars set out to murder and pillage, how is it possible for them to appear, strike, leave their dead strewn behind them, and vanish?

Where do they procure the motor cars they use, and how do they dispose of them so quickly that attempts to trace and identify them prove futile? By what chicanery of the legal art do known gangsters promenade our streets in open defiance of government? How is it that men with police records, under indictment for felonies, find it possible to roll over our boulevards in limousines? By what new power have law violators intrenched themselves so that the police, the courts and justice cannot reach them?

Ghastly as it is, the Scarvak outburst is but another indication that the trimming of weeds is a futile process. The only remedy lies in uprooting the growth. By all means catch and punish the perpetrators of this outrage.

But let us not stop there. Let us locate the roots themselves and, by whatever process may be necessary, remove them from the body politic.

To this end, this newspaper announces that it has employed a private investigator to get to the bottom of the Scarvak attack. We shall not hesitate to make known, without qualification, the result of his investigations.

VIII

UNDER the watchful eye of Angelo Castagara, the house on Betzer Hill remained almost immune from dangerous investigators. Almost, but not quite. Betzer Boulevard for miles in either direction was lined with the motor cars of the curious. Their occupants looked with varying degrees of excitement upon the evidences of warfare about the Scarvak residence. They shook their heads gloomily at the broken windows, the blackened door and the sagging porch. They pointed out the blotches on the red roof where tiles had been torn loose and sent careening into the night.

But with this somewhat distant view they had to content themselves. Police guarded the entrance through the stone wall and traffic officers kept the lines of cars in motion. Now and then an official arrived, and, after identifying himself, passed on up the winding gravel drive and so to the house, where he was inevitably met by Angelo Castagara.

A police officer was in immediate charge of the Scarvak home. All police investigations were under his direct supervision. He studiously indicated by his demeanor that he was possessed of a great deal more knowledge than it was wise to give out. He conveyed the impression that he knew just where he was going, but for reasons of his own, bided his time.

A few hours after the shooting the investigator for the newspaper appeared on the premises. He went into immediate conference with the officer.

"I want you to understand," he announced, "that I am not here because I think I know any more than you boys. I'm here because it's my business. I want to assure you that I will be glad to coöperate at any time and give the local police full credit."

"You realize, of course, that you got no legal standin' here at all? It's through my

(Continued on Page 78)

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(Continued from Page 76)

courtesy you even get in the joint?" the officer answered.

"As you will," the investigator returned quietly. "Of course I must report to my newspaper the extent of the coöperation given me." He spoke quietly, but his meaning was perfectly clear.

"Don't try to throw a scare into me," the officer grunted. "There's nothin' more the newspapers can do to criticize the police. They've already done all they can. I ain't afraid of 'em. In fact, we'd get a whole lot farther in these things if they'd keep their nose and their type a little more to themselves."

The two glared at each other and the private investigator shrugged his shoulders. "Whatever you say," he mumbled.

"I don't say anythin'," the officer snapped. "I don't mind your pryin' around here if it'll do you or your paper any good. But the minute you get in our way, you're goin' to be thrown out."

"Whatever you say," the investigator said again.

"What are you out here for now?" the officer demanded. "What do you want to do?"

"I'd like to look the place over," the man answered. "If possible, I'd like to talk with Scarvak and some of his servants."

"Look around all you please. But you can't talk to Scarvak. He's sick. You can have a little chin music with his lawyer here."

"Thank you." The investigator nodded.

"As for the servants," the officer went on, "there's no use questionin' them. None of 'em was here when it happened. This is Mr. Castagara right here. Give him the works."

The investigator turned to Angelo. The lawyer regarded him in a hurt manner. "You must understand, my friend," he said in funereal tones, "that the household here is pretty much upset. Scarvak is my dear friend and this amazing business has been a tremendous shock."

"I'm sure of that," the investigator retorted sympathetically. "Let me assure you at once that I am not a reporter. I am here to assist in any way possible in running down the perpetrators of this crime."

"I'll help you in any way I can that isn't inimical to the ends of justice," Castagara promised pompously.

"Perhaps you'd answer a question or two for me?"

"Anything I think wise," Angelo agreed frankly.

"As I understand it," the investigator said, "Mr. Scarvak knew nothing of the attack until the messenger appeared at the front door?"

"That's quite right," the lawyer nodded.

"Seeing the messenger on the porch, he naturally opened the door to receive the telegram. Is that correct?" the other inquired.

"Quite," Castagara nodded. "It was the natural thing to do. Anyone would have done the same."

The investigator was reconstructing the assault and continued slowly: "When Scarvak opened the door, the supposed messenger suddenly whipped out a pistol and fired at him? Men on the lawn waited only long enough, then, for the messenger to get out of the way before they hurled the bomb?"

"Right," Castagara nodded.

"And," the investigator continued, "the bomb exploded while the door was still open? It was in this way that your client was injured?"

"Everybody knows that," the lawyer answered impatiently. "That's all been printed in the newspapers."

"Of course." The investigator nodded with somewhat of a change in tone. "What sticks in my mind, Mr. Castagara, is a wonderment as to how your client could have felt the force of the explosion sufficiently to bruise and burn him."

"For the love of Pete, man!" Castagara interrupted. "That bomb had power enough to kill a dozen men!"

"That's what puzzles me," the investigator went on imperturbably. "It almost knocked the porch off the building. It broke windows and tore off shutters. It ripped tiles out of the roof. In fact, it left a million traces all over the outside front of the house. But it didn't even disturb a picture on the inside! I've looked the hall over carefully. It is plain that the entire force of the explosion was spent outside the house. I can't understand how your client could have had the door open enough to be injured, and still keep out all evidences of the explosion. Not a mark shows on the floors or the walls of the hall."

He was regarding Castagara intently, and when the lawyer quickly raised his eyes, the investigator caught his glance and held it steadily.

Castagara laughed softly, but anger was in his voice.

"There'll be a lot about this case that'll puzzle you," he answered. "Explosions are funny things. I've known of cases where lightning melted a man's watch while it was in his pocket, and never hurt the man at all."

"I imagine that's true"—the investigator smiled—"but lightning isn't exactly an explosion."

Castagara shifted his glance uncertainly toward the officer. The latter caught the significance of the gesture.

"I suppose," he interjected, "that the servants have straightened up the hall. Sometimes, under great excitement, people do things mechanically; things they don't even remember doing afterwards."

"That probably explains it," the investigator nodded. "If you don't mind, I'll look around the house."

"Not at all," Castagara agreed. "Just a moment. I'll get the butler. He'll be glad to show you around."

He stepped across the room and pulled a plush bell cord. Shortly a lackey appeared. He was dressed in the conventional tail coat.

"James," Castagara said to him, "this gentleman is a private investigator for one of the large newspapers. I have explained to him that you were not here during the shooting, but he wishes to be shown around the house. You will please take care of him and answer any questions you can."

The eyes of the butler brightened with understanding. He shot a hard glance in the direction of the stranger, then he bowed somewhat awkwardly from his hips.

When the two had left the officer and Castagara together, the former whispered through a smile, "I always get a laugh out of Lefty Pino as a butler. You can lay a little bet that this curious mug won't do himself no good with Lefty."

Castagara frowned. "I don't like that investigator's looks. We really ought to throw the bum out," he muttered. "I would if I dared. But we'd have the newspaper on our necks in half an hour," he warned. "As it is, I think we can go along all right. I've got those phony Camorra letters."

Castagara laughed softly and added: "I've got two of them, and we can swear that Tony received five or six."

"Why only two?" the officer demanded in a startled way. "Would a guy build a steel house like this and buy a coupla dozen machine guns on the strength of two little letters?"

"You call yourself a cop, don't you?" Castagara challenged impatiently. "Why not be a good one? Don't you know that experts can tell how long ink has been on paper? Do you think I'm going into court, or before an investigating committee, claiming that letters are months old, when their age is written on 'em almost as plain as you could put it there in figures?" He stopped and laughed abruptly. "I saved the last two because they were received within a few days of each other and it was my intention to run down their author," he added explanatorily.

"I spoke too quick. You think of everythin', Angie. More power to you."

"You stand here by the door," Castagara instructed. "I don't feel any too safe about Lefty and that investigator. I'd just as soon be on hand to watch them."

He turned and mounted the stairs in the wake of the pseudo butler and his unwelcome guest. He came upon the two standing before a steel-shuttered window on the second floor.

"One of the guests," the investigator was saying, "must have fired from this window."

Lefty nodded in mild interest.

"These burns on the parquet weren't left by cigarettes," the investigator pointed out. "They're slight, but they're burns. They came from hot shells ejected from a machine gun, see? One of them landed here on the rug and burned deeper."

"First thing you know," Lefty sneered, "you're goin' to discover that there was shootin' around here!"

The stranger laughed agreeably, turned and noticed Castagara standing behind him. "This is the hottest job ever pulled off," he assured the lawyer. "I take my hat off to Mr. Scarvak and his guests. They got a very lucky break when Scarvak managed to get the front door closed, but they showed courage aplenty when they drove off the attackers."

"Yeah," Castagara admitted noncommittally.

The investigator chuckled to himself. "It must have been a good poker game all right. It's a good thing it lasted so long."

"Yeah," Castagara agreed once more.

Lefty Pino stood by, watchful and silent; his beady eyes alight and his lips compressed in a straight line.

Suddenly the stranger's attitude changed. With a good deal of sarcasm in his voice, he asked, "What was Mr. Scarvak entertaining—a flock of wolves? There are enough empty tin cans in the butler's pantry to have fed six men for a week!"

Pino took a step forward, but Castagara stayed him with a glance.

"Yeah?" the lawyer muttered again.

"Yeah," the stranger nodded emphatically. Then he made a grave mistake. From a side pocket he drew a plain yellow envelope. This he opened and held forth for the lawyer's inspection. It was filled with cigar and cigarette butts.

"Listen, Castagara," he said icily. "I picked these butts up in the dining room. Look at the ends of the cigars. They are thoroughly dried out. The odor is practically gone from them." He leaned forward and slowly, with vehemence, continued: "They were smoked at least twenty-four hours before the attack on this house. Mr. Scarvak's guests, in other words, didn't just happen in for the evening. They were here, waiting. Why?"

Castagara did not move. He glanced once again at Lefty Pino; then moistened his lips uncertainly and met the gaze of the investigator. Quite calmly he reached for the envelope.

"That's funny," he muttered. "Lemme see."

The stranger chuckled again, folded the envelope and replaced it in his coat pocket. "I think I'll keep it," he snapped.

Castagara's gaze did not waver. The stranger sucked his teeth audibly. "There's another little point I'd like cleared up," he went on suggestively. "This butler here. Where did Scarvak get him? The truth is, he isn't a butler at all. Four times in the last ten minutes he's tried to put his hands in his side coat pockets. He isn't accustomed to the sort of uniform coat he's wearing."

"Say," Pino mumbled angrily, "you're quite the fair-haired Sherlock, ain't you?"

"Well," the investigator chuckled, "you have been kind of a treat to me, Mr. Butler. You haven't called me 'sir' since we've been together. You've walked through every door ahead of me, and to cap the climax, you're the first butler I've ever seen that carried an automatic pistol in a spring holster under his left armpit. What particular household duty requires that?"

Pino snarled. Castagara shot forth a restraining hand. To the investigator he said, "You're just a little too clever, mister. You're imposing on courtesy by prying around trying to make trouble. I ordered this servant armed, and he's naturally suspicious of strangers. Hell's fire, man, who wouldn't be?"

"Maybe I belong to the Camorra," the stranger sneered. "Is that the general idea?" The sarcasm of the words was biting.

Castagara was trapped. Inwardly he was cursing the carelessness that had left the front hall in perfect order, the butler's pantry filled with empty cans, and the dining room filled with damning evidence. Like a cornered animal, he found his best defense in a determined offensive movement.

"Gimme that envelope," he demanded savagely.

"Go to hell," the investigator defied instantly.

"Get the envelope, Lefty," Castagara ordered.

The investigator whirled and his hand flew toward his belt. Lefty was quicker. In a fraction of a second he was leering at the stranger over the barrel of his automatic.

"You're in a tough spot, mug," he rasped. "You don't know just how tough. I'd slip you the bump for a burnt match!"

"Wait, Lefty," Castagara interrupted. Then he turned to the stranger. "You're a man of sense," he placated. "What Lefty says is the truth. You can't win. Hand over that envelope."

"Put your hands up first," Lefty snarled. "You get the envelope, Angie. Take it out of his pocket, and take his rod too."

The investigator submitted to the frisk.

"Now," Castagara said complacently, "use your bean. You know me for a pretty fair lawyer, don't you?"

His hands still held high, the investigator admitted the truth of Castagara's remark with a nod.

"Fine," the lawyer grunted. "Now I'll show you just where you stand. You came in here alone, representing a newspaper. As a matter of courtesy you were permitted to look around the premises. What does it matter what you found? You haven't got a witness to back up anything you say. Not a single witness! If you go out and talk about empty tin cans, unmarked halls and old cigar butts, people will laugh in your face. They'll put it down to a cheap newspaperman looking for a beat. It'll be your word against that of one of the best-known criminal lawyers in this city, and our friend here, the butler. Laugh all you please, Lefty is a butler. If he isn't a good one, that's Scarvak's business, and his alone. In this country a man has the privilege of selecting his own domestic help. There's no law against that! You see, my friend, you were smart enough to discover a lot of things, but dumb enough to tip your mitt too soon. Now, you're going to walk down to the front door. As you pass through, we're going to give you back your gun. Then you're going to get out of here, and stay out. What's more, as you walk along that drive, offer up a little prayer of thanks that you're alive."

He turned to Lefty. "Keep this egg covered, Lefty," he ordered. "If he starts anything, shoot him. We could easy enough plant some Camorra stuff on him and make it a cinch to prove self-defense. Let the newspaper laugh that off."

Lefty nodded understandingly and the light in his eyes indicated that nothing would better satisfy him than a chance to shoot.

"Now," Castagara crooned to the investigator, "strip, mister. Strip right to the hide. We'll search you like nobody ever was searched. Then, because you're quite harmless, we'll turn you loose."

Resistance was gone from the investigator. Under Lefty's watchful eye, Castagara closed and locked the door of the room and the stranger disrobed. The cuffs of his trousers were turned inside out. The seam under his belt was gone over inch by inch. The lining of his hat was minutely examined. Every pocket was emptied and laid flat upon the table.

(Continued on Page 81)

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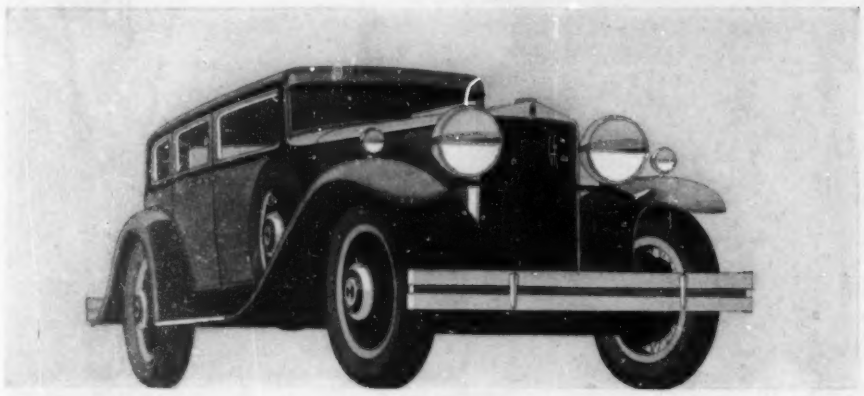

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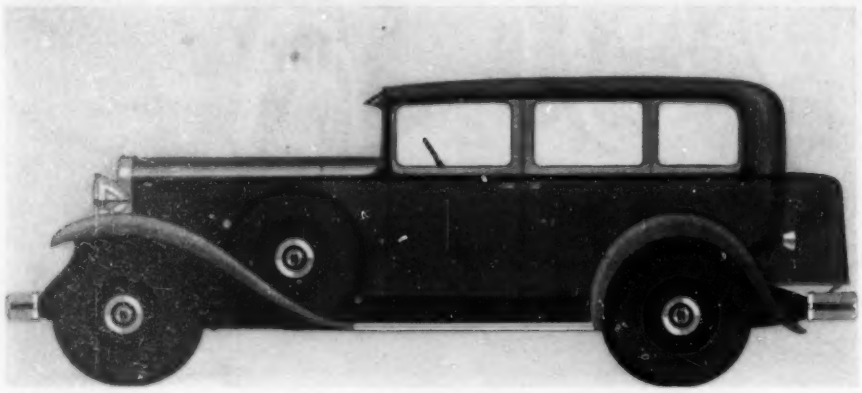

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SIXES AND EIGHTS

(Continued from Page 78)

"You needn't be too careful, Angie," Lefty protested. "I been watchin' him fairly close."

"We'll take no chances," the lawyer avowed. "He was cute enough to get those cigar butts."

When the search was finished, he ordered the stranger to dress. Then he outlined briefly but forcefully the man's exact position.

"You've learned enough," he said, "to tip you off to a lot of things. You're up against a pretty big proposition. Briefly, your evidence won't be worth a damn if you do give it, and it may save your life if you don't. Talk to your paper if you want to, but bear in mind that you're flirting with death when you do it. You've got everything to lose, mister, and nothing to gain. We're smart enough to know who can hurt us, and desperate enough to kill anybody we fear. The fact that we turn you loose ought to show you where you stand. Now get out."

As the investigator passed through the front door, the lawyer slipped into his pocket the pistol he had carried. Then he closed and bolted the door. Through the small aperture the three in the hallway watched the fellow. He walked slowly down the gravel drive, his hands jammed deep into his side pockets, shoulders hunched forward, head bowed.

"There's a guy," Castagara muttered, "that just missed a chance to be a hero. It don't pay to talk, fellows." Then he whirled toward Lefty.

"Get out of the way," he snapped briskly. "Stand aside, Jim. Glass might fly here."

He slid his fingers between the wall and a glass-covered painting in a gilt frame. With a sudden jerk he pulled it from its moorings and allowed it to crash on the parquet floor.

"That'll help some," he grunted. "Knock over that lamp in the corner," he directed Lefty. "Kick that table over too. Let 'em fall naturally, but all away from the door like they were knocked over by the force of the explosion.

"Good," he nodded when the crash was over. "Now, Jim, stand 'em up and put 'em in their regular place, damaged as they are. Here, we'll just stand this picture back against the wall. All three of us ought to handle it plenty; you especially, Lefty. Get your fingerprints on there. It's the most natural thing in the world for a butler to pick up a fallen picture."

The man had come into his own. His alert mind was thinking of everything. "Go down cellar, Lefty," he instructed, "and get a cold chisel. We'll rip a couple of streaks along the plaster on the wall like the falling picture might have made them.

"We've got to be able to show," Castagara insisted, "that Scarvak was not expecting this sort of an attack. If we don't show that, we implicate him. That's why we got to make them believe he opened the door to the fake messenger."

Lefty returned with the chisel, and the lawyer decorated the wall with scars.

"Okay," he grunted. "Now, Lefty, work fast. Wash this chisel in scalding hot water and toss it back among the tools in the cellar. Then clean out the butts in that dining room and shoot those tin cans down into the armory. They can lay there a hundred years and nobody'll find them. As for the rest of it, I think we're O. K."

He turned toward the stairs, but paused to call after Lefty, already started on his mission. "Do a good job, Lefty, and work fast. If anybody questions you later, say you cleaned up the dining room and the kitchen the first thing this morning. Leave just a few of the cans around for evidence. You know what's wanted."

"Sure," Lefty agreed.

"And," the lawyer instructed, "be sure to let nobody in. Nobody at all, you understand. They might try a quick raid, though I doubt it."

Then he reached into his pocket and tossed to Lefty the envelope which had tripped up the private investigator. "Park that with the rest of it," he instructed. "I'm going up and talk with Tony."

Castagara walked on to the sleeping quarters occupied by Antonio Scarvak. The doors were closed, and the attorney knew that inside them the steel shutters were folded. Accordingly he brushed aside the portières about the door jamb, found an inconspicuous push button, and pressed against it telegraphically. Shortly he was admitted to the suite.

"Hello, kid," Antonio Scarvak greeted him. "Come in and have a drink. I got a lot to tell you."

The gang leader's right hand was bandaged and white bandages swathed his forehead and neck. "Don't I look like I was croakin'?" he grinned. "These are pretty good props, ain't they?"

Castagara smiled wryly. "Just how bad are you hurt, Tony?" he inquired.

"I ain't hurt at all," the gang leader grunted. With his bandaged right hand he indicated three or four small blisters on his face and two singed eyebrows. "It knocked me colder than a polar bear's toe," he grinned, "but I come right out of it. At that, I had a lucky break."

"I'll say you did," the lawyer agreed.

"I want to tell you ——" Scarvak began again.

"Wait a minute," Angelo interrupted. "Wait till I tell you what I've done."

He then related what had happened below stairs, and for a moment worry lay heavy upon the gangster's bandaged features. When Castagara had done, however, the leader seemed satisfied.

"Sure," he grunted. "That bimbo's licked before he starts. But now listen to me, Angie. This guy Wilton of the citizens' committee called me up on the listed telephone less than an hour ago. He gave me a line of lingo about my public-spirited contribution to the work of the committee and told me I didn't, perhaps even now, realize the seriousness of the crime situation. Then he asked me for an interview."

Both men threw back their heads and roared with laughter. Mouse and Gyp were in the room with Scarvak, and they joined in.

"Yeah," Antonio continued when the laughter had subsided. "Wilton wanted to see me just as soon as I was able to talk. He said he'd gladly come out here with two other members of the committee."

"Just what does he want?" Castagara demanded.

"Publicity, I guess," Scarvak sneered. "Leastways that's all he'll ever get."

"What did you tell him?" the lawyer queried.

"Tell him?" Tony barked. "What the hell could I tell him, except that I was sick and weak but indom—indom—what do you call it?"

PHOTO. BY GEORGE W. CASE

Reflections on a Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks

"Indomitable?" Castagara suggested.

"Yeah," the gangster countered. "I told him I was indomitable in spirit, and would give my life before I yielded to the racketeers."

"That's a good line," Castagara agreed. "What else did you tell him?"

"Why"—Antonio grinned as he tossed off the remnant of a drink—"I told him as long as I was conscious I'd find strength to tell him my story, for the sake of law and order. Then I put Mouse on the phone. He said he was the doctor, and Wilton and his pals could call for fifteen minutes at five o'clock this afternoon."

"I'd better be here, Tony," Castagara said thoughtfully.

"You had," Scarvak laughed, "if you don't want your skull cracked! I want plenty of help from you when I gab with them guys."

They laughed together and Scarvak threw a friendly arm about the lawyer's shoulders. So he led him into the bedroom, and there the lawyer dropped onto the bed and sipped comfortably at his drink.

"I was just talkin' with Mouse and Gyp," Antonio said. "Late tonight they're goin' out through the tunnel under the garage. By tomorrow noon they'll be in Karfola's town. They'll make a connection there and we'll start runnin' a little booze over the road. For the next couple of weeks we're goin' to give 'em real booze, so as to get the trade lined up quick. Everythin' we send will be from the Pond Street warehouse. No cut stuff at all. That'll make people glad to buy from us. Now that Red's croaked, his mob over there won't have much fight left in 'em. We can start by cuttin' 'em in for dough at first and then slowly ease 'em out."

"I suppose you've got to do that," the lawyer nodded. "That's your great quality of leadership, Tony. It gives fellows from your own organization, like Mouse and Gyp, here, a chance to better themselves. You're always expanding."

"Believe me," Mouse grunted, "we appreciate it too."

"It won't be no time at all," Scarvak explained, "till we've got Red's territory as ripe as our own."

He paused a moment meditatively, then turned to Mouse. "If Gabby Mola tries to step into Red's shoes over there, you know how to handle it."

"Sure." Mouse nodded confidently. "We'll put him on a spot, chief. No mug like that is goin' to get a chance to cut in on my big break."

Castagara looked worried. "Too much murder," he muttered.

"Dealin' with those guys," Scarvak growled, "you couldn't get too much murder." He laughed hoarsely. "It's tough to get enough."

"I suppose so," Castagara mused. "It will be easy enough to contact with Karfola's gang," he went on thoughtfully. "You can do that through the speak-easies."

"We won't have no trouble there," Antonio promised confidently.

"What about Rosy?" Castagara asked suddenly.

"I had her on the private telephone." Scarvak grinned. "Boy, was she burnin'!" He laughed abruptly. "She'd seen by the papers this mornin' what happened out here, and that kind of scared her, but even so, she was sore. She asked me if I really got those threatening letters, and I told her yes. Then she bawled me out for not telling her about 'em."

"The less she knows," Castagara avowed, "the better for everybody."

"Right," Scarvak grunted, "and she knows less now than she did before we talked." He laughed in self-satisfaction. "Women is women," he sighed. "She asked what windows was broke and how many tiles tore from her nice red roof. She spent forty bucks in telephone charges askin' me if furniture was damaged an' if the mob had trampled down our hedges." His voice trailed off in laughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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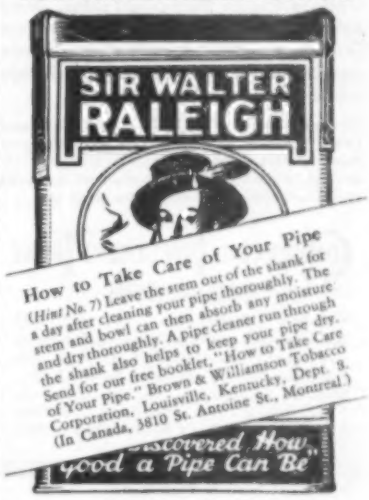

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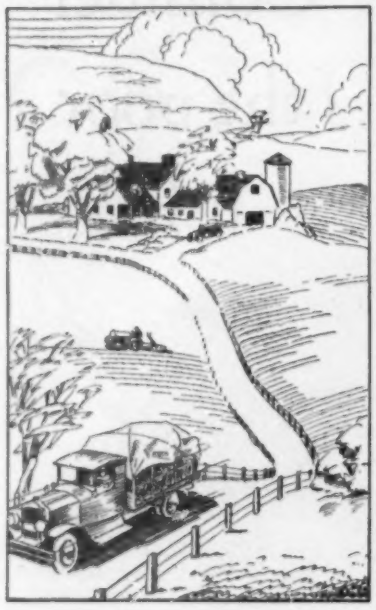

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THE RED FLAG

(Continued from Page 19)

the archmalignant, myself at their head. A horseman we met—a Mr. Procter, as I am told—did doff his hat to the King as we passed. The troopers did tumble him into the ditch, horse and all!" He laughed again. "Verily, 'twas a savory mirth!"

It was the next morning, Saturday, the twentieth of January. In the royal bedchamber at St. James's Palace, where he had been confined since his last night's arrival, Charles Stuart, King of England, had just been dressed by his faithful valet, Herbert. Garbed in a dark suit, wearing the blue ribbon and the pendant George of the Garter, over his shoulders a dark cloak adorned with the diamond star of the order, he sat lost in thought, caressing his pointed beard with a thin, delicate hand. Near the door two burly red-coated sentinels of the Parliamentary Army bent their war-battered helmets over his long white cane surmounted with a silver head. One of them had rudely snatched it from Herbert, commenting with pious scorn on such trumpery baubles of the ungodly.

He was oblivious to them, his thoughts far transcending such petty annoyances. At last was he come to the crisis of the troublous reign begun twenty-four years before, a reign in which—he did honestly assert it to himself—his concern had been only for the true well-being of his kingdom.

He lived again, vividly in retrospect, the chief events which had marked it. He saw himself, attired in white, since purple velvet sufficient could not be found, kneeling for the magnificent solemnity of his coronation in Westminster Abbey. The White King, people had called him, and since then the superstitious had seen in him that unhappy White King prophesied centuries back by the enchanter Merlin. Conspicuous in that stately ceremony had been the brilliant and dissolute Duke of Buckingham, his father's favorite, with whom a little before he had gone joyously incognito to Madrid upon the unfortunate business of the Spanish marriage. Like his father, he also had fallen under that dazzling spell. From Buckingham, his mind ran to his marriage with Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII of France, young, sparkling, vivacious. In the early years, until Buckingham had been stabbed to death by Felton, there had been frequent tears and a constant estrangement, but thereafter they had been the closest knit of loving mates. He loved her now, working tirelessly for him in exile, more than ever, though from her perhaps had come all his misfortunes.

She it was—"*Allez, poltron!*" she had said to him, "fetch these rogues out by the ears, or see me no more!"—who, on that fatal day, seven years back, had driven him to Parliament to seize the five members—Pym and Hampden and their associates—traitorously intriguing with the Scots to war against their lawful King, plotting even to impeach his Queen for no better reason than that she was a Catholic. If only he had not, a year earlier, weakly permitted those same rogues to have sent to the block the one man who could have withstood their artful seditions! That was the one thing on his conscience—that he had signed Strafford's death warrant. For that he was now punished by a just God. Only the loyal, the immensely able Strafford could have upheld that divine right of kingship which it was his own sacred duty to maintain. Weakly, though with tears and in an agony of mind, he had let himself be prevailed upon to surrender that most faithful of servants to the hate of the faction striking through him at the monarchy itself. He sighed. Ever, fatally, he seemed to do the wrong thing.

The wrong thing had he done when, the rebellious Parliament now first meeting him in battle, he had at Edgehill given the command of the cavalry to hot-headed young Rupert, taking it out of the experienced hands of old Lindsey. But for Rupert's folly, the rebellion would have been ended in a day. The wrong thing had he done when, forestalling the Parliamentary Army, paralyzed by the drawn fight at Edgehill, he had, at Brentford, fallen back from a lot of London apprentices and thrown away the opportunity to march into a capital ready to surrender in panic. The wrong thing had he done when, after Naseby, lost again through Rupert's impetuosity, he had not abandoned all the Royalist fortresses and gathered their garrisons into an army amply numerous enough to have faced Cromwell's terrible New Model. The wrong thing had he done when he proposed to bring the Irish into England. The wrong thing had he done when he had given himself up to the Presbyterian Scots, who had sold him to the English. The wrong thing had he done when, alarmed by artful threats of assassination, he had escaped from Hampton Court, only to fall into the worse captivity of Carisbrooke. The wrong thing had he done at Carisbrooke, when he had signed the secret Engagement with the Scots to invade England on his behalf, in exchange for Presbyterianism in England for three years and the suppression of all sectaries. Fatal, indeed, had been that leaderless, brief Second Civil War which had collapsed at Preston.

Looking back on those fiercely turbulent years, he recognized his mistakes, but regretted them only as errors in tactics. Lawful defense against those who in arms had rebelled against his divinely royal prerogative had been his endless intrigues and equivocations, his deep duplicities, his unscrupulous playing off of one party against another. To him that subtly woven, immense entanglement of insincere diplomacy was legitimate kingcraft. With it all, ever had he been true to the cardinal articles of his creed.

Without divinely ordained bishops there could be no divinely ordained King. If he had offered a seeming, though temporary, surrender to Presbyterianism, if he had even offered the originally disputed control of the militia to Parliament for a period of years, it was but with the settled intention of restoring all as soon as his enemies should have destroyed one another in internecine strife. And as for his ancient kingly right to negative the decrees of Parliament, he had ever at all risks stubbornly refused to surrender it. Sincerely and honestly, to him it was the one safeguard for the liberties of a people now tyrannized over by a factional minority. In vain did that minority seek to cloak itself with his royal prestige, while reducing him to the gilded impotence of a Doge of Venice. They should kill him ere he would consent.

He sighed again. Now the long game was played out. His enemies had triumphed. Henceforth he had no hope but in the support of God, sustaining him in a blameless martyrdom—blameless save that he had signed the warrant for Strafford's judicial murder. He lifted his head—in the mirror he could see that his long black hair had gone gray—smiled at the anxious-faced Herbert.

"Give me my Bible, Herbert," he said, an affectionate familiarity in his tone. "I would compose my thoughts before they come to fetch me."

Hardly had he opened those Scriptures which were his constant reading when, outside, there was a tramp and clatter of armed men. The door was thrown open. A party of red-coated soldiers armed with halberds stood on the threshold. The officer in command of them saluted with a hand to his helmet.

"May it please Your Majesty!" he said.

He rose with quiet dignity. "Whither are ye taking me?"

"To the house of Sir Robert Cotton, hard by Westminster Hall, till the court shall send for Your Majesty."

"So be it." He turned to Herbert. "My hat and cane."

The soldiers surrendered the long white cane with the silver head. He took it, put on the broad-brimmed hat.

"Sir, I am ready to confront my enemies. Lead on."

On that same morning, in the Painted Chamber of Westminster Palace, Lieutenant General Oliver Cromwell mingled with those sixty-seven other commissioners for the King's trial, who alone had attended out of the one hundred and thirty-five summoned. Half of them were colonels of the Parliamentary Army; some few, like Colonel Hutchinson, patriotic gentlemen actuated by the highest principles; others illiterate fanatics fired with the wildest doctrines. The majority, whether soldiers or private Parliament men, had, from small estate, come to substantial fortunes in the wars. Their preliminary prayers were finished. Now they disputed on what was to be said to the King when he appeared before them; some hot for one form of arraignment; others equally vehement for another; while yet many were silent, plainly nervous and ill at ease.

He surveyed them with robust contempt. What mattered the formula for the work they had to do? The thing was that it should be done. So he said, brusquely, to Bradshaw, the lord president of the court, pompous in his new robe of office.

"Nay, nay, Master Cromwell," replied the lawyer. "With due form of law must the thing be done. Such as I may preside over no court that observes not the due forms of law."

He was tempted to laugh in the face of this petty pleader, whose sole title to fame was that as justice of Chester he had last June made a violent speech of three hours' duration to the jury, saying that "this man, who calls himself King, is more cruel than Nero." Only because all the great law officers had refused to act had Sergeant at Law Bradshaw been chosen to conduct the trial. Nevertheless, he restrained himself. He must work the will of God with what instruments were to hand.

"As you will, Master Bradshaw. Only I pray you determine quickly on those due forms. The hour draws on apace."

"It shall be done, Your Excellency. It shall be done. I bethink myself even now of the proper arraignment of the archmalignant." He took from his head his broad high-crowned black beaver hat. "Behold, Your Excellency, this shield I have had made against the murderous wickedness of the ungodly." He tapped the crown, which was lined with plates of iron. "Who knows what malignants may creep into the gallery of the court? Everywhere as I came hither did I hear the people crying for the King. But my trust is in God!" he added, snufflingly.

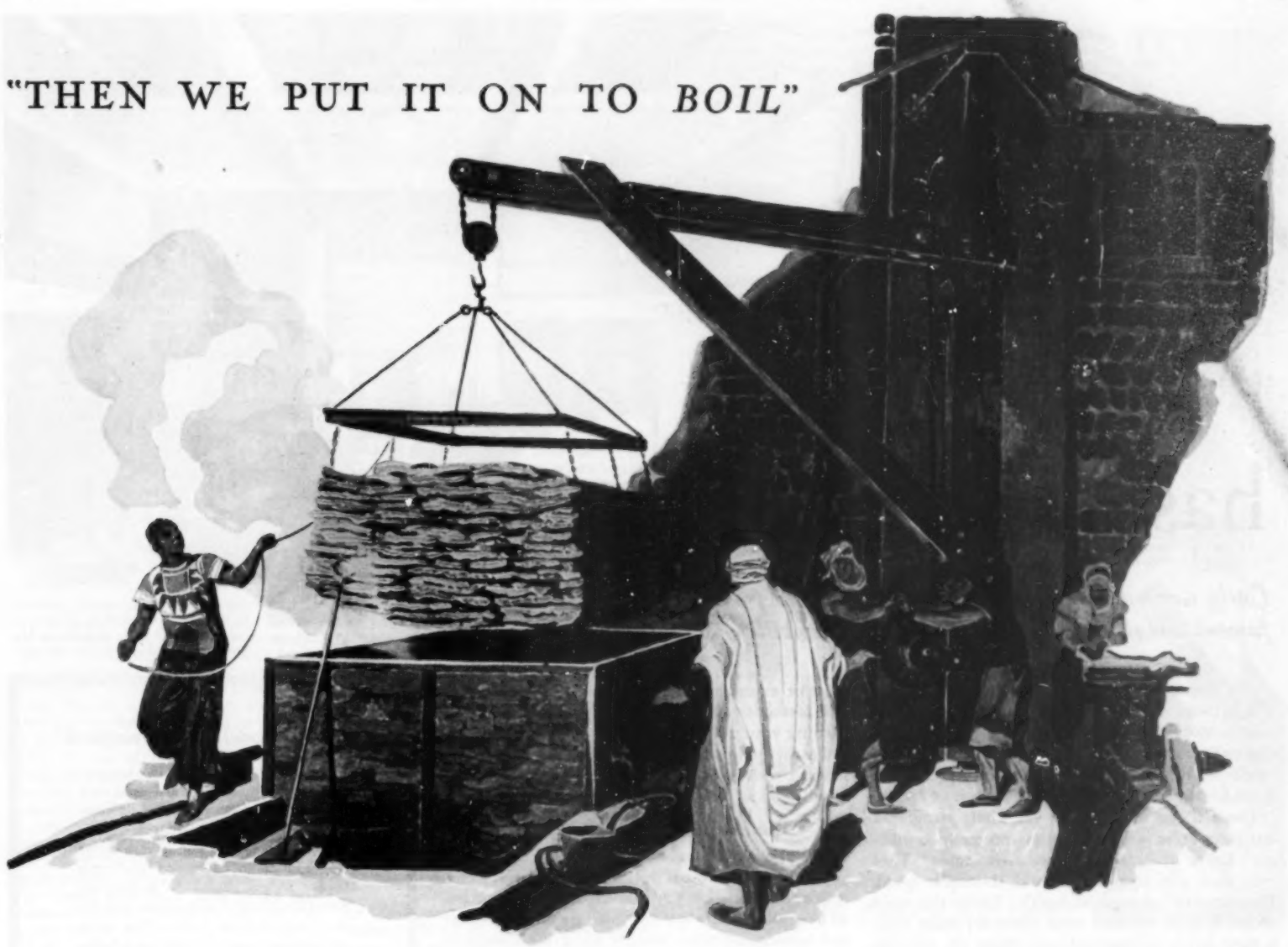
Ere he, Cromwell, could make reply, a messenger dashed into the chamber, ran up to him breathlessly.

"Excellency! Excellency! The King comes!"

He sprang to the window which gave a prospect over the garden of Sir Robert Cotton's house down to the Thames. He had ordered the King to be brought by a roundabout route through securely guarded streets to Whitehall, and thence by a short journey in the royal barge up the river to Westminster Stairs. He looked out, saw the King in his dark clothes, the broad hat somewhat concealing his face, his long white cane in his hand, walking with habitual dignity amid the escort of soldiers, on his way to Sir Robert Cotton's house. For all his long anticipation of just this moment, the sight gave him a peculiar shock at his heart. Afterward they told him that he had blanched deathly white as he turned to his associates.

"My masters," he cried, "he is come—he is come!" He controlled that involuntary quiver in his voice, spoke in stern

(Continued on Page 85)



"TO BOIL? Well, what on earth do you do that for?" asked the man who wanted to know what we do to the bark of a tree to make it the kind of cork he knows—the cork that stoppers our bottles; that serves as gaskets to seal liquids in automobiles, pumps, and machines; that, as corkboard, insulates refrigerator cars, packing plants, and refrigerators.

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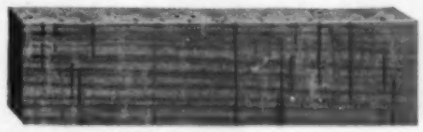

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As a manufacturer of food it is essential that the Kellogg Company operate a model plant. But there is more than this necessity behind the progressive methods which provide the best possible working conditions for the more than 2,000 employees in the Battle Creek plant of this famous producer of cereals.

The Kellogg management has wisely recognized that office noise is, in many ways, too costly to tolerate. Office workers must have alert minds. They must work with accuracy, and with reasonable speed. They are entitled to good health. Under the strain caused by ordinary office noise, errors are made, work is done slowly, in nearly all large offices absences due to illness are higher than need be.

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By installing Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Treatment in its offices, the Kellogg Company has contributed directly to the comfort and health of office workers, and in doing so has made an investment which shows an ample return in improved office work.

Practical experience and laboratory tests, alike, prove the harm and the costliness* of ordinary office noise. And the J-M method of noise control is scientifically correct—it does reduce costly noise. It is based on years of experience in the field of acoustics. With J-M Methods your office can be quieted without disturbing your regular routine. The materials are ordinarily applied to the ceilings, and not only do not interfere with decorative effects, but many times can be installed so as to actually improve office appearance.

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It will pay you to take stock of the noise situation in your office. Can you afford to exert needless energy in your daily work? Can you expect your associates to be at their best when they, too, are under constant and unnecessary nerve strain? From the viewpoint of health alone you need Johns-Manville Office-quieting Treatment in your office. When you consider the immediate improvement in work done, which office-quieting brings about, you will see still further advantages in this modern office necessity.

May we discuss your office with you in relation to noise control? We will gladly arrange to have a J-M Engineer call, without obligation on your part. Besides their office use, J-M Sound Control Materials have brought improved acoustical conditions to hundreds of hospitals, schools, churches and other special interiors. Johns-Manville Acoustical Engineers are specialists in the whole field of sound control from the simple quieting problem in small rooms, to the intricate scientific task of correcting the audition in a vast auditorium. We offer you their experience in the control of sound in any type of interior.

**An eminent psychologist, in a scientific analysis of conditions in one office found that J-M Office-quieting resulted in a 12% increase in the output of office machine operators. In another office the result was to cut errors 42% in a telephone operating room. An investment in quiet pays real dividends.*

The entrance hall and information booth at the Kellogg Company give a pleasant impression to the visitor because of the quiet brought by Johns-Manville Sound-absorbing Material.

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command of himself. "Now are we about doing that great work which the nation will be full of. Therefore I desire you to let us resolve speedily what answer we shall give the King when he comes before us. For assuredly the first question he will ask us will be by what authority and commission we do try him."

The crowd of commissioners stood awkwardly silent, looking upon him with faces which also had gone pale. The great, the scarcely credible, moment had arrived. They, mere commoners, were about to try a divinely anointed King. Even those republicans and levelers among them who had been loudest against the monarchy found themselves unwontedly with naught to say.

Then the ever-active Harry Marten, who, years before, had been foremost in the impeachment of Strafford, thrust himself boldly forward.

"In the name of the Commons in Parliament assembled and all the good people of England!"

Cromwell glanced over the throng. "Do ye agree, my masters?"

"Aye, aye!" cried many voices, though some were yet uneasily silent.

The sixty-eight commissioners, preceded by the ex-tinker Colonel Fox, with twenty pikemen, the mace and the sword of state borne before them, had marched processionally from the Painted Chamber into Westminster Hall, had seated themselves on the tiered benches covered with scarlet cloth underneath the great window of the south end. At that end of the immense and lofty interior, a wooden stage some three feet high had been constructed for the court, a partition dividing it from the body of the hall. In front of that partition were three temporary pews, one occupied by the three counsel for the commonwealth, the center one containing a yet untenanted red-velvet chair, the third leading to a few stairs and thence to the corridor communicating with Sir Robert Cotton's house. Between those pews and the judges was a table, whereon the sword and mace were placed, and whereat the two clerks of the court were already seated. At a raised desk in the center of the lowest tier of the commissioners, Bradshaw presided, between his two assistants, John Lisle and William Say, garbed in black lawyers' gowns.

Below them, the body of the hall was divided into two portions by a railed gangway filled with pikemen and musketeers of Colonel Hewson's regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Axtell, since Hewson himself was one of the judges. The spaces at either side of the gangway were yet empty, for still the great door at the lower end of the hall was shut, and the public had not yet been admitted. Nevertheless, in the side galleries above the court itself, a number of privileged spectators—in majority women—were closely packed.

Lieutenant General Cromwell sat in the back tier, immediately under a newly painted escutcheon of the Commonwealth of England, Henry Marten on his left. Following the example set by Bradshaw, he and all the other judges kept their hats upon their heads. He felt his heart throbbing in that tense silence which had fallen upon the court.

The crier rose in his place. "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All manner of persons that have anything to do in this court, come in and give your attendance. Oyez! Every man keep silence upon pain of imprisonment and hear the commission of this court read, which is authorized by an act of the Commons of England in Parliament assembled."

One of the clerks to the court stood up, read out the act passed by the twenty-six members on January sixth. The one hundred and thirty-five commissioners named in that act were called. The first name was that of Thomas, third Lord Fairfax. The clerk paused for answer, looked round upon the tiered benches, and repeated it. From the gallery above came a woman's voice derisively: "He has too much wit to be here!" There was a titter, promptly suppressed, among the soldiers in the body of the hall, and the members of the court glared angrily up to the gallery. All knew the voice. It was that of Lady Fairfax. But he, Cromwell, smiled grimly. Let the jade rail. Impotent to interfere was the lord general of the army. He had seen to that.

His reciprocal wink with clever, dark-mustached young Ireton was interrupted by the sound of his own name: "Oliver Cromwell, Esquire."

He rose to answer with a curt clarity of voice, "Present!"

The monotonous calling over of those commissioners, half of whom were significantly absent, came to an end. The president bade the sergeant at arms to send for the prisoner.

There was a quarter of an hour of suspense, of stirrings and whisperings and the rustling of papers. Suddenly he heard the clank of arms, the tramp of soldiers. Guarded by thirty-two halberdiers, the King entered the hall. From where he sat, Cromwell could see him clearly as he came up the short staircase to the platform, his plumed hat upon his head, his dark cloak adorned with the large and glittering Star, his white staff in his hand. Again, he had that peculiar little shock at his heart. This was the man he was irrevocably determined to do to death. The will of God, stablishing the liberty of the people, required the removal of this malignant obstacle. Oddly, it was a kindly and good face, unmarked by any vice, the face of the perfect husband and father which he was.

The sergeant at arms directed the King into the middle pew of the three against the barrier, where the crimson-velvet chair had been set for him. In cool dignity, he stood for a moment or two erect, glancing around upon the judges and up to the spectators in the galleries. Then he sat down, deliberately refusing respect to the court by retaining his hat—they had foreseen this gesture, had debated its probability in the Painted Chamber, had decided "as to the prisoner's putting off his hat, the court will not insist upon it for this day." His own personal attendants filed into the empty pew at his left hand, while the guard divided and took up position at each side of the court.

Again the crier proclaimed silence in court. The president addressed himself to the dark-bearded figure sitting disdainfully in the pew.

"Charles Stuart, King of England, the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, being sensible of the evils and calamities that have been brought upon this nation and of the innocent blood that hath been shed in it, which is fixed upon you as the principal author of it, have resolved to make inquisition for this blood, and according to the debt they owe to God, to justice, the kingdom and themselves, and according to that fundamental power that is vested, and trust reposed in them by the people—other means failing through your default—have resolved to bring you to trial and judgment, and have therefore constituted this high court of justice, before which you are now brought. Where you are to hear your charge, upon which the court will proceed according to justice."

He pronounced the words with a sonorous solemnity. In the back tier, Cromwell rubbed his hands softly in satisfaction. Verily, this Gray's Inn lawyer was doing their business well! He heard Henry Marten catch his breath with excitement.

Cook, the solicitor for the commonwealth, rose in the pew on the right hand of the King, a paper in his hand. Immediately, the King stretched out his long white staff and laid it on the solicitor's shoulder. "Hold, I say—hold!" As he drew back the stick, the silver head dropped from it, falling to his feet. For a moment the King hesitated, instinctively expecting someone to pick it up for him, and then stooped for it. There was an awed and superstitious

(Continued on Page 87)

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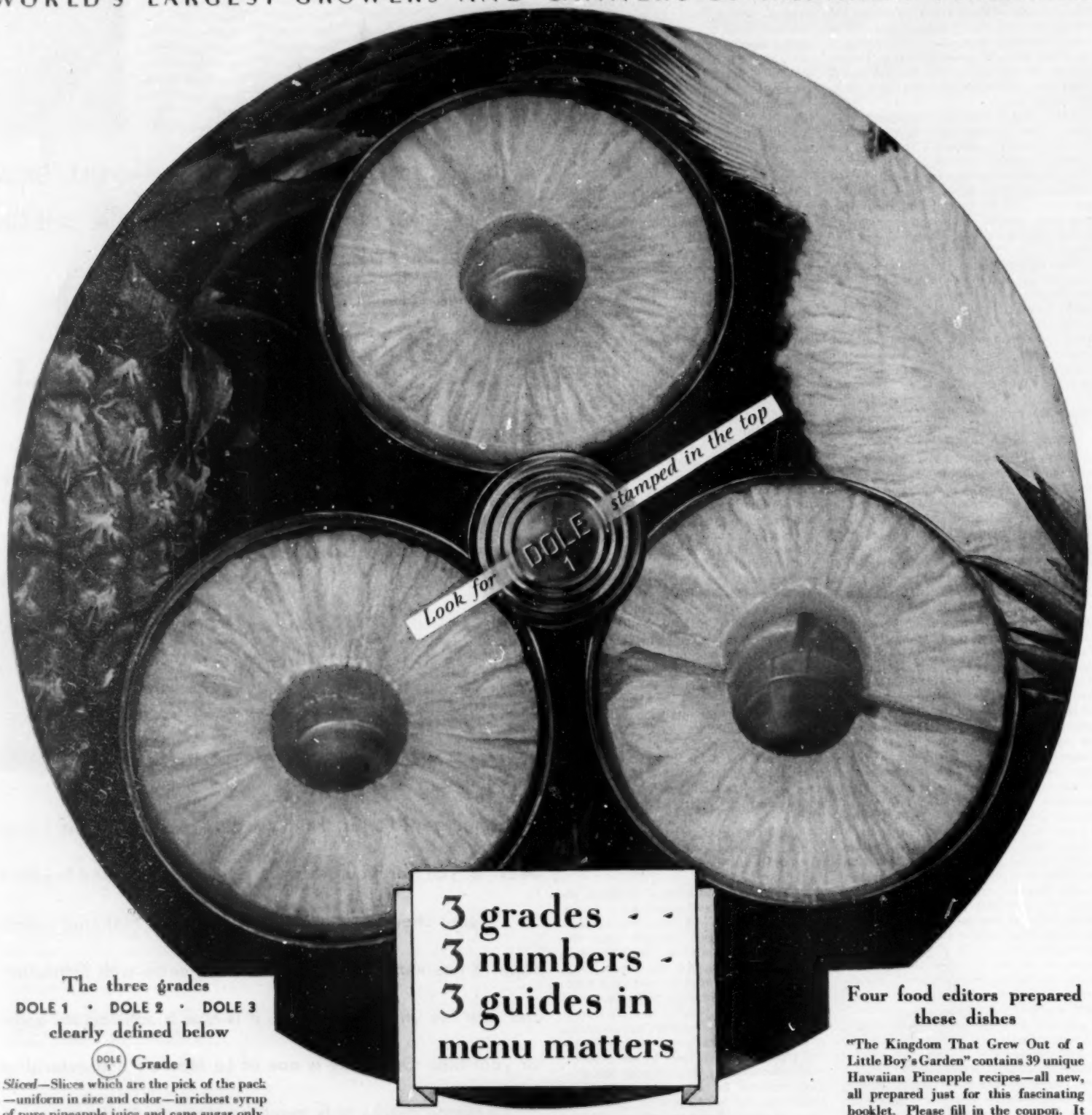

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Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

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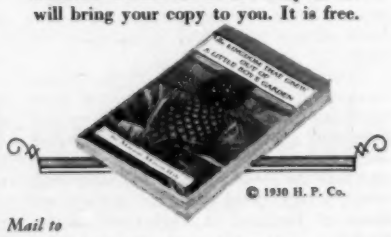

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murmur in the court. Surely this was an omen of his fate! He, Cromwell, smiled to himself. That rogue Peters had chucklingly bidden him watch the King's cane.

The president ordered the solicitor to proceed.

Cook read from his paper: "I do in the name and on the behalf of the people of England exhibit and bring into this court a charge of high treason and other crimes, whereof I do accuse Charles Stuart, King of England, here present. And I do in the name and on the behalf aforesaid desire the said charge may be received accordingly ——"

Again, from his pew, the King interrupted him, "By your favor, hold!"

The president of the court spoke sternly, "The court commands the charge shall be read. If you have anything to say, after, the court will hear you!"

A clerk rose from the central table, declaimed from a voluminous document: "A charge of high treason and other high crimes exhibited to the high court of justice by John Cook, Esquire, solicitor general appointed by the said court, for and on behalf of the people of England against Charles Stuart, King of England." He read on and on, gabblingly, the long recital of the chief events in the war, to which none listened, since the details were to all familiar. "And the said John Cook . . . doth for the said treasons and crimes, on behalf of the said people of England, impeach the said Charles Stuart as a tyrant, traytor ——" He was interrupted by a short, scornful laugh. It came from the King, laughing disdainfully in the face of the court. The crier stilled the angry murmurs which answered it. The clerk proceeded: "—— murtherer, and a public and implacable enemy to the commonwealth of England, and pray that the said Charles Stuart, King of England, may be put to answer all and every the premises and that such proceedings, examinations, trials, sentences and judgments may be thereupon had, as shall be agreeable to justice. Subscribed, John Cook."

There was again an interruption. From a gallery came a shrill woman's voice: "Not the King's subjects make that accusation, but only traitors and rebels!"

There was an immediate uproar among the judges, a clamor of "Contempt of court! Contempt of court! Fetch her down! Fetch her down!"

Bradshaw turned angrily to Colonel Hewson, sitting among the commissioners.

"Colonel Hewson, you are charged with the order of this court. Bring before it that interrupter!"

Colonel Hewson sprang to his feet, jumped from the platform, disappeared with a number of his soldiers. A minute later there was a scuffle in the gallery above, a woman's shriek. Yet another minute or two, and a struggling woman was dragged into the court by a squad of redcoats. Cromwell stood up with the rest of the judges, craning to see who it was. He recognized her. It was Lady Anna de Lille, widow of a Royalist captain.

Bradshaw addressed her harshly: "There must be an example to the disturbers of justice! Colonel Hewson, the court commands that this woman be branded here and now."

In the midst of an excited hubbub, Colonel Hewson gave an order to a soldier, who darted away, to return an instant later with a red-hot fire iron from one of the fires that warmed the great hall. Writhing in the grasp of the soldiers, the woman suddenly screeched horribly, a wisp of smoke arising from her. Colonel Hewson himself had branded her upon head and shoulder. He, Cromwell, set his teeth sternly over an instinctive revulsion at the deed. Bradshaw was right. These malignants must be terrified into silence. Fainting, the woman was carried away. The court resumed.

Bradshaw was speaking to the King: "Sir, you have now heard your charge read, containing such matters as appear in it. You find that in the close of it, it is prayed to the court, in the behalf of the Commons of England, that you be put to answer to your charge. The court expects your answer and are willing to hear it."

The King stood up in his pew.

"First I must know by what power I am called hither before I give an answer." His next sentence was drowned. At that instant the great door at the lower end was opened and the crowd outside rushed in. They jostled one another noisily as they filled up the two barricaded spaces reserved for them. Cromwell smiled grimly. That had been a shrewd thought, to let the people in only at the moment when the King began to speak. Thus would he be disturbed in his answer, and his certain denial of their authority perhaps pass unheard. Through the tumult he caught the disconnected phrases:

"Remember, I am your King—your lawful King. . . . I know no authority you have. . . . I have a trust committed to me by God. . . . I will not betray that trust to answer to a new, unlawful authority, for all the world. Therefore let me know by what lawful authority I am come hither, and you shall hear more of me. Resolve me in that, and I will answer."

The noise of the people crowding in the hall drowned also the first words of Bradshaw's reply, left audible only the second sternly pronounced sentence:

" . . . By the authority of the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, in the behalf of the people of England, by which people you are elected King."

The prisoner raised his voice over the clamor: "Nay, I deny that. England was never an elective kingdom. . . . I am intrusted with the liberty of my people, I do stand more for the liberties of my people than anyone that is seated here as a judge. Therefore show me by what lawful authority I am seated here, and I will answer. Otherwise I will not betray the liberties of the people."

"If you acknowledge not the authority of the court, they must proceed," said Bradshaw angrily.

"I do tell you, sir, England was never yet an elective kingdom."

In the back tier of the judges, Cromwell "pished" impatiently. Haply, they had been foolish to give this enemy of God and the kingdom the form of trial. All too well already they knew his subtlety and his stubbornness. Let Bradshaw silence him once for all and proceed!

He whispered his indignation to the equally angry Henry Marten, paying no heed to the quibbling interchange of words between the prisoner and Bradshaw, the King persistently demanding their authority, the president of the court evading direct answer.

When again he gave his attention to the court, the King was still maintaining his point:

"Satisfy me in that, and then I will answer you. Otherwise I betray my trust. I stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that sitteth to be a judge. I am not afraid of this business."

"God save Your Majesty!" came voices from the body of the hall.

Bradshaw thundered at him, "The court expects that you should give them a positive answer! Their purpose is to adjourn till Monday next. If you then persist in the same temper you are in now, this is as much as if you had said nothing to us. You will not be satisfied though we do tell you our authority. We are upon God's and the kingdom's errand, and that peace we stand for—we doubt not—will be better had and kept when justice is done. And that's our present work. We are satisfied, therefore consider what you have to do at your next appearance."

The King again protested, "To say you have lawful authority will satisfy no reasonable man."

"That is in your apprehension. We think it reasonable that are your judges." He cut short the King's further protest: "The

(Continued on Page 89)

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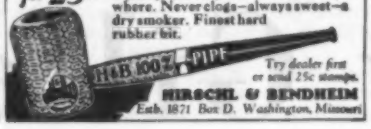

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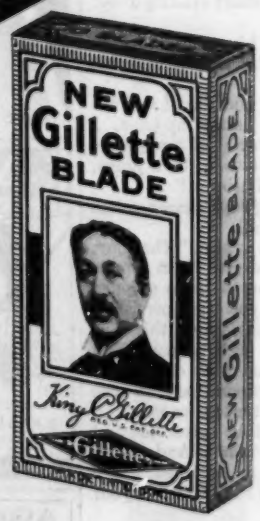

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(Continued from Page 87)

court hath heard you, and you are to be disposed of as they have commanded. The guard are accordingly commanded to withdraw the prisoner."

With a proud disdain the prisoner corrected him: "The King!" He turned to leave the pew, gesturing toward the charge lying on the table. "I do not fear that bill!"

As he went down the stairs, there were cries of "God bless Your Majesty!" from the hall.

The officers patrolling the central gangway struck at the soldiers with their canes. "Cry 'Justice!' you knaves! Cry 'Justice!'"

Obediently the soldiers cried, "Justice! Justice!"

The prisoner had gone and the hall was cleared. He, Cromwell, strode up to the president of the court, now in vehement argument with young Ireton. He broke through their words:

"Hark ye, Master Bradshaw. Bandy not speech with the malignant. If on Monday contumaciously he defies the authority of the court, let the court proceed to sentence. We want no pettifogging Gray's Inn methods here. The case is grave. For a little would this foolish people rise up and deliver their enemy. Bethink you that it is God's work we are about, and parley not with the stiff-necked ungodly."

One of the judges tugged at his coat. It was that weak-eyed John Downes, long his subservient tool in Parliament.

"Think you 'twere wise to proceed to extremes, Excellency?" said Downes nervously. "Surely will this blood be required of us!"

Cromwell turned on him fiercely, crushingly:

"And shall not the blood of the saints be required of this Man of Blood? Be silent!"

It was Saturday, the twenty-seventh of January. For the fourth time the court were met in Westminster Hall. For the fourth time he, Charles Stuart, by divine right lawful King of England, sat in his red-velvet chair and faced those implacable, sour-visaged judges tiered up behind the lord president, significantly garbed for this occasion in a scarlet gown. As at his intervening appearances, he had again queried the validity of this court, which between the last sitting and this had formulated its decision. Now he argued with Bradshaw, appealing desperately to be heard prior to judgment.

The lord president scowled at him from under his big hat.

"Sir, you shall be heard before the judgment be given; and in the meantime you may forbear."

He endeavored to make sure of this slender hope, "Well, sir, I shall be heard before the judgment be given?"

"You shall." The president raised his voice, speaking to the crowd in the hall rather than to the court itself: "Gentlemen, it is well known to all or most of you that the prisoner at the bar hath been several times convented and brought before the court to make answer to a charge of treason and other high crimes exhibited against him in the name of the people of England ——"

There was an immediate uproar that resounded through the hall. From one of the galleries, filled with masked ladies, feminine voices shouted: "Not half nor a quarter of them! It is a lie! Where are the people and their consents? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!"

Down in the hall, Lieutenant Colonel Axtell bellowed an order to the soldiers to present their muskets at the gallery. "Shoot them if they say one word more! What drab is that that disturbs the court? Come down, or I will fetch you down!" The interrupters scurried from the gallery by a private door communicating with an adjoining house, so that the officer of the court found them gone when he arrived.

Quiet was restored. The lord president resumed his address to the court: "—— to which charge, being required to answer, he hath been so far from obeying the commands of the court as he began to offer reasoning and debate to the authority of the court. . . ."

He, the King, shrugged his shoulders. It was idle waste of time to listen. His attention was only claimed again by the closing words: "They are resolved and agreed upon a sentence to be pronounced against this prisoner. But in respect he doth desire to be heard before the sentence be read and pronounced, the court hath resolved that they will hear him." The president looked directly at him. "If that which you have to say be to offer any debate concerning jurisdiction, you are not to be heard in it; but, sir, if you have anything to say in defense of yourself concerning the matter charged, the court hath given me in command to let you know they will hear you."

He rose from his chair. Involuntarily, despite his effort of will, he trembled as he pleaded for some delay before an ugly sentence was passed upon him that might not be recalled, pleaded passionately, in his most kingly voice, that he might be heard in the Painted Chamber before the Lords and Commons on a matter concerning the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of the subject. He had thought out that last possible move in this lost game, had determined to offer an abdication in favor of his son Charles, but this court whose authority he refused was not the place to make so important a declaration.

"I only desire this—that you will take this into your consideration," he said earnestly. "It may be you have not heard of it beforehand. . . . But if I cannot get this liberty, I do protest that these fair shows of liberty and peace are rather specious shows than otherwise and that you will not hear your King!"

Bradshaw scowled at him. "Sir, you have now spoken?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this that you have said is a farther declining the jurisdiction of this court, the thing wherein you were limited before."

The lord president was interrupted. Behind him, on the benches of the judges, an altercation was more and more audible. From his pew the King could see one of the members in protest, could see those around him trying to hold him in his place.

"Have we hearts of stone? Are we men?" cried the commissioner desperately.

"Quiet, Downes! Will you ruin yourself and us?"

He pulled himself from their grasp, cried, "If I die for it, I must do it!"

Cromwell leaned to him furiously: "What ails thee? Art thou mad? Canst thou not sit still and be quiet?"

The member replied, "No, sir, I cannot be quiet!" He rose to his feet, said in a loud voice: "I am not satisfied to give my consent to this sentence, but have reasons to offer to you against it. And I desire the court may adjourn to hear me."

Bradshaw swung surlily around to him.

"Nay, if any of the court be unsatisfied, the court must adjourn." He looked again toward his prisoner. "The court withdraws for half an hour into the Court of Wards. Sergeant at arms, the court gives order that the prisoner be withdrawn until they give order for his return again."

He obeyed the summons of the sergeant at arms, went down again to Cotton House.

When, after that intolerable half hour of suspense, he was brought again into the court, he noted at once that the protesting commissioner no longer sat among the judges. Cromwell's face was still fierce with anger, while others of them looked abashed and uncomfortable. Bradshaw began to deliver an interminable speech.

The conclusion of it was foregone. He hardly listened to that long-winded verbiage wherein Nebuchadnezzar and David were unctuously cited. Once or twice he endeavored to protest, to get permission for a few words, but immediately the soldiers in the hall burst out laughing and shouting, "Justice! Justice! Execution! Execution!" Some of them poured gunpowder from their flasks into the palms of their hands, and flashed it with their matches to make a smoke which all but choked him, while others puffed tobacco smoke into his face.

Bradshaw came to an end:

"What sentence the law affirms to a traitor, tyrant, a murtherer and a public enemy to the country, that sentence you are now to hear read unto you, and that is the sentence of the court."

The crier stood up, cried, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" for silence.

The clerk rose and read from a many-folioed document which was the sentence, recapitulating at length all the charges against him, and terminating: "For all which treasons and crimes this court doth adjudge that the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murtherer and public enemy to the good people of this nation, shall be put to death by the severing of his head from his body."

Despite that he had expected it, the hearing of those fatal words came as a shock. He felt a little dizzy. Bradshaw was again speaking:

"This sentence now read and published, it is the act, sentence, judgment and resolution of the whole court."

All the commissioners rose to their feet in silent assent.

He made one more effort, "Will you hear me a word, sir?"

"Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

"No, sir?" The words came in an agony from him.

"No, sir; by your favor, sir. . . . Guard, withdraw your prisoner!"

He struggled in the rough, strong hands which held him. "I may speak after the sentence! By your favor, sir, I may speak after the sentence over ——" He was almost distracted, hardly knew for the moment what he said. They were dragging him toward the stairs. "By your favor—hold! The sentence, sir—I say, sir, I do ——"

Bradshaw's voice thundered, "Guard, withdraw your prisoner!"

He wrenched himself from the brutal grasp, achieved one clear defiant phrase: "I am not suffered for to speak. Expect what justice other people will have!"

They hurried him down the stairs amid the soldiers' shouts of "Justice! Justice! Execution! Execution!" Some spat in his face. He was thrust into a common sedan chair, borne by two common porters. He mastered himself, smiled at those fanatic soldiers who reviled him. "Poor soldiers!" he said aloud. "For a piece of money they would do as much for their commanders!" It was like a fantastic nightmare, scarcely real.

It was Monday, the twenty-ninth of January. There was a throng of commissioners in the Painted Chamber. He, Cromwell, was in boisterous high spirits, laughing and jeering at the pale, anxious faces of those judges who now shrank from their own work. One after another, he pulled them up to the table whereon was a document tagged with many seals and, with rough horseplay that overcame their nervousness, made them sign. To those who still were recalcitrant he changed his tone, bullied them with a terrifying brutality, so that they trembled before his wrath, cowed them with violent threats, until, shakingly, they put their hands and seals to the document. Thus, with ferocious threats to his life, had he forced even the miserable John Downes to sign. A great smear of ink streaked his face. When Henry Marten, one of the few who were nothing loath, had gone to the table, he had picked up the pen for him, had laughingly marked Marten's face with it. Marten had snatched the pen and mirthfully done the like to him. Laughing still, he had signed that death warrant which commanded that on the morrow Charles Stuart, King of England, should be beheaded in Whitehall.

All over the week-end, he, Cromwell, had been enforcing those signatures from the weak-kneed and the conscience-stricken. Out of the sixty-seven present at the last day of the trial, not fifty had as yet been prevailed upon to sign. But sign they should. He was determined on it. He went from one to another in the chamber, laughing and jesting with them, making mock of their scruples. The time for argument was past. They themselves had decided. The manifest will of God was not to be thwarted by quibbles either of conscience or of law.

He cared nothing that the document on the table was itself fraudulent. He and the other chief leaders had made sure that Charles would be condemned in his absence as contumacious on January twenty-sixth, and executed on the twenty-seventh. Consequently, they had prepared the warrant in advance, and had obtained twenty-eight signatures to it. But some had yet insisted that the King should be given one more chance of pleading for his life. Perforce, the condemnation had been postponed until the twenty-seventh—Saturday. It was impossible to execute him that day or the next, the strictly observed Puritan Sunday. Nor was it possible to prepare a new warrant, for many of the original signatories would certainly refuse to sign again; one, indeed, had actually insisted that his signature be canceled. Therefore, sundry words had been erased and written over, the execution date "thirtieth" had been substituted for an original "twenty-seventh," while the date of the document itself had been altered from the "xxvith" to the "xxixth" over another erasure.

What mattered it? The essential thing was that the deed should be done and avowed by these cowards he alternately menaced and cajoled. Sign they should. He turned to see Richard Ingoldsby, a commissioner who had not been present at any sitting of the trial. He and Ireton ran up to him, forced him to the table.

"Your hand, Ingoldsby! I will have your hand! And see that you write fair!"

They held Ingoldsby while he signed. For some others who were illiterate, like Colonel Pride, they signed in lieu. He laughed and laughed again. A fierce joy filled him. Tomorrow should the head of tyranny fall. Then, presently, would he deal with these shilly-shallying sectaries who knew not their own minds, would make a rule in England that should forever stablish liberty.

It was past midday, Tuesday, the thirtieth of January. Newly come in his own royal bedroom at Whitehall, he, the King, had partaken of holy communion administered by Bishop Juxon, white-haired, frail, trembling, his face streaming tears even while he uttered the sacred words. Now there was nothing to be done but to wait.

Endlessly long already was this day. Last night he had slept for the last time at St. James's, his faithful servant Herbert sleeping on a pallet in his chamber and crying out in troubled dreams. He had awakened early, had said to Herbert with a smile: "Herbert, this is my second marriage day. I would be as trim today as may be, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." Weeping, Herbert had dressed him. It was bitter weather. The Thames was frozen over. He had bidden Herbert give him an extra shirt, "lest by the sharpness of the season I might shake, which some might imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation." Then Bishop Juxon had arrived, and had prayed with him, had read morning prayer. The New Testament lesson for the day was that twenty-seventh chapter of Saint Matthew narrating the Crucifixion. He had asked Juxon if he had not made especial choice of it. His voice choking, the bishop had replied that it was designated by the kalendar.

Soon thereafter, Colonel Hacker, the Parliamentary officer in charge of him, had knocked at the door. Incongruously trembling, the battle-hardened soldier had told him that it was time to go to Whitehall. It was ten o'clock. Between Bishop Juxon and the Parliamentary Colonel Tomlinson,

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Herbert immediately behind, he had descended into the park, where several companies of foot made an avenue for his passage. Preceded and followed by halberdiers, he had walked quickly, bidding them "March apace," lest the bitter cold should set him shivering. One or two had dared to insult him even then. An officer asked him whether, with the Duke of Buckingham, he had not poisoned his father, King James. A civilian had for some distance walked abreast with him, staring rudely into his face, and when Bishop Juxon bade the knave begone, the fellow had revenged himself by snatching up the pet spaniel following faithfully at his royal master's heels, and had run off with it. He had not allowed himself to be discomposed, had spoken cheerfully with Colonel Tomlinson, telling him of the persons he wished intrusted with his funeral. Thus he had come to Whitehall.

During the celebration of communion, some preachers of the sectaries, known to be particularly odious to him, had arrived with an order from Parliament "to administer those spiritual helps that should be suitable to his present condition." He had refused to admit them, had said: "Thank them from me for the tender of themselves, but tell them plainly that they, that have so often and causelessly prayed against me, shall never pray with me in this agony. They may, if they please, and I'll thank them for it, pray for me."

Now, while the slow hours dragged, he could but sit and wait in that royal chamber whose magnificence mocked his fallen state. They had prepared a dinner for him, but he refused to eat it, devoutly resolved to partake of nothing after the Sacrament. Faintly, from outside, he could hear a hammering, could hear military sounds from the horse and foot massed in Whitehall, could hear a distant murmur from the throng that had gathered as near as it might. Within the palace itself was a continual clank and clatter from the soldiers filling every corridor. Time and again, at a nearer clash of weapons presented in salute to some Parliamentary grandee, he thought that the moment had come.

What was causing this delay? He had no chance of reprieve. On the Sunday after his condemnation he had flatly refused a last-minute proposition which explicitly surrendered all power to the dominant faction. He knew that from Holland his son Charles had sent a blank signature for Cromwell to write over it what he would, so that his father's life were spared, and that Cromwell had but laughed. This day was certainly his last. Why did they not make an end of this suspense?

He sent Herbert to ascertain what he could, insisted on knowing exactly what he had learned. The valet forced himself to say that they delayed while Parliament passed an act forbidding any successor to be proclaimed. Moreover, there had been difficulty in finding an executioner. Brandon, the common hangman, had refused. Colonel Hewson had paraded thirty-eight sergeants and vainly offered one hundred pounds to the man who would do the deed, but it was believed that one of them had now secretly volunteered. The hammering was because Hugh Peters had ordered staples to be driven into the scaffold for a tackle to be rigged so that the victim might be forced down to the block in case of resistance. He smiled equably. "They have no need for that."

Bishop Juxon again implored him to eat, representing that he might be faint with hunger at the solemn moment, and his faintness be misinterpreted. He consented to eat a small piece of bread and drink a little claret.

It was just on two o'clock. There was a peremptory knock on the door. Bishop Juxon and Herbert fell, weeping, on their knees before him. He gave them his hand to kiss. Colonel Hacker appeared.

He took a deep breath, said: "I follow you, sir."

Herbert had utterly collapsed. Bishop Juxon alone went with him. They led him through soldier-lined corridors into the great Banqueting Hall. One of the great windows had been broken down to make a portal. He passed through it, emerged onto a large scaffold draped with black, a dozen or more persons standing on it. The sun burst brilliantly through the dark clouds. He saw the glitter of a long-handled ax lying by a low block.

Rails surrounded the scaffold, covered with black baize, so that when he knelt to the block he should not be seen by the spectators. Those spectators were crowded at a distance. Around the scaffold were masses of troops. He realized that his enemies intended that his last words should not be heard by the people.

Nevertheless, he said them, addressing himself to those around him, glancing at a little piece of paper whereon he had noted the heads of what he would say. In the presence of God, he denied the crimes whereof he was accused. The Parliament had made war on him, not he on the Parliament. Though innocent toward his people, an unjust sentence—he forbore to mention the name of Strafford—was punished by an unjust sentence on himself. He forgave all men, even those, whoever they were—he did not desire to know their names—who had brought him to his death. He did more than forgive them; he prayed that they might repent.

"Sirs," he concluded, "it was for the liberties of the people that I am come here. If I would have assented to an arbitrary sway, to have all things changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come hither. Therefore I tell you—and I pray God that it be not laid to your charge—that I am the martyr of the people." Bishop Juxon whispered a word to him. He added: "I die a Christian according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father."

It was all scarcely real to him. Even as he spoke he could not intimately realize that in a few minutes he would cease to exist. Behind him, someone touched the ax.

He jerked round, said: "Pray do not spoil the ax. It will hurt me more."

Two executioners, garbed in loose blouses, their identity hidden under grotesque masks whereof one had a false gray beard, knelt before him, in evidently disguised voices asked his forgiveness. It was too much.

"No!" he replied. "I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood."

There was a profound silence. Not a sound came from the troops, from the crowds beyond them. Bishop Juxon, pale, looking ready to faint, held out to him the little white satin cap whereunder his long hair was to be gathered. He put it on, turned to the unrecognizably masked executioner:

"Is my hair in the way?"

The man bowed. "I beg Your Majesty to push it more under the cap."

As he did so he said to Juxon: "I have on my side a just cause and a merciful God."

"Yes, sire," stammered Juxon, scarce able to speak, "there is but one stage more. Consider, it will carry you a great way, even from earth to heaven."

He reaffirmed that faith which was sustaining him.

"I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place." He threw off his cloak, took the George from his neck and gave it to Juxon. He looked into the prelate's tear-filled eyes. "Remember!" he said solemnly. It was to remind him of his last messages to his children.

He stripped off his undercoat, looked at the block.

"Place it so it may be firm," he said to the false-bearded executioner.

"It is firm, sir."

"I shall say a short prayer, and when I hold out my hands thus—strike."

For yet a moment he stood, fixing his thoughts on that heaven he was surely about to enter, murmured a prayer that he might not flinch, and then knelt. The block was too low; he stretched himself so that he lay full length. It was odd, the feel of that icy-cold block, the last thing he would ever feel.

He jerked at a touch on his neck. The executioner was but pushing his hair more under his cap, but for the moment he thought he was going to strike.

"Wait for the signal!"

"I shall wait for it, sir," he heard the disguised voice say, "with the good pleasure of Your Majesty."

Fervently he prayed. With all his soul he yielded himself to the will of God. Now he must give the signal—no, yet a moment—a tiny moment more of prayer. He thought briefly of his wife, of his children, nerved himself to the inevitable—to the volitional act—jerked apart his arms.

A violent crash, a dazzling flash of light. He did not hear the great groan which burst from the crowd as that masked, false-bearded, never-to-be-identified executioner held up the head in silence. Those lifeless eyes did not see the harshly ordered cavalry troops riding furiously both ways along the street to stampede that horror-stricken people.

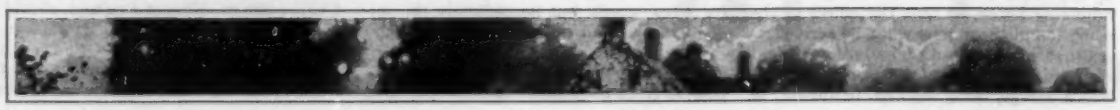
That night, long after the exclusion of the thronging mourners who had pressed to view the corpse, lying coffined in Whitehall, Lord Southampton and a friend sat and watched the bier in pious last service. It was past two o'clock. They heard the tread of someone very slowly coming up the stairs. The door opened. A man, with his face muffled in his cloak, entered and approached the coffin. He gazed down into it in a long silence, and then shook his head with a deep sigh. "Cruel necessity!" The words broke awesomely from an unendurable inward anguish. He turned and went slowly, in the same mysterious manner that he had come.

Southampton glanced startled at his friend. "That voice and gait! 'Twas—'twas Oliver Cromwell!"

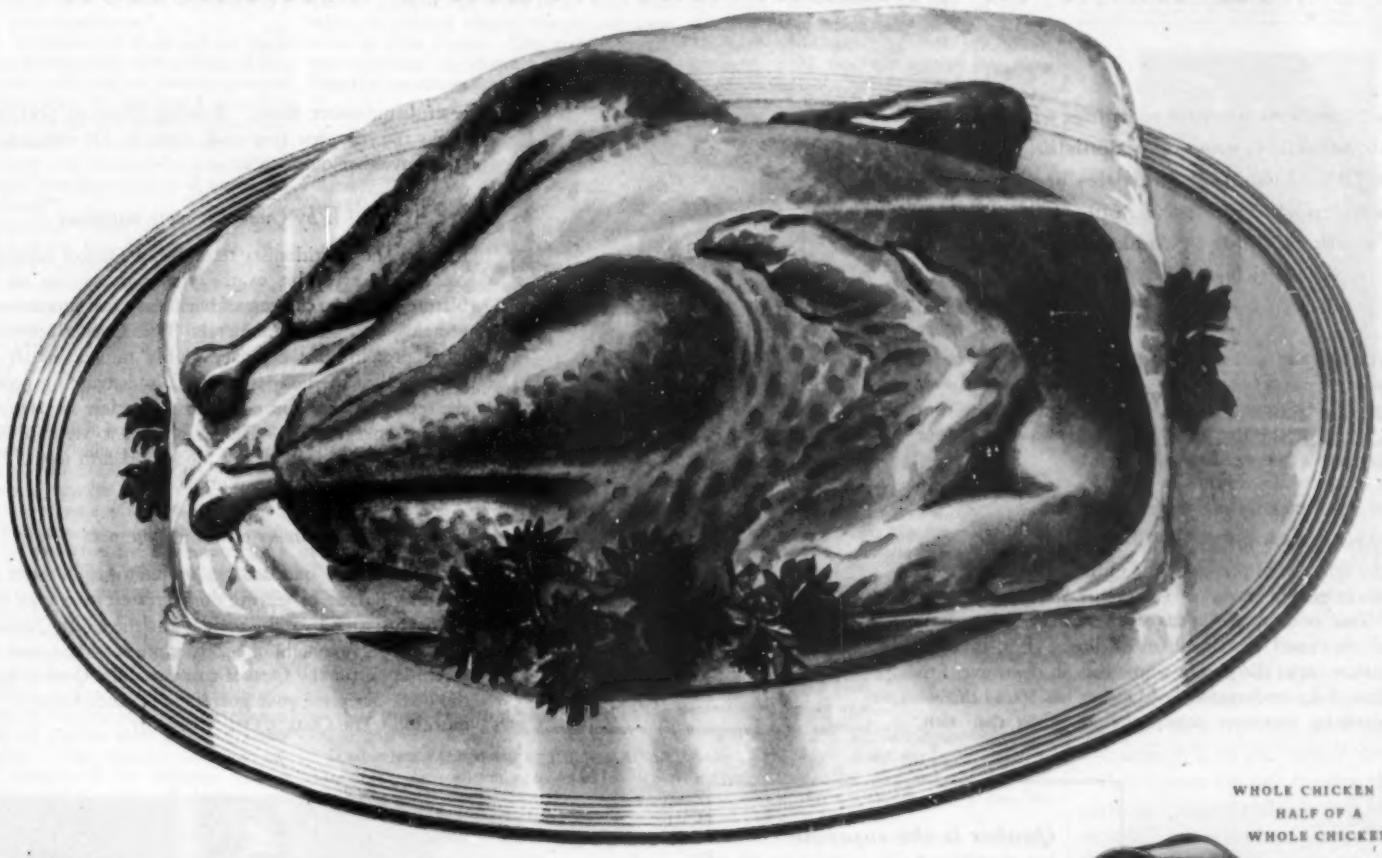
On the eighth of February, a small group of the King's friends followed to St. George's Chapel at Windsor a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. As they walked with it, the snow fell from a leaden sky, till the pall was hidden under the clinging flakes. Even in his death the White King doomed to misfortune—and strangely ever has the symbol of white been fatal to the monarchy of England—Charles Stuart was borne to his tomb, to be buried in silence, since the triumphant sectaries had forbidden the service of the Prayer Book.

So was accomplished an act of immense import. For the first time in known history revolutionaries had dared to try and to execute their lawful King. With him, in the minds of men, was forever slain the immemorial conception of the divine right of royalty. One hundred and forty-four years later, the regicides of revolutionary France would deliberately model themselves upon that precedent set by the great Englishman who shortly thereafter would himself become an uncrowned king, in an arbitrary autocracy ruling as Charles had never dared to rule, and whose career summed up the classic course of successful revolutions.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in the July 19th issue.



Instant Cold Chicken—
In its own Jellied Juice



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Already Cooked—All Ready to Eat

ALL you do is open the package. The chicken is already cooked in its own jellied juices. Many food stores keep them chilled for instant use—or an hour or two in your own refrigerator is enough.

Flavor-Sealed cooking saves the juices and flavors which ordinary cooking loses. It cooks flavor *in*, not out. You get a juicy, delightful delicacy of flavor you have rarely tasted. A wonderful summer-time dinner.

Served hot, a Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken needs only heating and browning—for it is already cooked. It gives you fried chicken "quick as toast." And the savory juices make wonderful soups and gravies.

Hormel chicken is a whole or half chicken—not dismembered nor cut up nor boned. It is a selected milk-fed chicken, plucked and cleaned to perfection, each chicken inspected and certified to be healthy and wholesome by U. S. Government inspectors. The perfect Hormel chicken is then sealed in its individual package and cooked immediately.

Try Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken at our risk. All leading food stores carry it—both half chickens and whole—2 to 4½ lbs. net weight. Serve hot or cold; and if you are not satisfied, mail us your purchase slip and tell us why. We will refund your money. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minnesota.

MARPLES JONES & CO., Liverpool, England
BURNS & CO., Calgary, Alberta, Canada

WHOLE CHICKEN OR HALF OF A WHOLE CHICKEN

★ **FLAVOR-SEALED ECONOMY**

When you buy Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken you do not pay for head, feet, viscera—about ¼ of the weight of chicken as usually bought. Cooking shrinkage, too, is almost nil; while home-cooked chicken shrinks about ⅓ in weight.

HORMEL★ Flavor Sealed CHICKEN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Also Flavor-Sealed Ham, Spiced Ham, Pork Tongue, Luncheon Meat—are cooked like the Flavor-Sealed Chicken—in the sealed package. Fine flavors for appreciative palates, and hours of kitchen drudgery saved. Instantly ready food. Keep on hand.

Cooks Faster than Toast or Coffee

Yet this delicious breakfast provides the energy you need to combat hot weather exhaustion

Don't handicap summer mornings with inadequate breakfast, warn nutritionists. The fact that 70% of the day's activities are crowded into the morning hours . . . plus the strain of hot weather fatigue . . . makes the right kind of a breakfast vitally important.

FOR that tendency to "let down" in summertime, check up on your breakfasts, say nutritionists. More than ever you need *lasting* food energy to see you through the four hardest hours of the day. To keep you fresh and at your best. To combat hot weather exhaustion.

Fastest of all quick cooking oats

Fortunately the very breakfast that keeps you at your best is also the quickest to prepare. For Quaker Oats . . . unsurpassed as an energy breakfast . . . cooks faster than toast or coffee! This is because Quaker Oats are not only "heat seasoned" in closed containers for 36 hours. But, in addition, Quaker roasts the choice whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. For Quaker has found that of all pre-cooking processes roasting alone gives that rich, zestful, nut-sweet flavor. Roasting alone so perfectly pre-cooks the oats that they cook done in 2½ minutes—faster than any other quick oats.

"Put me down as an advocate of Quaker Oats breakfasts," says Grace Walton, advertising manager of Julius Kayser and Company. This busy young executive realizes the importance of the right kind of a breakfast as a preparation for strenuous mornings.

Why Quaker is more nutritious

Doctors and nutritionists recommend Quaker because these oats retain every bit of the vital part of the oat, where Nature stores the choicest of her three great protective foods, proteins, vitamins and minerals. Thus Quaker provides 50% more protein than ordinary highly milled cereals. Every living cell of the body is continually demanding protein for the repair of worn-out nerves and muscles. 65% of Quaker is pure energy food. There's abundant vitamin B. Rich minerals to build good, red blood and firm teeth. Plus the roughage to make laxatives unnecessary.

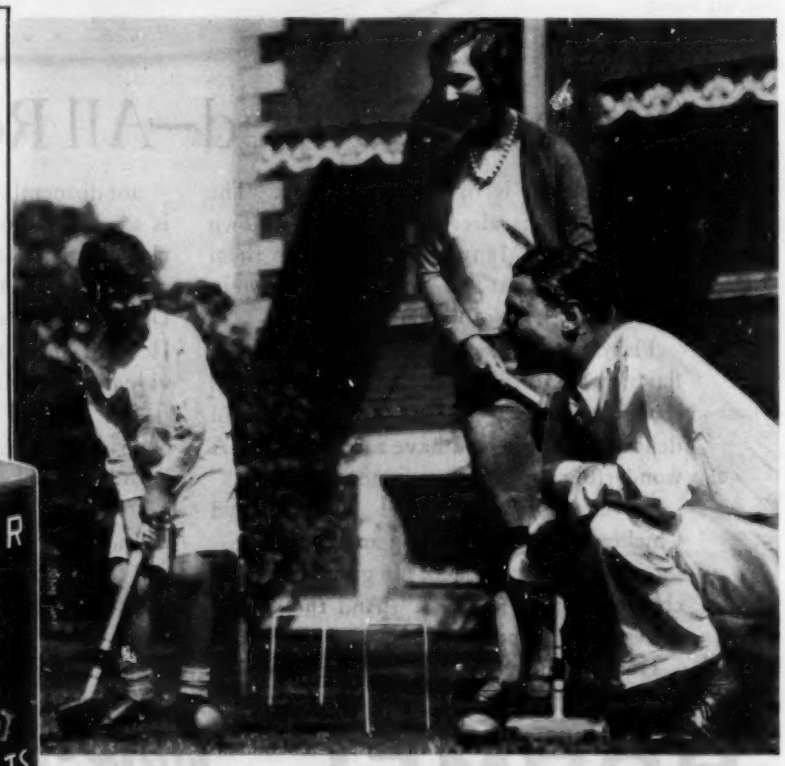
Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Keep up health standards in summertime. Protect against morning fatigue by serving this "greatest of energy cereals." Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Both packages contain one-third more oats than most millers pack. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer flavor . . . richer nutrition. The Quaker Oats Company.

Quaker is the supreme fast cooking oat

1. ***Fastest*** of all quick-cooking oats. 2½ minutes to cook.
2. ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.
3. ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** —16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.
4. ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Millions need no other guarantee of a superior product than the Quaker name on the package. Serve *Quaker Puffed Rice* and *Puffed Wheat*—the crisp, crunchy cereals that tempt children's appetites. If you don't agree that any Quaker product you buy is superior to others of its kind—we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package.



James A. Barrick and son Jack engage in a summer morning "foursome" with Dorothy Johnstone and Madelon Barnes. Keeping fit in vacation on Quaker Oats breakfast is part of their daily schedule.

Quaker Oats ... *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

THE MISSING LINK

(Continued from Page 11)

"And that's inside o' me!" exploded the mate. "Well, now see 'ere, if it's inside me, w'y, inside it's going to stay. What business 'ad you to drop it in there in the first plyce? If I die of it, you'll be 'ung, and I'm sorry I won't be there to 'elp yank the rope."

"Ho, so that's yere attitude?" bristled Mr. Glencannon. "Weel, Muster Mate, ye're not only unreasonable, ye're not only a poor sportsman, but ye're positeevly deeshonest besides. Aye, ye're a swundler, that's what ye are! So noo I shall leave ye alone wi' yere conscience."

In the remainder of their call at Cape Town, Mr. Montgomery saw no more of Mr. Glencannon until, a scant twenty minutes before sailing time, the engineer was carried aboard the ship by five bruised constables.

"Rot the luck!" growled the mate. "W'y couldn't they 'ave chucked 'im into jail for being drunk and disorderly, and myde 'im miss the boat?"

In succeeding weeks, as the ship bore northward along the African coast, Mr. Montgomery resumed his accustomed duties, but though once more in the pink of physical condition, he found himself becoming prey to a gnawing mental *malaise*.

"It's that Scot," he brooded. "'Im and his bleddy cuff link! 'E's 'ad my goat for years, 'e 'as, and now 'e's twisting its tail."

Throughout his waking hours, which included many which he should have spent in slumber, the vision of Mr. Glencannon's dour and accusing face became a veritable obsession. Whenever in the course of his daily stint he came within the engineer's malevolent aura, his soul was made to writhe. He could feel the Scotsman's fishy eye upon him, probing, striving hungrily to pierce his vitals. For though Mr. Glencannon never actually spoke of the cuff link, he had devised numerous diabolical subterfuges for bringing it to the mate's mind.

In the stifling heat of the Equator and the miasmas of the West African ports, every man on the ship but Mr. Glencannon discarded all clothes save shoes, drawers and singlets. The engineer, however, invariably topped off his costume with a clean white shirt, the left cuff of which was fastened with a massive silver-and-cairngorm sleeve link, while the right flopped dismally about his wrist.

In his conversation, Mr. Glencannon took great delight in making flourishes and gestures with his right hand, and then halting them with dramatic abruptness while he shifted his gaze from his linkless cuff to his luckless victim. Once, Captain Ball inquired if he'd lost his cuff button.

He sat in silence for a moment, and then shook his head. "No, sir," he said solemnly to the saloon ceiling, "I regret I canna truthfully say that it's lost. 'Lost' is far from being the proper wurrd."

Mr. Montgomery could feel his temperature rising and his appetite departing. He gulped his coffee and left the table, but even when he had stepped out on deck, he felt as though an X ray were searching him through the very steel of the saloon bulkhead.

"Blarst 'im!" he shuddered. "I've stood about orl I can stand. It's enough to 'ave 'is tin joolery inside me, without 'im driving me cryzy in the bargain. Suppose it starts to rust in there, or buttons some of my vitals together, m'ybe?"

He was far from feeling reassured when, at dinner several weeks later, Mr. Glencannon halted him in the act of pouring vinegar upon his beans.

"At yere peril, Muster Montgomery—at yere peril!" said the engineer, restraining him with a hand about which the shirt cuff drooped incongruously.

"Wot's so perilous about winnigar?" challenged the mate.

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon, leaning back in his chair and filling his pipe, "pairhaps these other gentlemen wull pardon me for being cryptic, but I feel it's my juty to warn ye that veenigar exerts a strong corrosive influence upon sairtain metals, particularly siller. Ye'll understand, o' course, to what I'm refeering?"

"Oh," said Mr. Montgomery weakly; and he pushed the cruet away from him while, in puzzled silence, the rest of them went on with dinner. The mate, though, was prodding his stomach experimentally beneath the concealing shelter of the table.

III

LATE one autumn afternoon the lights of home blinked across the waters—the Mouse, the Nore, the Chapman, all so bright and friendly and cheerful. Swinging her rusty snout out of the Channel, the Inchcliffe Castle turned into the peaceful reaches of the Thames Estuary like a cow plodding barnward at eventide.

Standing in the wing of the bridge, Mr. Montgomery gazed across the mist-shrouded Essex marshes and heaved a gusty sigh. Somewhere ahead lay London. The trip was all but over. The trip, yes; but what about his troubles? He hated to quit the ship, but he felt that he could never survive another voyage with Mr. Glencannon.

"Ugh!" he muttered. "The very thoughts of him mykes me crawl!" And glancing down on deck, he saw Mr. Glencannon himself, pointing out to Mr. MacQuayle the objects of interest along the shore—pointing with a hand half covered by a gaping, linkless cuff!

"There, that decides me!" rasped Mr. Montgomery, stamping his foot so viciously that the pilot gazed at him in surprise. "I've 'ad enough, I 'ave! I'd sooner ship as third aboard a Dutchman than tyke another trip with him!"

And when next morning, in the Albert Dock, Mr. Glencannon, dressed in his shore clothes and strolling down the gangplank, had waved him a mocking au revoir with that same flopping cuff, the mate grinned for the first time in months.

"Good-by, good-by, good-by!" he muttered. "Go ahead, ye blinking Shylock, and get as drunk as ye please! There'll be 'ailstones in 'eil the size of 'ens' eggs before I ever see you agyne!"

DRAWN BY MARGE

"I'm So Grateful to You, Young Man, for Having Saved My Life This Morning. Won't You Accept These Sandwiches as a Token of My Appreciation?"

Captain Ball had gone to his home in Surrey, but as soon as he came back Mr. Montgomery would tell him. Only a few more days to wind up his job; then he would sign on another ship and put half the world between him and this walrus-mustached incubus.

Of course there would always be the worry of the cuff link in his interior, but it would be as nothing compared to the weight which his decision had already lifted from his mind. All through the day, as one by one the cargo slings were jerked up from the Inchcliffe Castle's hatches, Mr. Montgomery could feel his spirits becoming buoyant with the vessel.

Late the following afternoon a policeman, white-gloved and with mustaches waxed, came up the gangplank with a step which echoed the majesty of the law.

"'Oo's in command 'ere, my man?" he inquired of a seaman; then, spotting the three gold stripes on Mr. Montgomery's sleeve, he touched his visor, opened his notebook and cleared his throat.

"Constable 'Oskins, sir, of Wapping 'Igh Street Stytion," he introduced himself. "I regret to report, sir, that yesterday I was forced to tyke a gempman nymed Glencannon into custody."

"Oh, you were, were you?" beamed Mr. Montgomery. "Well, I 'ope 'e gets a life sentence. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be getting back to work."

"'Arf a moment, sir," the constable restrained him. "You see, 'e ayn't in a cell now, sir. 'E's in the 'ospital."

"Oh"—nodded Mr. Montgomery understandingly—"'e's got the deleery and tremens, I suppose?"

"Exactly wot I thought when I arrested 'im," agreed the constable, "but when the police surgeon looked 'im over at the stytion 'ouse larst night, 'e ordered 'im stryght to the 'ospital for an operytion. 'E's quite out of dynger now, and perhaps you'd like to come and see 'im."

For an instant Mr. Montgomery's heart sank. Then joy—sheer, sardonic, but altogether pardonable joy—swept over him. "Right-o!" he chuckled. "I'll see 'im. Lead the w'y, horfficer!"

Mr. Glencannon, a trifle pale, but otherwise his accustomed self, was lying in bed in the Royal Seaman's Hospital. "Weel, weel, weel, Muster Mate!" he exclaimed, extending his hand cordially. "Ye're just the mon I was thinking aboot. Sit doon, sit doon, while I make ye my apologies!"

"Wot's the matter?" inquired Mr. Montgomery, hanging his cap on the bedpost and settling into a chair. "Er—pardon my arsking, but 'ave you been swallowing anvils too?"

"No," said Mr. Glencannon, "but if ye'll look there on the table, ye'll see what they did take oot o' me."

Mr. Montgomery looked, gasped, and looked again. For what he saw was the missing link!

"But—but 'ow did it ever get inside of you?" he asked, his worries falling from him like a cloak.

"Weel," said Mr. Glencannon, "it all comes back to me plainly noo. Ye see, that nicht when I was preeparing to operate on ye, I took oot some o' my links and things and dropped them into an empty tumbler for safe-keeping. In the excitement I must ha' inadveertently filled the tumbler wi' whusky, and ——"

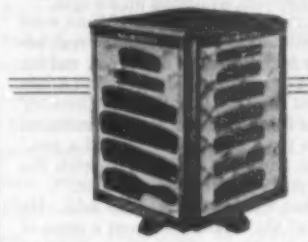
"And drunk the joolery!" exclaimed Mr. Montgomery. "Well, wot do you think of that!"

"I think it's a domned shame, that's what I think," said Mr. Glencannon, "for though I canna mak' sure till I get back to the ship, I think I'm still missing a collar button."

ONLY CERTAIN COMBS ARE SAFE TO USE

THERE are three main essentials to keep in mind in selecting a comb for your hair: it must be safe, sanitary and satisfactory. A safe comb has evenly rounded parallel teeth that cannot possibly pull your hair out, cut it off, or scratch the scalp. A sanitary comb is one that cannot absorb impurities and may be kept immaculately clean. A satisfactory comb is one best suited to dress the hair, place the wave and arrange it as you want it arranged.

Ace Combs are safe because they are perfectly designed and smoothly finished, sanitary because the hard rubber of which they are made is non-absorbent and easy to keep clean. And they are made in so many sizes and styles that you may readily select the type you want at any drug store or department store.



Ace Combs are displayed in revolving cabinets as illustrated. Make your selection from the 20 combs displayed.

ACE COMBS

Perhaps you will write us for a free booklet, "Lovely Hair", which gives practical advice on the care of hair and scalp.

American Hard Rubber Company
11 Mercer St., New York, N. Y. P-7-8

PRINCIPLE AND POLITICS

(Continued from Page 7)

I dealt with the matter without reference to its effect on my candidacy. About the same time, but strictly in the course of public business, I advocated the submission to the states of the proposed child-labor amendment, my belief being that agitation for amendment would persist until the states had had a chance to express themselves. These two declarations were undoubtedly bad politics. Mr. Grundy, claiming to voice the sentiment of the manufacturing interests in Pennsylvania, was outraged by them, and in person notified me of his opposition. As he later became the dominant factor in the campaign to nominate the ticket on which I had a place, it was a serious matter to have incurred his hostility.

Again, however, a factor must be reckoned with which, in a superficial study of the incident, might easily be overlooked. That factor is the existence of relentless hostility to me on Mr. Grundy's part long before my position was declared on either of the two issues in question. In other words, my utterances on those subjects merely added fuel to a flame already burning with intensity. Had I evaded both of them, the campaign line-up would have been the same: The direction of policy and the raising and expenditure of campaign funds would still have been under the control of a political enemy. While, therefore, my attitude on these two questions undoubtedly did me serious harm, I am inclined to think that it aggravated a situation, but did not create it. Neither utterance gained me support. So far as there was anything that could be described as a labor vote, Pinchot had it; and in the coal regions he was particularly strong because he had acquired the support of the United Mine Workers by his shrewd political manipulation of the anthracite-strike situation in 1923. The supporters of the child-labor proposal had no unified political strength. The stand of many of them in the campaign was determined by other considerations. On the whole, therefore, I was hurt by these utterances, and not helped by them, but neither was a factor of great importance in producing the ultimate result.

The rashness with which confident political inferences are drawn by superficial observers is illustrated by the statement sometimes made that my stand on the World Court issue contributed to my defeat. In the Senate I advocated separation of the Permanent Court from its organic relationship to the League. This seems to me a highly desirable result, as tending to minimize the possibility of political interference with the Court's judicial function. When it became evident to me that complete separation of Court from League could not be accomplished, I bent all my energies to secure, as a condition of adherence, a provision making it possible for the United States to curb the power of the Court to act as adviser to the League. As the result of many conferences between senators and with others, such a condition was finally included in the resolution of adherence and I voted in favor of adherence on these terms. Here again I was following a course which had no vote-getting value.

As usual, the extremes of advocacy and opposition were the popular positions. To be willing to vote for adherence on any terms was regarded by many as a weakness. To stipulate for a condition unwelcome to the League was an offense to those who have what is called an international mind. In point of fact, however, my attitude on this question had no appreciable effect upon the result of the campaign. Mr. Vare, as far as I can recall, never stated his position on the subject, and certainly I lost no votes to Pinchot on the Court issue. To list me as one of those who lost his seat by voting for adherence is merely an indication of ignorance of the facts. As I write, a proposal is pending to accomplish adherence by the United States without the safeguarding Senate condition, on the theory that League members have found a formula for accomplishing our purpose by using their words. My public opposition to this unsatisfactory substitution has again allied me with those who are opposed to adherence on any terms. When, in the autumn of 1925, I decided to seek renomination in the following spring, I had to determine what attitude to take toward the Vare organization in Philadelphia. If I had been willing to ask that organization to sponsor my candidacy few well-informed people will doubt that overwhelming victory would have been the result. What I did was to issue the following statement:

> I am convinced that the best interests of the Republican Party require the senatorship to be treated as a mark of confidence by people of all the counties and not as an office to be bargained for with powerful groups in some of the counties.
>
> I do not say this in hostility to any group. On the contrary, I advocate political organization in each county according to the temperament and character of its people.
>
> But I do not believe it to be wholesome for any of the counties to be overweighed by the influence and power of others. This is a commonwealth. The senatorial office is the concern of the whole state. The senator ought to be the free choice of all the people.

I was convinced that local organization support would have involved so great a sacrifice of independence that a Senate seat acquired in this way was not worth having. I realized that sooner or later there must come a test of strength, and in issuing this statement I was necessarily inviting the test. Even so, Mr. Vare would have hesitated to accept this issue and to risk single combat. He preferred to reckon on the intervention of Pinchot, which at that time was probable but not certain. Mr. Vare's advisers did all they could to amplify the call of the people to which Pinchot's ear is sensitive, and it will, I suppose, never be known just how much of the demand for his candidacy was actually inspired by them. After the primary, they, with pardonable pride, reckoned this as their most astute move, and undoubtedly it was.

Looking back over the whole episode, the only lasting regret of which I am conscious is the regret that Pinchot could not resist the temptation to spoil what would have been a pretty fight. If Vare had decided against single combat, his organization would thereafter have borne to the United States Senator no other relation than that borne by every other county organization in the state. If he had sought the nomination in a two-sided fight, no matter what issues were injected, an analysis of the vote demonstrates that I would have won by a wide margin. In that event, however, if it is to be assumed that all other conditions remained the same, I should have been compelled to bear the odium of large campaign expenditures raised against my will and used to my disadvantage, but labeled with my name. What action the Senate would have taken in such a case is, of course, mere matter of opinion, but even to have one's election ascribed to the use of money, no matter how baseless the charge, is too high a price to pay even for the privilege of serving one's country. With the actual outcome of the adventure, I am, therefore, well content, although there are rare moments when I covet the opportunity to influence the course of events at Washington.

Of what has here been written this is the sum: That whatever may be, in general, the soundness or unsoundness of the maxim with which this article began, it derives no support from the record of my own political experience.

OBLIGATIONS

(Continued from Page 9)

"He walked right in here," Adam Munn would say. "He wasn't fat the way he is now, Mr. Dennis wasn't, and you couldn't tell what he was thinking, no more than you can now. He walked in—like this—slowly, like he owned the place—you know how the Swales do—and he sat down—like this—right where you're sitting now, with his hat still on his head. And then he looked around the room, squinting up his eyes."

It was curious—when Adam Munn went on, he could make the whole scene real, because he had the actor's gift. A sudden grimace, a quick turn of his wrist, and Adam Munn was Dennis Swale, and the directors' room was filled with a new, tense stillness.

"'Give me a sheet of paper and a pen,' was what he said, 'and now go fetch the gluepot, and paste that on the door.'"

And that was all that Dennis said. He was like all the Swales—without a sense of drama, but with a code of manners, or an instinct, if you care to call it that.

"Yes," said Adam Munn, "I don't know how it is. There's something in them Swales."

Adam Munn could remember the morning when Alfred Deene called on Dennis Swale, but only later he could piece it all together, even to imagining what both those men were thinking, so that all their words seemed finally like draughts on a checkerboard, moving with a purpose, but meaningless, like most words, until hidden thought was clear. It was the year of the panic in 1893, when the nation was tossing in its economic throes and when banks were falling down like ninepins. The noise of it reached even to Haven's End in those days, carrying an uncertainty upon the air which was very close to dread.

It was a stormy morning, Adam Munn remembered, and the east wind was blowing hard, driving a cold gray rain, hissing, upon the window panes of the office in the Swale mill. The hissing of the rain and the moaning of that wind were mingled with the humming of the cotton spindles, which made a sound so constant that it was like a background to all thought. The private office was vibrant with that sound, even on that windy morning.

Through the grimy windows facing north one could see the river, slate gray and wintry, because the spring was coming late. Beside the river, like wreckage almost, was the lost endeavor of Haven's End. The last of the wharves, right below the window, had degenerated to a coal pocket, and the rain could never wholly wash the soot from the sagging buildings around it. The roof and chimney of the old rum distillery which had been closed ten years before thrust themselves out of that blackness in sullen disrepair, and the gray piling and the rusting machinery of the disused shipyard were like a patch of forest blackened by some fire.

The granite foundations of the Swale mills seemed to be standing on that wreckage like a last endeavor of the town to cope with change, and even the Swale mills were growing old and dark.

Adam was making entries in the private account books, standing in his shirt sleeves in front of the tall clerk's desk, when Mr. Dennis called him. Adam could write with a beautiful hand in those days when penmanship was nearing its zenith of perfection. His figures and his letters had fish tails and shadings like a copperplate engraving, but his pen shook when Mr. Dennis called.

"Did you hear me, Munn?" said Dennis Swale. "Can't you answer when I speak?"

"Just a minute, sir," said Adam. "I made a blot upon the page."

Mr. Swale looked up quickly from his roll-top desk and straightened the purple folds of his cravat.

"That's the second time this week you've blotted those accounts," Mr. Dennis said.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Adam.

"It does no good to be sorry," said Dennis Swale. "You're lucky to be earning ten dollars a week. Come here and write down this notice. I want it posted on the doors of the mills."

Adam Munn was angry; he felt his face grow hot. There was something steely and meager in Dennis Swale which was enough to stir one's anger.

"Ten dollars isn't much," said Adam Munn.

"It's enough for these times," Mr. Dennis said. "I can get a dozen men like you."

"No wonder everyone leaves town," said Adam Munn. "You're the sort who makes 'em."

For a moment he could almost think that Dennis Swale was surprised at that. He looked at Adam Munn and then out of the window toward the river, which was flat and empty beneath the rain.

"This place is good enough," said Dennis Swale. "Leave it if you want to go away." Mr. Dennis was looking at him, and he was not angry. "But you won't," he said; "you can't get away any more than I can. I want you to bring the books to the house tonight at half-past seven o'clock. Now write down this notice. Are you ready?" Dennis Swale cleared his throat; he seemed to be listening to the humming of the mill.

"'Owing to uncertain business conditions,'" he said, "'this mill will be closed, beginning tomorrow, March 10th, until further notice. Signed, Dennis Swale.' Make a dozen copies and tack them on the doors."

He turned away as though he had dictated an ordinary letter, but Adam Munn was startled.

"Are things as bad as that?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Swale. "Copy out these notices. . . . The wind's freshening; we're going to have more rain."

It must have been almost at that minute that Mr. Deene came in, and it was good to see him. Mr. Deene was always rich and easy; he came in smoking a long cigar and smiling at Mr. Swale, but even when he smiled his glance was steady and his face was a poker face. In spite of his frankness you had a baffled feeling always; you could not tell what was going on behind his eyes. He slapped his hat on the table by the letter press, sat down and twisted his heavy watch chain around his fingers.

"Have you seen the wires from New York?" he said.

Mr. Dennis leaned back in his swivel chair, looking thoughtfully at Alfred Deene. "Yes," he said. "I'm glad I'm not playing the market. Deene, are you all right?"

"Yes," said Mr. Deene, "yes, I'm all right. Look at me. Do I look worried?"

"No," said Dennis Swale, "nothing ever worries you. I wonder how you do it, Deene. Nothing ever worries you. What do you want? I'm busy."

Alfred Deene began to laugh and flipped the ash from his cigar.

"How do you know I want anything?" he asked.

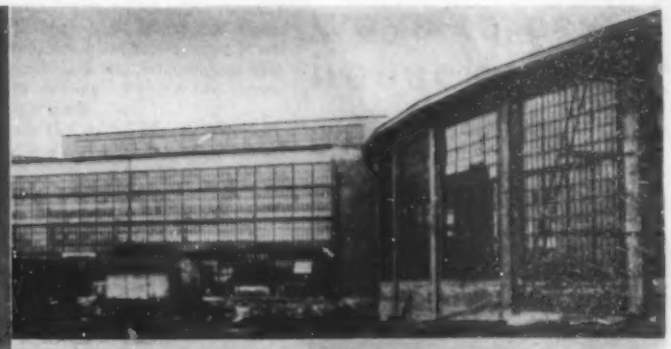
Then Adam Munn remembered a look that passed between them—a wordless, watchful look, as though they both were thinking of something which they did not say.

"Because you're always wanting something," Mr. Dennis said. "You're the kind

(Continued on Page 97)

Where Endurance Counts Wrought Iron Means True Economy

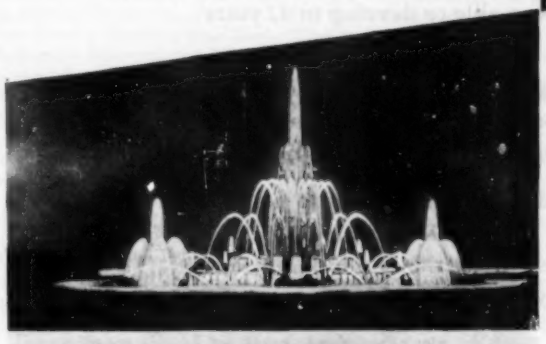
With an age long record of rust resistance and dependability, its uses in modern industry are steadily expanding . . .



Left: Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Building, San Francisco, Calif. Wrought Iron pipe in cold water supply, vacuum and fire lines, drainage, drinking water, and pump lines.

Above: Engine Terminal of Boston & Maine R. R., at Boston, Mass., equipped with genuine corrosion-resisting wrought iron window sash by Mosher Brothers Iron Co., of St. Louis, Mo.

Above: Northern Avenue Bridge, Boston. Wrought iron railing, after several years of use, is in perfect condition. Other material, though painted every year, had been found to last only three to five years because of salt spray. All light bridge members should be made of wrought iron.



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Thousands of instances have come to light showing how remarkably tough and enduring is this old metal; and genuine wrought iron is again commanding the attention of progressive manufacturers, engineers and builders everywhere.

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If you are a manufacturer, fabricator, or user of metals, which in service are subject to corrosion, vibration, shock and abrasion, you will do well to investigate the possibilities of wrought iron for the purpose you have in mind.

When you buy wrought iron, remember there are widely varying grades and prices. True economy is served if you make sure that you get the grade best suited to your purpose rather than being governed by price alone.

For desired information, please address Wrought Iron Research Association, 1111 Union Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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DUNLOP

(Continued from Page 94)

who never goes anywhere unless there's something he wants."

Mr. Deene laughed again, but his eyes were very blank and there was something happening which Adam did not know about. All at once Adam felt a twinge of dread and watchfulness of Mr. Deene; he was watching every move which Mr. Dennis made, as he sat there smoking his cigar. All at once, Adam Munn could tell that Mr. Deene was sharp, with a sharpness that Mr. Dennis would never have.

"Dennis," he said, "you're sharp; I always said you were sharp. So you're going to close your mill?"

"Who told you that?" said Mr. Dennis.

There was a pause for a moment; there was not a sound except the hissing of the rain upon the window.

"Scarlet," said Alfred Deene. "Scarlet told me that."

There was a sharp creak from Mr. Dennis' chair. "He did, did he?" Mr. Dennis said. Mr. Deene was watching all the while, behind his blank clear eyes. You could feel him watching; you could feel his ease of thought.

"Yes," he said, "and Scarlet said it wasn't right. You ought to think about your help, he said."

Mr. Dennis cleared his throat. "Why should I think of them?" he asked. "They've never thought of me."

"Swale," said Mr. Deene very softly. "Are you still angry, Swale?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dennis. "He's the one who made them hate me. Yes, I won't forget."

"No," said Mr. Deene, "I thought you wouldn't." He smiled and leaned forward so that his voice was very low: "I've got two notes on Scarlet's Shoe Shop. They're falling due tomorrow and I'll sell 'em to you cheap. I won't take 'em up again. There isn't a bank in the state that will take 'em up tomorrow."

Mr. Dennis' voice was steady, but he was leaning forward too. "Due tomorrow, eh?" said Mr. Dennis.

"Yes," he said, "and I won't take them up. Did you see the bank this morning? There's a run. They're drawing out deposits. There's a line of women on the sidewalk, waiting in the rain. I won't renew." Mr. Deene leaned farther forward. "He can't meet them, Swale."

Dennis Swale cleared his throat again. He was not pleasant to look at, though his expression had not changed; it was John Scarlet he was thinking of, and Dennis Swale did not forget. Suddenly all the narrow harshness of our town was written on his face—a fanatical, unreasoning harshness. Adam Munn stood staring over his account book; he did not dare to move, because he knew that he was watching something that he was not meant to see.

"What do you want besides the cash?" said Dennis Swale. "Put your cards on the table. Don't keep them up your sleeve. You want something, Deene."

Mr. Deene sat motionless, watching Dennis Swale. "Listen," he said. "The bank's all right—as right as rain." And as he spoke, the rain went swish against the window. "I don't like Scarlet any more than you. He isn't our kind, Swale, and you're a director in the Penny Bank."

"Yes," said Mr. Dennis, "a Swale's been a director since 1849."

Then suddenly they both looked up, startled, though Adam Munn could have sworn he had not made a sound. Suddenly their eyes were on Adam; Mr. Dennis' startled, Mr. Deene's bland and opaque.

"Munn," said Mr. Dennis, "go out and wait in the other room."

Then Adam Munn was standing in the outer office by the door, and all at once he noticed that his forehead was very moist. Though the door was a blank pine panel, he still could see Dennis Swale and the face of Mr. Deene, and he still could see Mr. Deene's long finger twisting at his watch chain. There he was, in the private office, twisting Dennis Swale around his finger. And Mr. Dennis never knew.

"Munn!" It was Mr. Dennis calling. "Munn, come back in here!"

There they were by Mr. Dennis' desk, seated side by side. Mr. Dennis was looking at a paper lined with figures; he folded it as Adam Munn came in, and passed it back to Mr. Deene.

"Munn," he said, "take this down. Are you ready? 'As a director of the Penny Bank, I have examined the figures, and to the best of my belief the bank is sound.' All right, bring it here. I'll sign it."

Mr. Deene rose slowly from his chair and took his hat. "Thanks," he said. "I won't forget this, Swale." And probably he never did.

Adam Munn could always remember him, standing in his newly pressed clothes, tall and handsome, looking down at Dennis Swale, smiling level-eyed. Though one could not read his thought, Alfred Deene must have been laughing inside himself—laughing at his own despair, or was he fighting grimly beneath his smile, like a drowning man struggling for one more day of grace?

"Good-by, Dennis," said Alfred Deene. "They may not like you, but they know you tell the truth."

Dennis Swale looked up at Adam Munn, but he could not meet his eyes; it was conscience, Adam knew.

"Keep this to yourself," said Dennis Swale.

"Yes," said Adam Munn. "I'm not a talker."

"No," said Mr. Dennis, "you're not a talker. . . . What the devil are you waiting for?"

"Mr. Swale, sir." Adam cleared his throat, surprised at his own voice. "You hadn't ought to have signed that, Mr. Swale."

"Signed what?" said Mr. Dennis. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Mr. Swale," said Adam Munn—and he forgot to be afraid of Dennis Swale—"don't you see he was fooling you? You shouldn't have signed that about the bank. He's a slick one, Mr. Deene is. Twice as slick as you. He—he's fooled you, Mr. Swale."

"Stop your talk!" said Mr. Dennis. "Get back there to your books." And Mr. Dennis turned, looking through the window across the street, and Adam Munn knew what he was watching; he was looking at Scarlet's Shoe Shop, dripping in the rain.

Tom Low had come in from the outer office; he was shifting nervously from one foot to the other, because in spite of all his talk, he was afraid of Dennis Swale.

"Well, what is it?" Mr. Dennis said.

"Mr. Scarlet's out here, sir." Tom swallowed in his nervousness as Mr. Dennis stared at him. "Mr. John Scarlet from the shoe shop. He wants to see you right away."

"Scarlet," said Mr. Dennis, "Scarlet? The town is full of Scarlet. Why don't you show him in?"

John Scarlet was like all of them—a solid, red-faced man with bushy hair—and he looked embarrassed—like the clerk, almost—when he stood in the center of the office.

"Hullo, Scarlet," said Mr. Dennis. "What's the matter now?"

For a moment they looked at each other; Mr. Dennis with his sideburns, Mr. Scarlet with his bushy hair.

"Mr. Swale," said Mr. Scarlet, "I sort of thought I'd come in here, Mr. Swale, because there has always been Swales and Scarlets in this town, and we've got to do what's fair."

"Yes," said Mr. Dennis. "Yes, of course."

Now, Adam did not know what to think when he saw them standing there. There was a significance about it, without relation to the time and place, as John Scarlet must have known, when he said that there had always been a Scarlet and a Swale. You had a feeling, Adam said, that they could not help what they said next. They were like the figures in his ledger in black ink and in red, each in an opposite column, separated by a rule of ink, always truthful, yet in a contradiction which never struck a balance. Somehow, as Adam saw them, his mind went back to endless pages of red and black, and black and red, mingling with all the days and nights which had passed over Haven's End.

"Now, it's this way," Mr. Scarlet said. Mr. Scarlet was a good man and not afraid to speak his mind. "I see you're going to close the mill. Couldn't you carry it for a week or so? I'm keeping the shoe shop going, running at a loss."

Mr. Dennis seemed surprised; he looked at John Scarlet with an added interest.

"And why," he asked, "are you doing that?"

"Look here." Mr. Scarlet also seemed surprised. "Aren't you worried about your help?"

"My help?" said Mr. Dennis. "What about the help?"

"What are they going to do? That's what I mean."

"They won't do anything." Mr. Dennis was always dull. "I've made plans in case there's trouble."

Mr. Scarlet drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, and for a moment he seemed at a loss for anything to answer.

"Say," said Mr. Scarlet, "listen. You don't grasp what I'm trying to say. You've—you've got to think about these people, haven't you? They're human like you and me. You're responsible for these—these fellers, Mr. Swale. It ain't right—now is it—to throw 'em out without a bit of notice?"

A flash of light came over Mr. Dennis; Adam could see it come.

"Look here." Suddenly Mr. Dennis' face was a cold light pink. "Are you coming here telling me what to do? Are you telling me what's right or wrong? Is that it? This is my mill, Scarlet, and I'm running it. I'll mind my business, and you attend to yours."

"Now—here, now," said Mr. Scarlet in a louder tone. "That ain't no way to talk, Swale. You get off your high horse, Swale. I've come here the way any decent party would, to talk things over. It ain't right, that's all."

Mr. Dennis rose from his swivel chair, and Adam hurried from behind his desk. In that office there was a sudden wave of anger which made his heart beat faster. Mr. Dennis had an ugly look, but his voice was very level.

"Confound your impertinence!" Mr. Dennis said. "Do you think I care a continental what people like you think?"

"No," said Mr. Scarlet. "That's right, you don't, but I guess I'm just as good as you. You don't care if men are dying starving, so long as you're all right, and everyone knows that. You're a hard man, like your father. The whole tribe of you is hard, but you keep this mill going or you'll be a dirty skunk. You're a skinflint for all your airs, and I'll say it to your face."

There was a silence, broken by the humming of the mill and by the splashing of the rain. Mr. Dennis drew a deep, sharp breath and touched his purple cravat softly with his finger tips, and Adam knew if Mr. Scarlet tried a hundred years, he could not look like Dennis Swale. He was beyond the anger of Mr. Scarlet's voice, in some land of his own. A thousand men with sweating brows, a century of shadows had built that land, while shadowy Swales had watched.

"Scarlet," said Mr. Swale—"listen to me, Scarlet. You've had your say; now I'll have mine."

Adam Munn set down his pen because his hand was shaking.

Mr. Dennis' fingers were moving over his purple cravat and he had begun to smile. It was almost like a play, the end of which Adam knew already.

"You've made me into—what did you say—a skunk? You've interpreted me to everyone; you've lashed me with your tongue—yes, you've got a nasty tongue—and I've sat here and taken your lashing. Did you think I was always going to take it? Were you such a fool as that? You've

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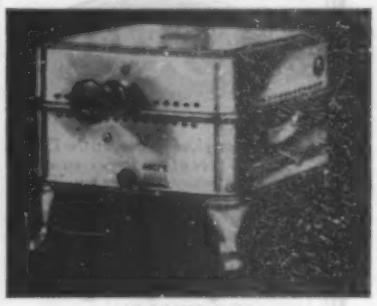

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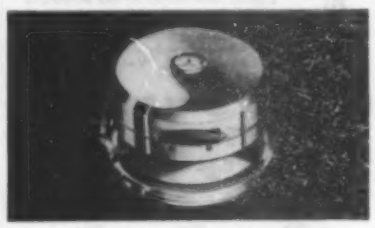

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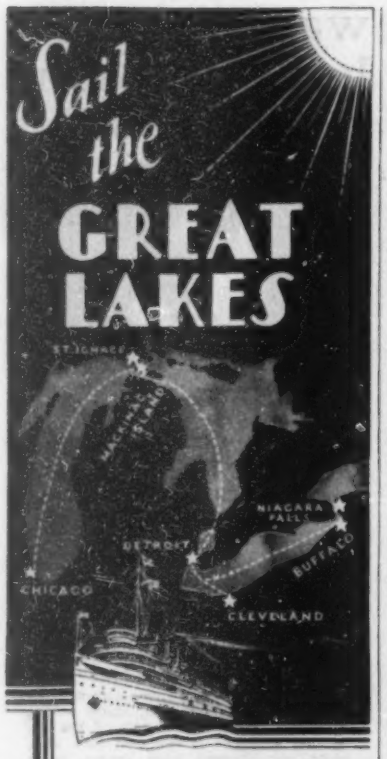

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been meddling with my affairs. I'll meddle with yours now. I bought your notes from Mr. Deene this morning. They're due tomorrow noon."

Mr. Scarlet passed his hand across his forehead. "He did, did he? Deene did that?"

"Yes," said Mr. Swale, "Deene did that. Can you raise ten thousand dollars by tomorrow morning, Scarlet? Think! Think hard! Will you keep your shop going and owe me ten thousand dollars? Think hard, Scarlet."

"Ah," said Mr. Scarlet, "you're laughing at me, are you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Swale, "I'm laughing at you and everybody like you. You've laughed at me long enough. But why discuss it, Scarlet? You wouldn't understand."

"Don't I?" said Mr. Scarlet. "I understand all right. I understand the way you got them notes, because you wrote a piece saying the bank was sound. Deceiving people when a bank is going busted! All for personal spite! Oh, you're a fine one, you are, and I thank the Lord that made me that I'm not like you. If I've said anything about you, I've said it right, and I'll say it again about a man who knows a bank is going busted."

"Just a minute," said Dennis Swale. "What bank?"

"The Penny Savings Bank!" roared Mr. Scarlet. "And everybody knows it, the same as you!"

Dennis Swale sat down again and shrugged his shoulders.

"Scarlet," he said—and his voice was level, almost pleasant—"I suppose it takes all sorts to make a world. You and I are different sorts. I regret that there are more of you than me. I don't like you, nor you me, and there's no reason that you should. I've never liked you, nor what you stand for. I don't like demagogues. Did you ever hear the word? That's what you are. You're the loud-mouthed Cleon who splashes mud upon the marble wall, and you belong in mud—but I never knew until now you were a liar. Don't double up your fist, Scarlet. There's been scene enough. . . . Munn, show Mr. Scarlet out. He'll be leaving now."

For a moment Mr. Scarlet stared at him open-mouthed, without an answer. He seemed bewildered, bereft of anything to answer.

"Here, now!" cried Mr. Scarlet. "Don't tell me you don't know!"

"Munn," said Mr. Swale, "show Mr. Scarlet out."

Nevertheless, Mr. Dennis was upset when Adam Munn came back. He was standing, staring at the worn pine floor, his lips as tight as though they had been sewed together, breathing through his long, thin nose. He could not keep his hands still; his fingers were clenching and unclenching—long graceful fingers like the hands of all the Swales.

"Damn his insolence!" said Mr. Dennis. "I should have horsewhipped that man. . . . Post those notices on the door and bring the books at half-past seven tonight. Munn, I am going home."

Then Adam Munn was running after him. "Mr. Swale," he was calling, "you've forgotten your coat and hat. It's raining, Mr. Swale."

There was no doubt that it was raining; the wind had shifted to the northeast and the streets were running water, but Dennis Swale did not answer; he was walking through the mill yards, past the picket gates, with a quick, nervous stride, bareheaded in the rain.

It was strange how small our town would seem once the wind shifted to the northeast and the rain was coming down; even now, on a stormy, blowy day, one still has that sensation—that our town stands aloof and small beyond the aid of all the land behind it. Haven's End was small and drab and weary when the rain was coming down; the mist of the rains cut off the hills behind the river and the marshes and the mud flats, leaving only the streets and the houses entirely alone. There was a railroad in those days and a telegraph, and even several telephones, but none of these made a difference in the northeast wind; the houses were small and sodden in their dampness, and the streets seemed narrower, and a futility was over everything as the rain came down in sheets. Haven's End seemed back at its beginning, a small and lonely village, close by the river mouth.

Adam Munn could feel the sadness because the town was going down; all about the mills the streets were lined with slack, small houses, crowding against larger dwellings which were falling to decay. The streets were filled with strange voices, speaking in foreign tongues. The tide of emigration had left swarthy faces, rising like the river tide, soiled and dark like the river. Adam Munn hated the sight of them, regarding them with sharp distrust, as everyone did who was sprung from native stock.

"Look at 'em," said Adam Munn. "They're reading the signs on the door."

The mill yard was filled with men and women, standing in the rain; they were talking in a babel of voices, wholly meaningless, raised in volatile excitement.

"Look at 'em jabbering like a lot of monkeys," muttered Adam Munn.

There was a shuffling and stamping in the outer office and a pounding on the door. When Adam Munn opened it, Michael Towhig, the foreman of the lower spinning room, was standing on the threshold, and behind him were half a dozen men in overalls and ragged shirts, whitened by the cotton dust. They stared at the office, inarticulate and bereft of speech—all except Michael Towhig, who cleared his throat and wiped his hands on the sides of his breeches.

"Where's the boss?" Michael Towhig asked.

"Who?" asked Adam. "Mr. Swale?"

"Sure," said Michael Towhig—"sure, I'm after meaning Swale. Is he gone? Ain't he the dirty sneak? What we want to know is, is it true the mill is closing?"

"That's no way to talk," said Adam. "It's Mr. Swale's mill; he can do what he wants with it. You saw the signs. Of course the mill is closing."

"Ah," said Michael Towhig, "the dirty, cowardly sneak. And so he run away, did he, without looking us in the face? How do we eat without work? Suppose you tell me that."

"Boys," said Adam Munn, "I can't tell you that, and don't you yell at me, Mike. I'm not Mr. Swale. I don't own the mill."

"Ah," said Michael Towhig, "ain't he the dirty sneak? Isn't he up the street, living in the fine house of his with his pair of horses and his nigger to drive him—living on dead men's money, so he is? He didn't build this mill, did he?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Adam Munn. "What's the use in yelling? Times are bad, and I guess they're bad for rich men too. Work somewhere else if you want to. The mill is closing up."

"Sure," said Michael Towhig. "He'll laugh to see us starving, setting there behind his two horses. All right, if he ain't here, we'll go to his house tonight to see him, and I guess he'll see us there."

When they were gone, Adam Munn could hear their footsteps still, and the voices in the yard were louder. Yet, in spite of the voices, there was a silence. The engines of the mill had stopped, the spindles had stopped turning and the mill was closing down. It was as though some hand, immense and inevitable, had stopped it as one might stop the ticking of a clock. Suddenly the absence of that background of noise was ominous.

Adam Munn glanced out the window quickly, at the rows of mill hands moving slowly down the street. All the street was filled with voices, now that the mill had closed—strange, foreign, meaningless voices.

Adam Munn hurried through the office toward the spinning rooms, already gray and ghostly in the dusk.

"Where's the watchman?" he shouted. "Where's Joe Lynch?"

And then Joe Lynch came toward him in dripping oilskins with a lantern in his hand. Joe Lynch's face was shining wet from the rain. Joe was a steady man, as hard as nails, standing six feet two.

"Did you hear 'em?" Joe Lynch said. "The boys are getting ugly."

"Joe," said Adam Munn, "go out and find a dozen men. There're plenty out of work. And lock the gates. Lock 'em right away."

Mr. Lynch grinned. "Don't you worry, Mr. Munn," he said. "I've got two dozen men already, and they're all fixed. Mr. Swale sent down word. Two dozen boys all sworn in by the sheriff. Swale's a hard man, Mr. Munn."

"Yes," said Adam. The spinning room was growing darker; the machinery stood before the windows, heavy and grotesque against the squares of fading light. "Yes, Mr. Swale is very hard."

Adam Munn had never been inside of the Swale house, for, until that day, no one had ever asked him in, and anyone could tell it was no place to go without the asking. It stood upon the rising ground above the river, and already it was part of the past, as frigid in its gentility as Dennis Swale, inhospitable, aloof.

Its brick walls, its white cornices and cupola, its lawn with the white, festooned fence before it, made it something for the village boys to look at, even when Adam Munn was a boy. He could remember the feeling that the Swale house was different from the rest of Haven's End, sheltering different people from those he knew. He could remember, even when he was a boy, a feeling of pride and distaste when he looked at it—distaste for the aloofness of the Swales, and pride that there should be such people in the town.

Back in the 90's it was already a place to show to strangers. "It's the Swale house," one would say. "Old Captain Daniel built it one hundred years ago out of privateering money. They say it's elegant inside." And now that the rain was falling as Adam Munn walked up the street, wrapped in his oilskin coat, it seemed to him that the Swale house was larger than it had ever been before. It was an enormous shadow among the elm trees on its lawn; the shutters were drawn already, so that only a few cracks of light showed through, and its very darkness made it larger. It was larger than the tavern, it was larger than the Whistle house, and larger than the lighted stores farther down the street. It seemed to be larger, at any rate, because it stood for something different from the rest, to which Adam Munn could give no name. He only had the feeling that he was going to a strange place, not to a haunted house, but to something which gave a feeling as intangible as that, as he stood beneath the pillared porch and raised the eagle knocker on the Swale front door.

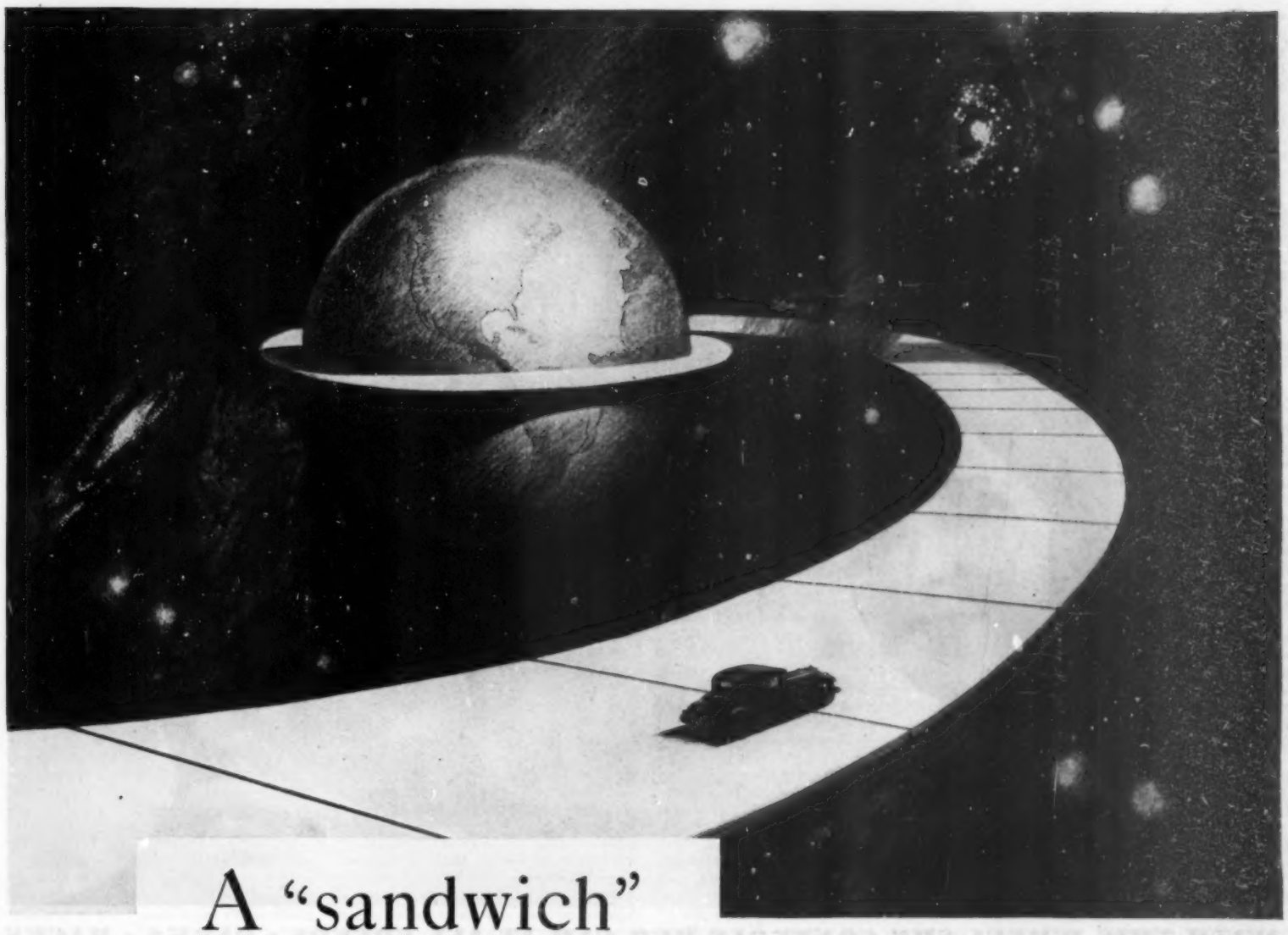
He had been in a hurry until he raised the knocker, but as it came down with a hollow sound beneath his hand, that sound was almost like a voice admonishing and stern. "Mind your manners!" it seemed to say. "There are only gentlemen here." As he stood upon the porch in the dripping rain, the sound seemed all around him still; it seemed to have roused other sounds and others, restive and half discernible. The rain was spattering against the bricks, the wind was moving through the trees, but there were other sounds.

A white-haired, old Irish woman in a white apron opened the front door. It was Bridget O'Rourke, and though he had seen her often on her way to church, she was different standing in the doorway.

"What do you want?" she said.

Before he answered, Adam found himself staring curiously at the hall. A lamp was standing on the table with a long gold mirror behind it, but, even in the lamplight, the hall was dim. A broad white staircase curved upward into the shadows, and there were pictures on the wall of men and women in strange, old-fashioned dress. And there was a musty smell, a strange odor

(Continued on Page 101)



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(Continued from Page 98)

of age, such as one encountered always in old houses.

"What do you want?" said Bridget.

"I want to see Mr. Swale," Adam answered.

"You can't see him now," said Bridget. "Mr. Swale is at his dinner."

The Swales had dinner in the evening when all the rest had supper at Haven's End.

Adam Munn looked at the hall again, and the faces in the pictures were staring at him blankly, coldly, following him with their eyes.

"I got to see him," said Adam Munn. "Tell him it's about the mill."

Then he was standing alone in the hall, with the door closed behind him, dripping wet, with his hat on his head dripping on the carpet.

It was a quaint place in the Swale hall, once the front door was closed. He seemed to be away from everything he knew, once the front door was closed. There were all sorts of sounds which, he knew, came from the wind and rain outside, but the sounds were different in the house. There were creaking noises like footsteps, and down the hall on the left he could hear the rattling of dishes. Then Bridget O'Rourke was back, hurrying down the hall; she seemed like one of the pictures as she came toward him, dim in the faint lamplight.

"Mr. Swale will see you," she said. "Take off your coat and wipe your feet upon the mat. He's in the dining room. This way."

The dining room was very large and square, with wall paper upon it of ships and mountains, all in colors. There was a sideboard along the wall with silver upon it that shone in the light of two high candlesticks. In the center of the room was a round table, covered with a great white cloth, all white and silver, and there Mr. Dennis and Mrs. Swale were sitting, turning toward him as he walked through the door.

Mrs. Swale was all billows and ruffles, like something very fine and delicate. Mrs. Swale was very rich, the story went. She was one of the Prydes from Philadelphia, and he had seen her often in her carriage, but she was different seated at the table. She was as beautiful as the silver, as delicate as the china plates. You might touch her, Adam thought, and you would break her. But she was looking at him kindly—not the way that Mr. Dennis looked.

"You're early, Munn," said Mr. Dennis. "I said half-past seven, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir," Adam answered, "but I've come about the mill."

Mr. Dennis reached for a decanter of claret and filled his glass. "Go into the library and wait. . . . Bridget, show him to the library."

Then Mrs. Swale spoke, and she was different and her voice was kind.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Swale, "set a place for Mr. Munn; he's hungry. . . . Sit down, Mr. Munn."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Adam. His face was growing hot. "I can get along all right."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Swale. "Dennis, pass the claret to Mr. Munn."

Mr. Dennis did not answer; he passed the claret over and he and the lady looked at each other across the table. And Mr. Dennis frowned and the lady smiled.

"What's the matter with the mill?" she asked.

"The men are angry, ma'am," said Adam, "because the mill is closing down. They're sending up a deputation here tonight."

Mr. Dennis set his napkin on the table. "I thought they would," he said. "Let 'em come. I'll fix 'em. Thank you, Munn. Excuse me if I'm rude. I'm feeling very tired."

"It's the stock market," said Mrs. Swale, and she laughed. "Never have anything to do with the stock market, Mr. Munn. Dennis, do you know just the other day Alfred Deene was telling me ——"

"Suppose," said Mr. Dennis, "we don't speak of Alfred Deene."

"Why, Dennis?" said Mrs. Swale, and she laughed again. "Why shouldn't Alfred tell me? I suppose he can come here if I want him."

That was all she said, but there was something more. And Adam Munn had sense enough to know it. He saw their glances meet again, and suddenly Mr. Dennis' face grew red, and suddenly he knew they had both forgotten him.

"So he comes here behind my back, does he?" said Mr. Dennis. "I thought he did."

"Dennis," said Mrs. Swale, "please not now." And she glanced at Adam Munn.

Dennis Swale rose, though his dinner was half finished, and his face looked like the faces of the pictures on the wall. His face looked gray and wooden like a very bad painting. And Adam Munn felt an embarrassment which had nothing to do with his threadbare coat or the way in which he held his silver fork.

"Munn," said Mr. Dennis, "come into the library. . . . Bridget, bring the brandy and cigars into the library." And he walked out to the hall with Adam Munn behind him.

There was something physical and distinct about it; it seemed as though a crack had appeared in a blank, smooth wall, involuntarily showing something that was secret. And Adam Munn had seen, and he was startled. For a sharp and quivering instant Adam Munn had seen behind the façade of the Swales that night, and the Swales would never be the same to him again. He had seen behind the shuttered windows and behind the great front door; he had seen behind the glitter of the silver and the gestures and the modulated voice. The hardness of Mr. Dennis had not hidden it, nor the careless beauty of Mrs. Dennis, with her lace and her pearls and her fan.

The staid silence of the house was breaking, and Dennis Swale was a man just like himself—a plain man with a restless wife.

Once they were in the library, Mr. Dennis closed the door. Great shelves of dark-backed books made his face seem very white. Everything was dark in there, in spite of two lights and the dying embers of an open fire; there was dark mahogany furniture and dark, wine-red, damask curtains and dark pictures on the wall and dark, faded prints. It was all as dark as something in Dennis Swale. He was thinking of John Scarlet still.

"Scarlet put 'em up to it," he said. "All right. Let 'em come."

Mr. Dennis drank down his cup of coffee and lighted his cigar. Once his cigar was between his teeth, one could imagine it was a bit in the mouth of a stubborn horse. Mr. Dennis bowed his head and walked toward the fireplace with his quick, springy step.

"Munn," he said, "I'm asking you a favor. Will you please keep quiet about what you heard? My tongue slipped, Munn."

"About what, sir?" asked Adam Munn, but, even when he asked, he knew it did no good to lie.

Dennis Swale glanced at him, and as their glances met he could see right behind Dennis' eyes, right into Dennis Swale.

"Don't be an ass," said Mr. Dennis. "You're a sharp man, Munn. And any fool can put two and two together. I mean"—he lowered his voice—"about Mr. Alfred Deene."

"No, sir," said Adam Munn. "I'm not the talking kind."

Mr. Dennis drew in his breath and flipped his cigar ash into the fire. "There are some things one doesn't talk about, you see," he said. "I believe in good high fences, Munn. There's something in a name."

It must have been hard for Mr. Dennis to say as much as that, because Mr. Dennis was a proud man, as everybody knew. He was proud; but, after all, he was a man like everybody else.

"And now," said Mr. Dennis, "what's this about the mill? You say some hands are coming up to see me? Well, Scarlet put 'em up to it."

"It's a deputation, sir," said Adam Munn. "They want to ask you not to close the mill and throw them out of work. I—well, I can't hardly blame them."

Mr. Dennis smiled and leaned against the corner of the mantelpiece.

"And what good do they think it will do to ask me? Do you think I'll give Scarlet satisfaction? Well, I won't. I'm losing money running it. Do they think they own the place? I suppose they think I'm made of money. Do they think I'll throw it in the street?"

"Just the same," said Adam Munn, "I'd treat them square if I were you. It isn't as though you couldn't afford it. It wouldn't hurt you with anybody to treat them right. Maybe you don't know, sir, what everybody's saying."

Mr. Dennis threw his cigar into the fire; there was a splutter of sparks from the embers where it fell.

"Why, confound you! Do you think I care what people think?"

Some barrier had broken down between them. Adam Munn was not afraid of Dennis then.

"Yes," he said, "I used to think you didn't. You're biting off your nose to spite Scarlet's face, that's all."

"Why, Munn," said Mr. Swale—"why, Munn, I didn't know you were a preacher. I told you you were sharp."

"Listen," said Adam Munn. "Here they're coming now."

"Why, damn their insolence!" said Dennis Swale.

Outside there was a sound of voices and there was a knocking on the door. And he looked toward the hallway with a sharp-lined face. There was a noise of voices outside, loud and foreign, such as the Swale house had never heard. The mountain had moved to Mahomet. The whole Swale mill had moved from the river up the street, and forces were moving with it which no one like Mr. Swale could understand. Something was stirring in those voices that was clear and strong, though one could not catch the meaning.

Yet, waiting in the library, Adam Munn could grasp it vaguely. Mass was moving against privilege in its endless, restless way, and there was a justice about it as clearly defined as the laws of gravity and time and space. Two old forces were in conflict and the plebeians were moving against the Swales. One had a feeling that such a thing was bound to happen.

"Munn," said Mr. Dennis, "light another of those lamps. I'll see the men in here."

Adam's fingers trembled as he lit the lamp, because there was something ominous hovering over all that place, and the injustice and the hardness of the Swales and their cruelty were coming home to roost. It was the end of something which had started long ago.

Yet the room was different in the added light. Suddenly there was something in them untouchable, like the sublimation of some thought. Mr. Dennis himself, with his long nose and his sideburns and his long, thin hands, was suddenly good to look at. He seemed like a part of the room and a part of all the house—like something in an old story—as he stood beside the fireplace.

"All right," said Mr. Dennis. "Show them in."

Though there were only five of them, they seemed to fill the room. They seemed to have come from a very long distance as they stood dripping with rain. First, there was Michael Towhig, staring curiously at the books, and then there was a Frenchman named Bill Trudeau, and behind them an Italian and two swarthy Portuguese. There was something in the room which stilled their voices; they were looking curiously at the pictures and books.

Michael Towhig reached out a hand and touched the back of one of the chairs, and others shuffled their feet softly on the carpet.

"What do you want?" said Dennis Swale. He stepped away from the fireplace to look at them incuriously. "Stop wiping your feet on my carpet and tell me what you want. What's the matter? Have you lost your tongues?"

Michael Towhig cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his hand across his nose.

"Mr. Swale," he said, "are you going to close the mill?"

"You saw the sign," said Dennis Swale.

"Mr. Swale," said Michael Towhig, "what right have you got to keep the poor out of work? That's what I want to know."

"Towhig," said Mr. Dennis, "ask Mr. Scarlet that. He'll be more interested than I am. I'm not under any obligation to you. I'll give you work when there is work. And now put on your hats. Good night."

"Ah!" It was Trudeau speaking. "You get nothing out of him. Ah, shut up and come away."

"You give us work," said Michael Towhig, "or you watch your mills. That's all."

"So that's it, is it?" Mr. Dennis lighted another of his cigars. "So that's Scarlet's idea too? Now listen to me, and keep your voices down. I know how to deal with you. I'm ready for you. Who asked you to come here? I didn't. You've got money in the savings bank. Why don't you live on that? Now go out quietly. There won't be trouble here."

"Won't there?" Mr. Towhig's voice became a shout. "Be gob, we'll burn your damned old mill!"

"Try it," said Mr. Dennis. "But let me tell you this for your own good. I've been expecting this. Remember, I'm no friend of yours. I've got men and shotguns waiting for you to try it, and I have a dozen men in the kitchen, waiting to put you out of this house. Do you want me to call them? Or will you go without it?"

Michael Towhig rubbed his hand across his face in a slow, bewildered way. "Mr. Swale," he said, "haven't you any heart? Mr. Scarlet ain't laying off his men!"

"No," said Mr. Dennis, "but I'm not Scarlet, nor do I do what Scarlet wants. Suppose you remember that."

There was a bewilderment on those men that was amusing, almost, as they gazed at Dennis Swale. Obviously, it had never occurred to them that he might meet force with force. They stood with their mouths half gaping and their heavy red hands half open at their sides, pathetic in their amazement and simplicity. And Dennis Swale looked at them with the same grim triumph with which he had looked on John Scarlet. They all were Scarlets to him then.

"So now you're whistling down the wind?" he said. "First, you come to bully me, and when you can't do that, you beg. What's the matter with you men?" And for the moment Dennis himself looked puzzled. "I've treated you fairly and it never helped me. Now get out and go home quietly."

"What I tell you?" It was Trudeau speaking again, excitedly. "I say it does no good! Come on, get out!"

"Mr. Swale," said Michael Towhig, "haven't you any heart?"

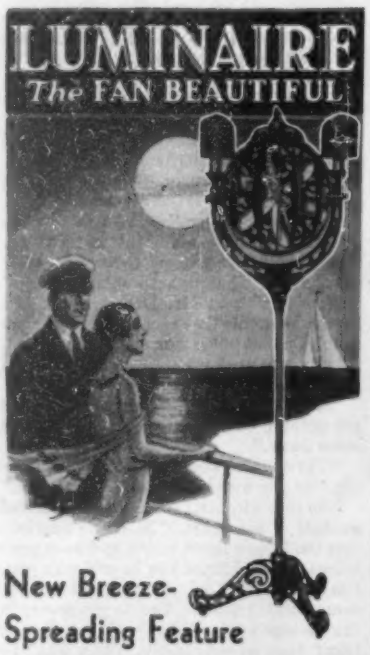
"Munn," said Dennis Swale, "will you show these men out, please?"

Adam Munn could remember what happened next as clearly as if it were the night before. The library door was open to the hall. He could remember looking toward it when there was a gust of wind that set the lamps to flickering. Someone had opened the front door without knocking, and whoever it was had been running, for there was a sound of sharp-drawn breaths.

"Who's that?" shouted Dennis. "Shut the door!"

"Mr. Swale!" someone was calling. "Is that you, Mr. Swale?"

Then Adam Munn saw who it was. It was Mr. Alex Brill, the cashier of the Penny Bank. Mr. Brill was generally a thin, neat man, but now he was hatless and coatless and disheveled by the wind. His breath was coming in sharp gasps and he reached toward the wall to steady himself. The thing that Adam remembered best was the



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faces, for the whole room seemed filled with strange, staring faces.

"Brill," said Dennis Swale, "whatever is the matter?"

"It's the bank." Mr. Brill seemed to forget that they were not alone. "I've just been to the bank, and now I've come up here." That was all that Mr. Brill said, but Mr. Dennis must have known already what was wrong, for all at once his face went white, but he kept his voice on an even key.

"Sit down," he said. "Suppose you have been to the bank. What makes you look like that?"

"I swear," said Mr. Brill—"I swear it wasn't my fault!"

"What wasn't your fault?" said Dennis Swale. "Can't you pull yourself together?"

Mr. Brill was not built to stand great strain; he was a quiet, accurate, easy man, and nothing more, and something had broken him, and it robbed him of his poise and of his judgment. It was startling to see him in his chair, wide-eyed and motionless, stunned by something in his mind.

"I knew he was speculating," said Mr. Brill. "Of course I knew that much."

"Oh!" said Mr. Dennis. "Who was speculating?"

"Him!" said Mr. Brill. "He told us to keep our mouths shut! We can't open up tomorrow!"

"How's that?" Michael Towhig had been listening, and already anyone could guess what had happened. "Has the bank gone busted?"

"Mr. Swale," said Mr. Brill, "the assets have been twisted. There isn't—there isn't ——"

"Where's Deene?" said Dennis Swale. "Has he killed himself?"

"No," said Mr. Brill, "he's took the train and gone."

"That's not so," said Dennis Swale. "I saw him myself this morning."

"He got a telegram," said Mr. Brill. "He's took the train and gone."

Dennis Swale stood up straighter, but he seemed cloaked in a most preposterous stupidity; he was going over something very slowly, step by step.

"But he told me this morning everything was all right," said Dennis Swale.

"Did he?" said Mr. Brill. "Well, that's one on you, isn't it? Ha-ha-ha!" And Mr. Brill began to laugh and laugh, doubling himself over like a knife.

"Stop it," said Dennis Swale. "Will you stop that noise?"

"Ha-ha!" shouted Mr. Brill. "That's one on you all right."

"Will someone take this out? Won't someone take him somewhere?"

Then he stopped; he was staring at something, and everybody turned. Even Mr. Brill turned in his chair. Mrs. Swale was in the library, and it was no place for Mrs. Swale. She was like a little china ornament in her evening dress, and her pink-and-white face was as petulant as a child's.

"Dennis," she said, "do we have to have all this shouting? I can't imagine what's got into you. Whatever are these men? Whatever is the matter?"

"My dear," said Mr. Dennis, "please go out and go upstairs."

"Dennis," said Mrs. Swale, "I won't be spoken to like that."

"Oh, damnation" said Mr. Dennis. "Don't you see your being here only makes things worse?"

"Why, Dennis," cried Mrs. Swale—"why, Dennis, how dare you swear?"

Suddenly she was a silly little woman, as silly as a doll, and as incongruous as a doll, and strangely enough, Mr. Towhig was the man who grasped the situation and took the matter in his hands.

"Sure, ma'am," said Mr. Towhig, "this ain't no place for a pretty lady now. The bank has busted and Mr. Deene has gone away."

"Gone away?" Her voice was tremulous and faint. "Mr. Deene has gone away?"

"He's run away," said Dennis Swale. "Run like a coward, if you want to know."

"And he didn't tell me?" Her voice was fainter still.

"Hush!" said Dennis Swale. "Why should he tell you? . . . Call one of the maids! The lady's fainted!"

Mr. Dennis had sprung forward and had caught her in his arms.

"Come on," said Michael Towhig. "Come on, boys. Seeing a lady's present, I won't say what I was going to say. Come on, boys. He's getting paid enough."

Dennis Swale did not answer, and perhaps he never heard; he was gazing at his wife's white face, and he never turned his head.

Adam's mother was the one who asked him, when Adam got back home. The Munns lived in one of those white frame houses toward the river, near the mill. Like old Mrs. Munn, it all was very neat. The mantel ornaments were dusted, standing exactly so. The lamp burned brightly behind its globe of painted flowers. There was a flowered tapestry carpet, and chromos on the wall. Years afterward, those chromos hung there, fly-blown, yellow, but in the same straight, even line.

"Adam," said Mrs. Munn; she was like an old witch of a woman then, wraithlike, querulous, as Adam was to grow in time, "what's been keeping you? What's that they tell me down the street? Adam, has the bank gone busted?"

"Yes," said Adam Munn. He remembered he was very tired. It was after supper hour and there would be no supper for him, since he was not on time.

Mrs. Munn set down her knitting, and her false teeth gave a click, like the snapping of a metal box.

"I want to know," she said. "He said the bank was sound."

"Yes," said Adam Munn—"yes, he said it."

Mrs. Munn's teeth went "snap" again. She had known adversity too long to let it stun her, and she was not the sort to start in weeping.

"I might have known," she said. "More fool me, to trust them Swales. Sly—that's what he is. He did it for his own good, like as not. . . . Go out to the well and fetch a pail of water. There won't be a new pump in the kitchen now."

"No," said Adam Munn, "he wouldn't have done that."

"You're simple, like your father," said Mrs. Munn. "Them Swales are always sly."

"I don't know," said Adam. "I don't know. There's something in them Swales."

She treated him still like a little boy. He was in his attic room beneath the eaves, listening to the rain, but for a long while he could not sleep, and when he slept, it was not like sleeping. All night he seemed to hear the rain like pattering, hurried feet, and now and then the bell from the old First Church was ringing through the rain with a steady, low, stern sound. And in his mind, as though he still was there, was the Swale hall and the library and the faces of the Swales, long-nosed, arrogant in their gilt frames—Swales in black coats, Swales in blue coats, Swales in ruffles, Swales in strange cravats.

Then all at once he was awake; the room was gray and cold, and his mother was knocking on the door.

"Wake up!" she said. "Get up. Swale's black man's calling for you."

Malachi Cuffy, the black Swale coachman, was standing in the sitting room, tall and grave in his black coat, holding his high silk hat.

"Mr. Adam," he said, "Master Dennis wants you. He wants you right away."

"Where?" said Adam. "At the mill?"

"At the big house," said Malachi. "He wants you right away."

It seemed to Adam Munn that there must have been a death, the Swale house was so still. The rain had stopped, but the morning was cold, gray, and from the ground and from the river a cold gray mist was rising. The Swale house was very still; so that he could hear the drops of moisture falling from the elms, splash on the sodden lawn. The hall was very silent, so that one spoke in whispers.

Mr. Dennis was in the dining room, but he had not touched his breakfast. He was like a man who had stared death in the face and who had watched death take its course. Yet his voice was as sharp and harsh as ever. His collar was white and stiff. His cravat was carefully tied, with a moonstone pin stuck in it.

"Munn," he said, "I'm going to the bank. Would you mind coming too?"

"No," said Adam, "I'll come if you want me."

"Thanks," said Mr. Dennis. "There's no one else to ask now. Thank you, Munn. I'll get my hat and stick."

He did not speak for a long time as they walked down the street. Though Adam tried, he could not tell what Dennis Swale was thinking. His cane went snap upon the brick walk and he held his head up straight. Adam Munn did not speak, because he felt a curious sort of awe. Dennis Swale seemed far away, different from everything in Haven's End, very lonely and set apart, and thinking—always thinking.

Only once did he look at Adam Munn, with a quick, sharp look. "You're right," he said. "Deene fooled me."

"It isn't your fault," said Adam. "You're not anyways to blame."

"I said the bank was sound," said Dennis Swale.

The street outside the bank was full of people, standing silent, staring at the brownstone walls. There were men in overalls and women with shawls about their heads. Their faces all were stamped with the same bewildered look. There was no work, there was no money left in Haven's End.

"Look at them," said Mr. Dennis. "I said the bank was sound."

"Lookit!" someone was calling. "Lookit! Here comes Swale!"

Then he could imagine everyone was looking as Dennis Swale walked down the street. There was a whispering and the shuffling of a hundred feet, but everyone was looking, and it seemed to Adam Munn that there was nothing strange in that, for Haven's End had always watched the Swales. Staring straight before him, Mr. Dennis moved along and everyone stepped back. They must have also had that feeling that Dennis Swale was different from the rest. Mr. Dennis did not seem to be aware that they were looking; he walked up the brownstone steps and brought his cane down on the bank's closed door.

"Lookit," someone was saying. "Swale is going in. Lookit, there goes Swale."

Mr. Brill was the one who opened the door, noiselessly, like an undertaker, Adam thought. The shades of the banking room were drawn; there were no clerks behind the desks.

There was a different sort of silence in that bank from any that Adam had ever known. The lack of sound was heavy as a load upon one's shoulders; the marble squares of the floor before the counter, still unmopped from the day before, showed a muddy blur of footsteps, with bits of crumpled paper lying all about. On the bars of the teller's cage a notice had been pasted. Mr. Dennis thrust his head forward to read it through the shadows:

As a director of the Penny Bank, I have examined the figures, and to the best of my belief the bank is sound.

And underneath it he could see the harsh angles of his signature.

"Take that thing down," said Dennis. "There's no further use for that." Then he turned to the directors' room, with Adam Munn walking by his elbow.

There were half a dozen men standing talking in low voices. The examiner from Boston had come already and was calling for the books. The other directors of the bank were there, most of them small tradesmen. The merchants had changed to small tradesmen with the changes of Haven's End.

"Good morning!" said someone, and then someone else spoke up: "Good morning, Mr. Swale."

(Continued on Page 104)

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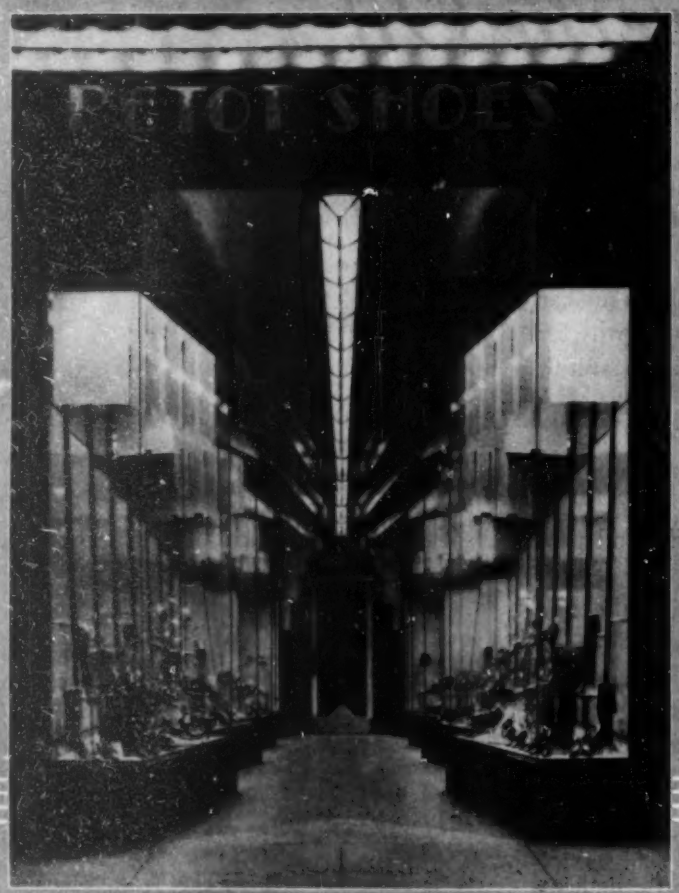

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CONSULT AN ARCHITECT · THE SERVICE IS VALUABLE

(Continued from Page 102)

Mr. Dennis nodded and stepped to the round table with its thick green baize, and sat down on one of the ornate armchairs. Then he looked around the room very slowly; aware, perhaps, that everyone was waiting for him to speak, but he did not say a word.

"It's a black morning," said Mr. Brill, "for all of us, Mr. Swale."

Mr. Dennis turned to Adam Munn.

"Get me a piece of paper and a pen," he said. And then he sat stiffly, with his eyes on nothing.

"Mr. Swale," said someone, "do you want to see the balance?"

"No," said Mr. Dennis, "I don't want to see it now."

He picked up the pen and dipped it in the ink. "This is a damned bad pen," he said.

"Do you want another one?" asked Adam.

"No," said Mr. Dennis, "this will do, but it's a damned bad pen."

He must have known exactly what he was to write, for his pen moved without a pause, once he started writing. When he had finished, he tossed the pen on the table and pushed back his chair.

"You can read that if you like," he said. "Brill, get a pot of glue, and paste that on the door."

Then everyone leaned forward. Years later, Adam Munn could close his eyes and still see how the paper looked. It was a piece of heavy, ruled foolscap, he remembered; it lay askew upon the green-baize table, among cigar ashes and memorandum slips, with Dennis' writing sprawled across it like a row of spears. It read—and the writing was as uncompromising as Mr. Dennis' voice:

> Having said this bank is sound, I guarantee to the full extent of my resources that every depositor will be paid.

"You see it," said Mr. Dennis. "You can witness that I wrote it. All right; put it on the door."

He had written it as though it was a simple letter, and everything had been so simple that what he had done seemed to dawn on everybody slowly.

"But see here!" It was Mr. Savory, the bank's attorney, who broke the silence. "There's no need for you to do a thing like that. You're nowise liable, Mr. Swale. A bank director serving without pay is nowise liable."

Mr. Dennis turned and nodded, and he even smiled. "Thanks," he said, "but I know when I'm liable without going to the law."

"But look here," said Mr. Brill. "You don't know what you're doing. You don't know what the assets and liabilities are."

Mr. Dennis raised his eyebrows. "What's that got to do with it?" he inquired. "This is my affair, and I'm not asking what you think. I said this bank was sound. Well, it will stay sound if I can make it, and I want everyone to know it. Get that notice on the door." He looked around the room again, sharply, almost arrogantly. "I wanted witnesses. I don't care a continental what you think."

"My stars!" said someone in a stifled voice. "But that's just like the Swales."

And it was like the Swales; they never cared what anybody thought.

Then someone else was speaking in a hushed, awe-stricken voice. "I didn't know," someone was saying, "there was anyone like that in town."

Dennis Swale reached for his hat and gloves. "Don't be a fool," he said. "Come on, Munn. There's nothing else to do."

It was curious to remember that all at once Mr. Dennis seemed majestic; all the stubborn hardness of the Swales seemed sublimated into something fine. All at once everybody knew that there was no one like the Swales left in Haven's End.

"What's that noise?" said Dennis Swale.

There was a shouting in the street.

"They're cheering," said Adam Munn. "Ain't they got a right to cheer?"

"Who?" said Dennis Swale. "For me?"

"Yes," said Adam Munn, "for you."

Then he was out on the steps in the gray, harsh light, but everything seemed different; an invisible wave seemed to rise to meet him, so that he paused for a moment before he walked down the steps.

"There's Swale," someone was shouting. "Hurrah for Mr. Swale!"

Then they all were cheering; people were running from the shops; the street was full of noise. The thing that Adam Munn remembered best was the look on Mr. Dennis' face. He did not seem to be surprised or

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These printed pieces grow more helpful and more beautiful every day. Many of them can be sent to you free—thanks to high-speed printing presses and modern papers.

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

Our program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. It includes a plan for cutting the cost of printing through a simplification of the number of paper sizes formerly held necessary.

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The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET AutoStrop BLADE

(Continued from Page 104)

even pleased that everyone was cheering; he seemed to take it quite for granted that everyone should cheer a Swale in the streets of Haven's End.

It was surprising, even then, that no one tried to touch him, that no one tried to shake his hand. He was still apart from everyone as he walked down the steps, unique, beyond the common thought.

"God bless you, Mr. Swale!" someone was shouting. And Dennis nodded once and stepped out on the street, waving his cane before him. His manner no longer seemed preposterous and everything seemed in its place—all orderly and fitting that they should be shouting for a Swale.

They were down the steps and on the street when there was another sound—the bell from the First Church was ringing, tolling out the hour, and the bell was like a voice above the other voices. "Swale," it was saying slowly, "Swale, Swale, Swale."

And then a strange thing happened just as Dennis Swale was turning up the street. Everyone was moving back as Dennis Swale walked on, except one man who stood before him until Dennis finally stopped. He and Mr. Scarlet were standing face to face, there in the street. Dennis Swale looked up at Mr. Scarlet and tucked his cane beneath his arm. Mr. Scarlet raised his hat; he was holding it in his hand.

"Mr. Swale," he was calling. "Wait a minute, Mr. Swale."

Dennis Swale looked up. In the sound of all the voices the lines of his face seemed gone; he seemed young and almost kindly as he glanced at Mr. Scarlet.

"Scarlet," he said, "are you like all the rest of them? Are you shouting too?"

"Mr. Swale," said Mr. Scarlet, "I didn't know there was a man alive who would do a thing like that!"

"Don't be a fool," said Dennis Swale. "It was the only thing to do."

Noblesse oblige. John Scarlet had never heard of that, but he must have seen the sense of it, and some of the meaning. He must have seen it as everyone saw it, rising bright above the dullness of the town.

It always seemed to Adam Munn that the thing that Dennis Swale did next was inevitable, beyond his own volition. It might have been the shouting that carried him beyond himself and made him different than Adam had ever seen him.

Mr. Dennis drew a paper from his pocket.

"Now, this," he said, "there's this. . . . I'm not the only one."

Mr. Scarlet looked quickly at the paper and back at Dennis Swale. It was like Dennis Swale to remember, even at a time like that. He was holding the notes of John Scarlet in his fingers. They had been in his pocket all the while.

"Now, these," said Mr. Dennis. "I was just coming down to ask you ——"

"I'm not begging," John Scarlet said. "You've got me, Mr. Swale."

"Yes," said Dennis, and he nodded very slowly, "and I don't want it. It's —— Listen to them, Scarlet. They're shouting for a Swale."

Was it all that Dennis had ever wished—to have them shouting for a Swale? Adam could not tell, but he knew that it was more than pride in Dennis Swale—something far beyond. It was a vindication and a victory.

"Scarlet," said Mr. Dennis, "did you think you'd ever hear them? Take this and pay it up next year. There's no reason for this now."

"Here," said Mr. Scarlet, "wait a minute. I don't understand."

Dennis Swale was smiling in a way which would have been insufferable half an hour before. John Scarlet was standing before him with his hat grasped in his hand.

"Don't you?" said Mr. Swale. "There's no reason that you should. Have I ever asked you or anyone to understand?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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TAKE A GLASS-PACKED PICNIC FROM YOUR PANTRY SHELF

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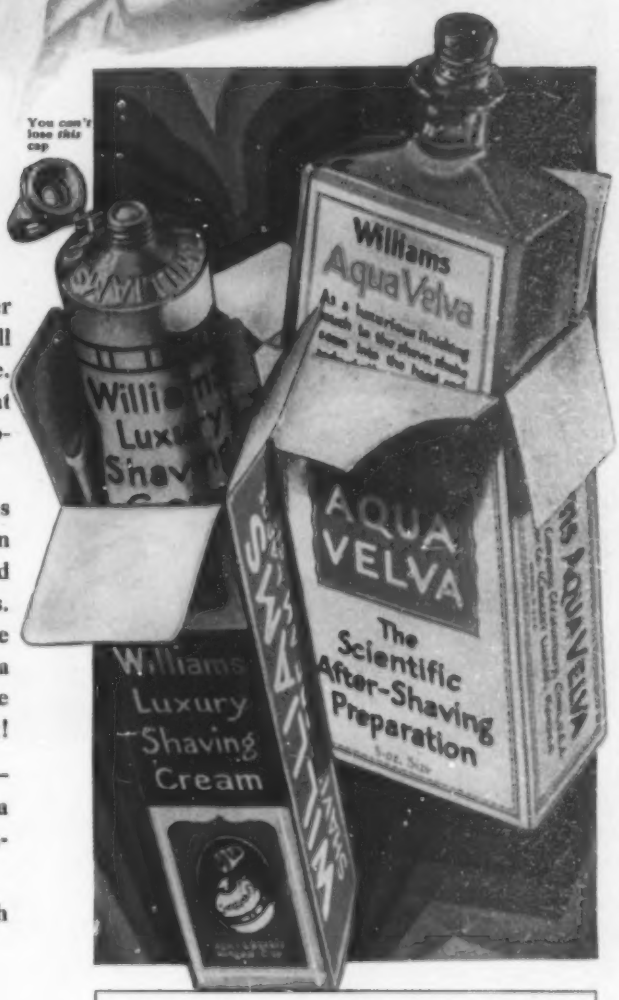

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